

THE

# SIGN



A • NATIONAL • CATHOLIC • MAGAZINE

## BLACK THOUGHT

BY EDWARD F. MURPHY



## WAR IN EUROPE?

BY DENIS GWYNN

## IS THE DEVIL DEAD?

BY C. W. HOWELL

## "ADEQUATE" CURRENCY

BY GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

## THE ANTI-GOD SOVIETS

BY G. M. GODDEN

## THE RUSSIAN CHARACTER

BL LORD FFRENCH

## THE FIGURE THAT TURNED

BY CECILY HALLECK

## THE CHRIST WHOM MEN SAW

BY W. J. BLYTON

## PRIESTS & CALENDAR REFORM

BY EDWARD S. SCHWEGLER

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# THE SIGN

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# OUR PRESS MONTH

**F**EBRUARY has been designated by our Hierarchy as the month in which the importance and the needs of the Catholic Press should be brought to the attention of the faithful. Our Bishops are convinced that an informed Press is almost essential in this day to the proper development in the individual Catholic of a fitting sense of the place he occupies in the Church; of the duty he has, as a citizen, to know and apply the social teachings of Catholicism; and of his obligation to carry out his part in the program of Catholic Action. The write-up of Catholic event and doctrine in secular papers is very frequently inaccurate or inadequate, and often grotesque. The only antidote to this erroneous reporting is to be found in the responsible columns of our Catholic papers, magazines and reviews.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**I**N addressing the annual convention of our Catholic Press Association in his see city Bishop Turner of Buffalo accurately described the Catholic Press as beholden to no political party or local magnate; its editors are untrammelled. Its viewpoint is that of the culture and the eternal verities of the Faith. It serves as an honest and useful advertising medium. In its presentation of news, editorial expression, special articles, its books, periodicals and pamphlets, it is concerned with the really worthwhile and lasting things of life—the spread of Christian truth, the integrity of the home and family life, the development of culture and spirituality, the application of the great social principles of the Gospel to the task of industrial and economic rehabilitation.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**A**S the coördinator of Catholic Action, the Catholic Press should be the recognized voice, to those outside the Church as well as within, of Catholic effort in all departments of life. It should serve as an amplifier of the pulpit, as the purveyor of Christian apologetics, as a medium for extending the sacramental life of the Church. Consequently, where there is a weak Catholic Press, there is a correspondingly weak Catholic Church. Mexico and Russia are outstanding examples. Conversely, a strong Catholic Press is almost a life-giver of the Church. Perhaps no country proves this statement so clearly as Holland with its 30 Catholic dailies serving the 2,300,000 Catholics who constitute one-third of the population. Largely due to the influence of its Press, the Catholic body has grown from an insignificant and unimportant minority to an aggressive constituency molding public opinion and determining local and national legislation to an extent far in excess of its numerical strength.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**W**HAT a vigorous Catholic Press can accomplish is best illustrated by the success of the *Acción Popular*, under the direction of the thirty-five-year-old José María Gil Robles, energetic editor of *El Debate*, in the recent Spanish elections. His party leased a radio station and sent out its own broadcasts; used seven airplanes to distribute 20,000,000 leaflets and pamphlets. Everything possible was done by the bitter anti-Catholic Premier Azaña to stop their propaganda. No less than 300 of their meetings were prohibited after large sums had been spent for advertising and the rental of halls; but a tenacious determination succeeded in holding two meetings for every one canceled. Sr. Gil Robles himself traveled no less than 55,000 miles by auto and airplane.

**T**HE most potent factor, however, in Spain's swing to the Right was *El Debate* newspaper. Two years and a half ago and before the Republic had been proclaimed, the paper had a circulation of only 80,000. Today its subscribers number over 200,000, and it has four chain papers in the provinces. It has its own commodious building with a complete equipment of the most modern machinery. Its news is "teletyped" to the five papers of the group, so that all the information of national importance appears simultaneously, word for word, in each journal. Nor is its message limited to ponderous argument. It issues weekly an immensely popular comic edition, and also an interesting paper for children. When one realizes the tremendously great victory against the Leftists in consolidating the position of the Church one can begin somewhat to measure the influence of a militant Catholic Press in Spain.

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**E**L DEBATE is a daily, and its influence is naturally commensurate with the frequency of its appearance. Whether a daily Catholic paper or a chain of Catholic dailies is advisable in the United States is a subject that has been frequently discussed, and only recently in the pages of *THE SIGN* by that trenchant Catholic protagonist, Mr. Frank H. Spearman. But, with or without dailies, no one can question the need of a well-informed, intelligently edited, uncompromising and aggressive Catholic Press. In this country today we have about 150 magazines. Many of these are serving worthy enterprises, but they can hardly be called members of any Press, since their chief purpose is to serve as "house-organs" of this or that religious community in collecting funds for missionary or charitable causes. We are rich, however, in having some splendid weekly reviews, monthly magazines and diocesan weeklies. If our Catholic public would only get behind these publications, read them themselves, and distribute them to others, in a short time our Catholic Press would be what so many self-sacrificing priests and lay editors, harassed by lack of funds, are trying, against appalling odds, to make it.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**M**AY a word be said in behalf of *THE SIGN*? From its very inception our one consistent purpose has been to make it a worthy organ for the spreading of Catholic truth and culture. We have taxed our slender resources to the very limit to get out a dignified, well printed and appealing magazine. We have succeeded in enlisting among our regular and occasional contributors the best Catholic writers at home and abroad. Many of these have made personal sacrifices in accepting our small *honoraria* for work which would bring them much larger recompense from secular publications. And what they have done for us they have done most graciously. While there is a bit of fight left in us we shall continue to improve *THE SIGN* to the best of our ability. But we cannot keep our present pace, much less increase our progress, without the coöperation of our readers. Those of them who are in arrears are asked to make remittance as soon as possible—"A promise made is a debt unpaid." The paid-ups are asked to get others to subscribe. And we earnestly request all to say a good word for this national Catholic monthly magazine.

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*



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## CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

**MR. CIVIC:** You saw this new miracle play by Eugene O'Neill, called "Days Without End." What do you think of it?

**MR. CRITIC:** It's a miracle, all right, though the topic has been well used and abused through the centuries. It deals with the evil and the good in man. Naturally, the angel conquers the devil.

### A Modern Miracle Play on Broadway

**MR. CIVIC:** What is so miraculous about it? Is it the mask which, I am told, O'Neill employs to personify the "alter ego"?

**MR. CRITIC:** Oh, no, that's old stuff with Eugene. The thing that baffles me is this: The story, as told in a novel, deals with a lad of fifteen who loses all faith in God and Humanity as both his parents are taken from him. Hatred of all that is loyal and mellow and faithful fills his life from now on. In short, the devil is in the saddle. He drives him from Socialism into Communism, from there to psychology. Atheism is the next step. Till he meets a woman, meets love and—happiness.

**MR. CIVIC:** That sounds sane enough. What is so miraculous about it?

**MR. CRITIC:** I'll just come to that. If this boy (now a man) has been split into two natures—one good, one evil—one soft, one harsh—one sweet, one bitter—I say, if this nature (originally fine and clean and noble) has been psychologically reversed by the sudden loss of father and mother, I submit that this transformation is either due to an inherent psychopathic constellation—and then he is a psychopathic case with whose cure the medics ought to bother, and not the playwrights—or this transformation can be annulled by an extremely opposite experience which we find in the fact that he *can* fall in love at all, namely with his future wife. You cannot fall in love with the devil riding you. And you cannot get rid of the devil without some deep emotional experience. However, the superman O'Neill says: 2 and 2 make 5. He lets his hero fall in love, with the devil holding the veil of superlative trust in this new-found light.

**MR. CIVIC:** There is a knack in that. But tell me, how does O'Neill solve the problem of the devil on one side, and the deep blue sea of marital happiness on the other?

**MR. CRITIC:** He simply postpones the conflict. Instead of bringing it out when love first unfolds its tender wings, he brings it to a climax only when death threatens his wife and the personification of all that is now holy to him. Then, and only then, love conquers, his wife lives, and the devil dies an unholy death at the foot of Christ's Cross.

**MR. CIVIC:** Where, then, is the significance of the play?

**MR. CRITIC:** Certainly not in the acting, which only toward the climax reaches dramatic heights. And not in the play which should rank well towards the rear of O'Neill achievements. And not in the dialogue which is primitive without being

simple, and raw without being primitive. But in the author's new attitude toward Catholicism. Very likely, he described himself in the play. And likely enough, he feels a new urge towards Our Savior Whom he praises at the end of the third act in exalted, ecstatic devotion.



**W**E are indebted to Harold Loeb and Selden Rodman for valuable information about embryonic Fascism in America in an article contributed by them to *The New Republic*. It seems

### Is Fascism Coming in the United States?

that there are no less than one hundred and three separate Fascist organizations operating in our country at the moment. A few of these are reported to be supported by German money, and at least one is preaching loyalty to Herr Hitler. Some of these organizations are purely local; others have branches throughout the States; some are the gathered up remnants of the Ku Klux Klan; and others seem to have arisen from transitory labor crises. The writers give a summary of the more or less typical bodies:

**THE KHAKI SHIRTS.**—The Khaki Shirts (U. S. Fascist) are, or were, led by "Commander-in-Chief" Art J. Smith. The movement grew out of the "Bonus Army" march on Washington and reached its finale on October 12 of 1932 in Philadelphia. The capture of the national capital by an "army," supposedly of 1,500,000 trained Khaki Shirts, had been scheduled for the following day. At first the plan had been to make Smith himself dictator, but by October the less ambitious scheme of investing Franklin D. Roosevelt with the job had been adopted. Publicity at any cost seems to have been the method. Smedley D. Butler, Huey Long and Louis McFadden were said to be hand in glove with Smith. When the day arrived only a few hundred men turned out, and Smith jumped out of the window as the police entered his headquarters. Embezzlement of funds and a good-sized "shirt racket" were exposed by the disgruntled "generals," "colonels" and lesser officers (if any).

The Khaki Shirts published a newspaper. Like most of the other Fascist organizations about to be described, they freely circulated, under the governmental postal frank, Congressman McFadden's speech attacking the Jews. They have disappeared for a time. Some of their leaders are in jail. But the same was true of a certain Austrian corporal after a no less trivial piece of high comedy in Munich, *anno* 1923.

**ORDER OF '76.**—Unlike the Khaki Shirts, the Seventy-Sixers avoid publicity. Their work is done underground. Organizers are sent to trouble centres and members there en-

rolled. Their leader keeps himself in the background and calls himself organizer rather than chief. They have no program except a general antipathy to certain phases of capitalism such as racketeering, banking, politics. Hatred of Jews was for a time their mainspring. To get around the fact that Jews are actually a minor factor in American banking, they have told prospective members that Morgan and other prominent financiers have traces of Jewish blood.

This organization started in New York and claims to be enrolling 200 members a day. Its method of holding them is to assign specific tasks to each individual. These consist largely in petty espionage. Information is being compiled in order to be ready for "the day." Although it is to be doubted whether they uncover much "inside dope" on the bankers, they are successful in exposing petty graft—and in fingerprinting their own members.

**THE SILVER SHIRTS.**—About the time that Hitler seized power, William Dudley Pelley came out into the open with his Silver Shirt national organization. Pelley has served the Y.M.C.A. in Siberia, has devoted much time to spiritualism and advocates a kind of coöperative commonwealth (The Christ Government) in which everyone will be a stockholder in the national industry. He says he converses frequently with spirits who have given him the key by which he reads the pyramids.

The first headquarters of the Silver Shirts were in Asheville, North Carolina. Their central office is now in Oklahoma City. Most of their strength—2 million claimed—lies in Southern California, and the first violent deed attributed to them occurred in Salt Lake City. A suspected Communist, Daniel Black, was kidnaped in the presence of officers, beaten and tied to a tree. At night he was beaten again and left for dead. Although the victim was found by a motorist and recovered to name his assailants, they have not been arrested.

The Silver Shirts, according to Mr. Pelley, not only sympathize with the aims of the Nazi movement but keep in close touch with Hitler's representatives. They accept the exposed forgery known as the Protocols of Zion as an authentic document and seem really to believe that a secret committee of Jewish elders is plotting to destroy civilization with such disparate tools as the Communist party and the international bankers. Mr. Pelley alleged in support of this story that Otto Kahn addressed in Yiddish a group of Jews in the Bronx, urging them to join the conspiracy.

**THE CRUSADERS.**—The Crusaders were organized in 1930 for the purpose of campaigning against Prohibition. They have been seeking an excuse for continuing to exist and believe they have found it in "sound money." Their headquarters are in New York and they held their first big anti-inflation rally at Carnegie Hall on November 27.

It wasn't a great success. . . . The Crusaders, with plenty of support from big business, are inclining toward a semi-military set-up, are making inroads upon the "good" preparatory schools and colleges, and through their "sound-money" campaign are being forced to take a stand against further unemployment relief.

**CRUSADERS FOR ECONOMIC LIBERTY.**—The Crusaders for Economic Liberty (White Shirts) have no connection with the Crusaders described above. An Idaho politician at a recent meeting of progressive leaders startled his colleagues by informing them that the White Shirts now constitute one of the major political problems not only in his State but in Oregon and Washington as well. They claim 2 million members and have recently announced that the Silver Shirts have decided to join their ranks in a body.

The president of the Crusaders for Economic Liberty is George W. Christians and their national capital is at Chattanooga, Tennessee. Mr. Christians has a panacea which gives a somewhat different character to his organization. The

Gold Standard is his "source of all evil." Under the Gold Standard a certain amount of gold is needed as a basis for money and a certain amount of money is needed to run business. Obviously, the needs of business vary while the amount of gold is relatively constant. Mr. Christians recommends, in place of gold, a money that would "just be money," a kind of managed currency which would be expanded (credit to all askers) until every laborer was employed, and contracted, once this mark was attained, in order to prevent inflation. This equilibrium would be accomplished by controlling interest rates, not only by regulating the usual plus rates, but by offering money at minus rates when business was slack.

The White Shirts are the militant branch of the Crusaders for Economic Liberty. Mr. Christians has no inhibitions about the kind of mass appeal that a Fascist organization must make. Consequently his organization tends to be radical when the community to be converted is radical, and Fascist when the community leans toward reaction.

It is reported that Mr. Oscar C. Pfau, commander of the German Alliance, thinks well of Mr. Christians. It is also said that a large Fascist rally will soon take place in Chicago. Meanwhile general orders have been issued in preparation for a march on Washington. These instructions call for a perfectly drilled and disciplined membership and outline the tactics for taking control of the local governments. Members are to surround the government buildings, persuade the officials by force of numbers and patriotic appeal to resign, repudiate the public debt and bring dishonest officials to justice. The orders warn commanders against hanging politicians indiscriminately or using "pineapples" to loosen up the pocket-books of those who will not contribute from patriotic motives.

No doubt these instructions are distributed for their psychological effect on White Shirts and others, and while they seem to indicate a sense of humor in Mr. Christians, this is not necessarily true. Mr. Christians uses psychology like a salesman who has taken a correspondence course. And in answer to the question whether he will convert the Nazis to his radical monetary system or the Nazis convert the White Shirts to medieval barbarism, it must be borne in mind that even while the Nazis are not noted for subtlety they possess the prestige which accrues from the subjection of a great nation. Recently one of their representatives closed a letter to Mr. Christians with the following greeting: "Let me salute you as you will be saluted in the days to come. Hail! Christians."

**NATIONAL WATCHMEN.**—The National Watchmen are a movement of a different character. No emotional appeal has been written into the "Plan for Economic Rehabilitation in the United States." The plan is detailed and radical, and includes the nationalization of all property except personal, abolishes all corporations for profit, establishes a graduated income tax reaching 100 per cent on incomes above \$10,000 a year, a minimum wage scale, fixed prices, etc. It seems to be an attempt to combine socialism and the profit system of the early nineteenth century. Just what function profit will retain when cost and price are fixed is not suggested. F. M. Cox, National Commander, says that members are enlisted by addressing factory employees with the permission of the management and claims half a million adherents in one city alone and numerous other units throughout the Middle West.

**PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT,** in his exchange of letters with M. Litvinoff, prior to granting Recognition to Russia, took particular pains to exact definite promises that the Soviet Government would not use their official positions, either directly or indirectly, to carry on any form of Communist propaganda in this country. So far as we are aware, our Government has taken no notice of these alleged Fascist organizations which, if they attain unhampered to their logical development, would be as subversive of our Government as Communism itself. **THE SIGN** is not an alarmist;

but when we realize with what swiftness Mussolini captured Rome, and Hitler had himself proclaimed dictator of the German Reich, the danger of America becoming a Fascist State is something for all patriotic Americans as well as our public officials to think about seriously. The danger is all the more imminent owing to the discontent engendered by the unemployment situation. As long as the various Fascist groups are mutually exclusive and antagonistic they are practically harmless, as they thus cancel their respective influence. Should they, however, combine and produce a recognized leader, the prospect of a Fascist America might easily become an actuality.



**I**N concluding his article—"War in Europe?"—in this issue, Denis Gwynn says: "The one international institution which may yet exercise a decisive influence is the Catholic Church.

### The Pope's Voice in International Affairs

Both in France and in Germany it has far greater influence now than in 1914. In Austria it probably has more power than it ever had under the Hapsburgs, who still believed that they could, to some extent, control the Holy See. Poland is a definitely Catholic State. Even in England any pacific effort by the Holy See would now be treated with far more deference than was ever thought of in 1914."

A splendid confirmation of the last sentence may be found in an interesting movement that has been going on, secretly, in England for some time. With the purpose of furthering international peace and realizing the menace of the present world condition, a group of non-Catholic leaders are planning for a peace conference to be presided over by the Holy Father. Dr. Hughes, secretary of the Free Church Council, has made public a statement in which he says: "Following several important meetings, including one in the House of Commons when Lord Robert Cecil was present to guide our deliberations, we have as far back as September last, sought an approach to His Holiness the Pope on lines fully in accord with your suggestion. You will understand the protraction in this matter when I tell you that Mr. Lloyd George volunteered, after addressing our Assembly in the spring on this very subject, to do his utmost to make this approach; but Vatican approaches are of a most protracted nature, and we are still awaiting eagerly the next step." American Catholics will heartily sympathize with the object behind this movement and will wish it all the success which may come from a just recognition of the Pope's influence as the most potent that can be enlisted in the common cause of peace among nations.



**F**ROM a rather comprehensive list of the centenaries occurring in this year, which Henry T. Butcher contributed to a recent issue of the London *Tablet*, we note some that have a general interest. This year marks the four hundredth anniversary of the death of Pope Clement VII, who had steadfastly refused to assent to King

### Some Centenaries in the year 1934

Henry VIII's repudiation of his lawful wife, Queen Catherine, of Aragon. Other notable centenaries are these:

In 334 St. Athanasius was summoned by the Emperor Constantine to appear before the Councils of Tyre and Jerusalem. Some historians give the same year as that of the birth of St. Ambrose. In 634 St. Wilfrid, Bishop of York and Apostle of the South Saxons, was born. In 1134 St. Stephen Harding died. As the third Abbot of Cîteaux, he endeavored to restore the Benedictine rule to its pristine simplicity. In 1234 was born Raymond Lull, "the enlightened doctor," who met with

disaster in his crusade for the conversion of the Mussulmans. In 1234 the Decretals, or Canonical Epistles, written by the Pope, or the Pope and Cardinals, were compiled and published. In the same year St. Edmund became Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1334 occurred the death of Pope John XXII, who had established the Papal See in France. In 1434 Amadeus VIII, Duke of Savoy, abdicated and became a hermit on Lake Geneva. Later he became Pope under the name of Felix V. It was in 1534 that St. Ignatius Loyola, with St. Francis Xavier, founded the Society of Jesus in Montmartre, Paris. In the same year Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, England, was offered a Cardinal's hat, which he refused. He was the only English bishop who had the courage to maintain that the marriage of Henry VIII to Catherine of Aragon was lawful. In 1634 Cardinal Mazarin made his début at the Court of France as Papal Nuncio. In 1734 was born Cardinal de Rohan, who was mixed up in the extraordinary "Diamond Necklace" affairs of Marie Antoinette. In 1834 Lacordaire began his great work as a preacher; Newman's *Lyra Apostolica* appeared; the Irish Coercion Acts were agitating the House of Commons; and three hundred convents were suppressed in Portugal. On July 23, 1834, James Cardinal Gibbons was born in Baltimore. In 1868 he became Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina; in 1877 was named Archbishop of Baltimore, and received the Red Hat in 1886. His books, *The Faith of Our Fathers* and *Our Christian Heritage*, have been translated into many languages. An anniversary occurring this year and of special interest is the Third Centenary of the Founding, under Catholic auspices, of Maryland, "The Land of Sanctuary," and the "Cradle of Religious Liberty in America."



**T**O His Eminence, George Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, on arranging for the corporate observance of the Holy Year by having a mission conducted in every parish

### Toasts Within the Month

of the archdiocese. ¶To our valued contributor, Mr. Dennis Rolleston Gwynn, on receiving the degree of Doctor of Letters from the National University of Ireland in recognition of his eminent services to historical literature. ¶To another valued contributor, the Rev. Dr. Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J., on the publication of his latest volume, *New Psychology and Old Religion*. ¶To *The Voice* of the Students and Alumni of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., on its Tenth Anniversary. It is the first fruits of the Mission Unit's idea. ¶To His Excellency, the Most Rev. Daniel F. Desmond, Bishop of Alexandria, La., on accepting for work in his diocese the three Negro members of the Society of the Divine Word who are shortly to be ordained priests. ¶To the Rev. Carl W. Bothe, former Protestant Episcopalian clergyman, on his reception into the Church. From 1919 to 1924 he was on the staff of the P.E. Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York City, and is the fourth convert to the Church from the clergy of that parish, the other three being the Rev. Dr. Selden P. Delany, the Rev. Henry K. Pierce and the Rev. Henry Stanton. ¶To the Rev. Vincent McCormick, S.J., on being appointed by the Holy Father to the Rectorship of the Gregorian University, Rome. He is the first American to receive this distinguished honor. ¶To the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., on the publication of *This Our Day*, noticed in this issue. To the Rev. John O'Brien, their instructor, and Eleven Undergraduates of the University of Illinois who were received in a body into the Church. ¶To Lieut.-Commander Knefler McGinnis and his Thirty-eight fellow Aviators of the American Army who in six seaplanes set a new record for mass non-stop flying by covering the 2,150 nautical, or 2,475 land, miles between San Francisco and Pearl Harbor, Honolulu, in almost exactly twenty-four hours.



# CATEGORICA

*Edited by N. M. LAW*

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

## HE WAS DEAD, UNDOUBTEDLY

THE story of Father Dave Hamilton's most complete marriage case comes to us through the syndicated column of Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., in several of our Catholic weeklies:

"Well," said Father Dave Hamilton of St. Elizabeth's colored church in St. Louis, "I've had my most complete marriage case." And he chuckled at the memory of it.

"Yesterday morning a young Negro of about thirty walked into my office accompanied by a colored woman perhaps five years his senior.

"We want to get married," blurted the young man, so I motioned them to chairs and began the usual questions.

"The man was a Catholic. The woman was not. We polished off the preliminaries in a hurry. The man's answers were quick, complete, and satisfactory. Then I turned to the woman.

"Are you a Catholic?"

"No, suh."

"Baptized?"

"I'se a Baptist."

"Were you ever married?"

"Yes, suh."

"Where's your husband?"

"He's dead."

"Well, my good woman," I said, "you say he is dead, but are you able to prove it? How do you know he is dead?"

"The woman looked me straight in the eye. She answered: 'I shot him,' and from her handbag produced her papers of dismissal from the penitentiary for the murder of her husband.

"It was an open and shut case, but I saw them out with secret envy of the heroism of the young man who would be husband number two."

## TWO MARRIAGES MADE IN HEAVEN

From Gerald Johnson's "Andrew Jackson"

ANDREW JACKSON had smashed the Indians. He had smashed the Spaniards. He had smashed the British army. He had saved New Orleans, and that rich and splendid city lay at his feet. Famous men crowded to salute him. Beautiful women contended for the honor of paying him their homage.

Once Rachel, his wife, had been graceful and gay and young. Now she was old and dowdy and fat. Would she shame him, she wondered, when she appeared in that glittering capital and he saw her among the lovely women who were its pride?

Well, she came. The Creole ladies received a shock. She was the backwoods incarnate. While her man had been away at the wars her days had been filled with toil and her nights with anxiety. Not merely had the house and dairy known her, but the cotton fields, the corn fields, the stables and paddocks. Her hands had grown calloused, and her figure had slumped into shapelessness.

Society, indulgent to an able man, is relentless to his wife. The belles of New Orleans held inexcusable Rachel's failure to acquire in a frontier town all the graces of Paris. But there was nothing the matter with Rachel that the General could see. She appeared with him at the grand ball, when the delivered city of New Orleans paid its farewell tribute to its defender, and all its wealth, beauty, and distinction crowded the place; and it was perfectly clear that he saw her nothing less beautiful than the most beautiful woman there. The dancers smiled. But what of it? Rachel could afford to smile too. She had made a man love her so well that nothing could

release him from her power. And so they returned to their home in Nashville, and time slipped gently by, solaced with good tobacco in the evenings, Andrew pulling at a clay pipe with a long reed stem, and Rachel with another on the other side of the fire. Her husband adored her, and for 35 years he laid at her feet such rich and passionate devotion as few women are fortunate to receive.

From "Disraeli" by André Maurois

SOCIETY found Disraeli's marriage at 33 to an ignorant and frivolous widow of 45 ridiculous. To him it was a paradise of adoration, a refuge of lasting tenderness. True, Mary Anne was ignorant, but what did that matter? She had good sense, gave sound political advice, and was a useful companion in campaigns. Her frivolous talk amused and relaxed Disraeli; he had too many brilliant friends in women to want to withstand assaults of wit in his own home. Frank to the point of tactlessness, of freakish and detestable taste in dress and furniture, Mrs. Disraeli was continually exposing herself and her husband to ridicule in the noble houses they visited. But though pride and sensibility made Disraeli alive to the situation he never reproached her. A daring friend once remarked that he must be a man of extraordinary qualities if his wife's conversation never annoyed him. Disraeli replied: "Not at all; I possess one quality in which most men are deficient—gratitude!"

Mary Anne indeed understood and adored her Dizzy. She spared him every care of house and servants. After debating in Parliament till 5 in the morning, Disraeli would find that, to make his homecoming gay, Mary Anne had got up from bed, and had lights blazing, and a great fire in the hearth. Sometimes she waited hours at night by the door at St. Stephen's with a cold supper for him. Nor did he disappoint this devotion, even refusing to attend a supper-party in his honor after a big Parliamentary triumph. To Mary Anne, who had a pie and a bottle of champagne for him, he said, "My dear, you are more of a mistress to me than a wife!" She was then 77.

Disraeli never left her without sending countless letters, when both were ill, they corresponded from one room to another. Dizzy to Mrs. D.: "Being on my back, pardon the pencil. You have sent me the most amusing and charming letter I have ever had. Grosvenor Gate has become a hospital, but a hospital with you is worth a palace with anybody else. Your own D." After her death, nothing could replace for him her tender devotion. During all the rest of his life, the note-paper of his letters was edged with black.

## FOR CATHOLIC-MINDED EPISCOPALIANS

DOES it ever strike you to pray especially for those outside the Church who are trying to develop a Catholic consciousness among their associates. An Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, addresses this communication to the Editor of "The Churchman," an Episcopalian publication:

I have been asked to find out if there is at this time need and desire for the establishment of a confraternity of Catholic-minded members of the Episcopal Church, men and women, who are engaged in teaching—as professors in colleges and universities, instructors in private schools or public schools, and educational administrative offices. It has been proposed to found such a confraternity, under the patronage of Our Lady and dedicated to Christ the King, the members of which shall seek to further the reign of Jesus in the minds and lives of them who teach and them who are taught in the schools of America.

A simple rule of prayer has been suggested, consisting of a

prayer of mutual intercession of members for one another and the Collect for the Feast of Christ the King, both to be said daily, and reception of the Holy Communion every Sunday, where physically possible, with a prayer afterward for all Christian teachers. Other possible work for such a confraternity might be: (1) corporate communion of the members, wherever they may be, on Ascension Day and on the last Sunday in October (the Feast of Christ the King); (2) a bulletin of information about books on our holy religion of special interest to scholars and teachers; (3) retreats or quiet days at Christmas-tide in various parts of the country. Whatever the activities determined upon, they would center in bringing a sense of fellowship between scattered teachers of Catholic mind in our communion, and in mutual prayer; and there would be a minimum of machinery.

In as much as there is little worse than the founding of an organization for which the Holy Spirit has not created a sense of need, it has been felt best that I ask those who may be interested to write me to that effect, at 130 Hope Street, Providence, Rhode Island. And will such persons please say what are their academic and parochial affiliations? The response will determine whether anything should be done in the matter.

#### GOVERNMENT BY ABBREVIATION

THE "Literary Digest" has gone to the trouble of listing in alphabetical order the various Governmental agencies which the New Deal has thus far generated:

AAA—Agricultural Adjustment Administration.  
 CCC—Civilian Conservation Corps.  
 CCC—Commodity Credits Corporation.  
 CSB—Central Statistical Bureau.  
 CWA—Civil Works Administration.  
 ECNR—Executive Council for National Recovery.  
 ECPC—Executive Commercial Policy Committee.  
 FACA—Federal Alcohol Control Administration.  
 FCA—Farm Credit Administration.  
 FCT—Federal Coordinator of Transportation.  
 FDIC—Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.  
 FESB—Federal Employment Stabilization Board.  
 FERA—Federal Emergency Relief Administration.  
 FHC—Federal Housing Corporation.  
 FHOLC—Federal Home Owners' Loan Corporation.  
 FSHC—Federal Subsistence Homestead Corporation.  
 FSRC—Federal Surplus Relief Corporation.  
 NEC—National Emergency Council.  
 NIRA—National Industrial Recovery Act.  
 NLB—National Labor Board.  
 NRA—National Recovery Administration.  
 PAB—Petroleum Administrative Board.  
 PRA—Presidential Reemployment Agreements.  
 PWA—Public Works Administration.  
 RFC—Reconstruction Finance Corporation.  
 SAB—Science Advisory Board.  
 TVA—Tennessee Valley Authority.

#### MORAL GRANDEUR IN BAKED BEANS

THE Perfect Cook—what he will be, the range of his knowledge and his ultimate destiny—is described in the "Cosmopolitan" by Irvin S. Cobb:

The supreme cook of the world, when he arrives, will be one of French rearing, who then went and learned about pastries in Vienna or Copenhagen, and about appetizers in Scandinavia and about soups in Russia and about sausages in Germany and about antipasti in Italy; and after that came over to this country to let a Down East housewife school him in pies and show him what moral grandeur abides in baked beans; and a Virginia or a Maryland woman teach him what can be done with crabs and oysters and terrapin; and an old-fashioned Louisiana lady introduce to him Creole gumbos and divers shrimp dishes; and a black mammy anywhere in the interior South instruct him in the right use of the frying pan; and a Mexican elucidate

for him the delectable mysteries of commingled maize, red peppers and beans. As a finished product, he won't last long, though, in this lesser sphere. Blessed Providence will put forth its almighty hand and pluck him up to heaven to cook for the angels.

#### A DRY SKIN WITH BLACKHEADS

IF members of the fair sex, who spend lavishly on beauty aids and imported cosmetics, paid more attention to the findings of the Better Business Bureau, they would have more money and be just as beautiful. From "Life" we reprint this confirmatory report:

The Boys down at the Better Business Bureau are forever up to some prank to find out whether advertisers mean what they say or are kidding the public. In our favorite B.B.B. story the joke is on Charles-Of-The-Ritz, the cosmetic man. Charles sent out a letter that read:

Dear Madam:

All my life I've wanted to do it—and now I have! I'm so thrilled about this, my latest discovery, that I can't wait to tell you about it too.

Did you notice the little pad which is enclosed? . . . I call it the Revelateur, because it reveals to me the actual chemical constituents of your skin. It is specially treated so that it is as sensitive to the natural oils of your skin as a photographic film is to light.

Your part is simple. . . In the morning, wipe your face carefully with the Revelateur, pressing firmly on each side of the nose, over the forehead, down the chin, and around the mouth. Then mail the pad to me at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City. . . .

Faithfully,  
 Charles.

The letter and pad fell into the hands of one of the B.B.B. investigators around lunch time, so he took the Revelateur pad and rubbed it vigorously over the surface of the fried ham in his sandwich. It didn't seem very dirty, so when he got back to the office he wiped the top of his desk with it and mailed it to Charles. Charles wrote back promptly:

. . . this morning . . . the Revelateur Process made its diagnosis of your skin!

First the pad was placed in a shining glass tube, then saturated with a special solution that removed from the pad all the oils and secretions which it had absorbed from your skin. Slowly, slowly, these travel through spiral glass tubes, coming in contact as they pass with chemicals that separate them into their component parts. Finally they emerge, and are placed in still another and more delicate machine that gives a scientific analysis of their chemical constituents!

The Revelateur Process tells me that you have:  
 A Dry Skin With Blackheads.

Charles took pretty much of a ribbing about it. He doesn't operate the Revelateur Process any more.

#### A HOUSE OF PRAYER

FROM "Ave," the monthly bulletin published by the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York City, we quote this descriptive definition:

A house of prayer is what a real Catholic Church always is. Some churches have about them the subtle atmosphere of a museum. They are dead. You know it as soon as you open the door. There is a smell of spiritual decay. A weary old woman or a maudlin old man looks at you resentfully and dusts drearily. Nobody goes there to pray during the week, and there seems to be no reason why anyone should.

If a church has a praying priest and a praying people, the atmosphere of the church will be felt to be prayerful. The very roof and walls drip with prayer. A true Catholic Church is always open; clearly used and frequented; homely—with

shrines and corners where poor people and silly sinners and children can pray. There will be votive candle stands and candles ready to be lighted, and confessionals ready for use, and a sort of general expectation that all sorts of people, good and bad, will come in and *pray* at any moment.

### A CHINESE EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE

WRITING in "The Rock," of Hongkong, on the suitability of China for Christianity, Father Fleming, S.J., studies a few aspects of the pagan religions of the country, illustrating their similarity to Christian asceticism. One sample:

The scientific cultivation of virtue was well in evidence among the educated Chinese of ancient times. "After Confucius and Mencius," writes Father Fabre, "the wise man made his examen of conscience several times a day, aiming at a daily renewal of spirit." Father Fabre then proceeds to give a detailed account of this examination of conscience, "which has helped to form the morals of millions and millions of men." In this examen, good and bad marks were allowed for different actions, according to their degree of praiseworthiness, or the reverse. Here are a few interesting comparisons, showing their scale of values in the matter of morality:

<i>to tell a lie</i> .....	<i>one bad mark</i>
<i>to get drunk</i> .....	<i>one bad mark</i>
<i>to steal 100 sapeques</i> .....	<i>one bad mark</i>
<i>to read secretly another's letter</i> .....	<i>3 bad marks</i>
<i>to entertain bad thoughts</i> .....	<i>30 bad marks</i>
<i>to advise drowning a female infant</i> .....	<i>50 bad marks</i>
<i>to kill a man</i> .....	<i>100 bad marks</i>
<i>to perform carelessly a parent's burial service</i> ..	<i>100 bad marks</i>

On the other hand, good marks were liberally given for virtuous acts, among which we find the following:

<i>to teach a treatise on morality</i> .....	<i>100 good marks</i>
<i>to spread the biography of a heroic man</i> ....	<i>1,000 good marks</i>

It must be mentioned, however, that the above examination smacks of late (and, probably, Buddhistic) style. In the Confucian analects a very simple examination of conscience occurs, in 3 members only.

### OUR 1933 PUBLIC SERVANTS AND CRIMINALS

TO the "New Yorker" Joseph P. Pollard contributes this listing of Public Servants who distinguished themselves during 1933, to which is appended a listing of noteworthy Criminals of the same period.

#### PUBLIC SERVANTS

The Washington official whose silk hat was so high that the Government had to scrap his official automobile and get a new high-topped car for him to ride in.

The Japanese rural mail-carrier who, hating to travel over rough roads, saved up the mail for three years so he could deliver it all on one trip, and then burned up the whole batch of four thousand letters.

The members of the trade commission who ruled that moving-picture producers should no longer use the colored children of Los Angeles for pigmies in their Wild Africa pictures.

The professor of Greek in an Iowa university who obtained an afternoon job as barber in the popular varsity barbershop, and who prospered unrecognized.

The mayor of Atlantic City, who set up his headquarters among the freaks on the Million Dollar Pier, and then charged twenty-five cents to be seen. "I'm hoping the admission fee will keep favor-seekers away."

The committee of the Danish parliament which installed a red stop light for speakers in the lower house.

The Massachusetts judge who ordered a new trial of a criminal case because the accusation stated that the offence was committed on May 15, 1933, without stating whether it was 1933 A.D. or 1933 B.C.

The Pennsylvania legislators who celebrated Washington's Birthday in the House chamber by having one of their number demand "Who was George Washington?" and then all bringing down their fists with the shout: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen!"

The officials of the South Carolina orphanage who refused any State aid because part of the State's revenue came from a tax on beer. "We believe the Lord will provide a way," they said.

The patriots who donated five military airplanes to the Chinese national government to repel foreign aggression, and who prescribed that on the wings of each plane should be painted "Not to Be Used for Civil War."

The Virginia educator who decided to enter politics after he saw his picture in the local paper over the caption "Candidate for Senate," which picture had been taken by mistake from the newspaper morgue and erroneously printed in place of the real candidate's photograph.

#### CRIMINALS

THE Illinois counterfeiters who turned out five-dollar bills with a wink in Lincoln's right eye.

The South African gold-miner who saved the sediment of his baths for twenty years, and who was arrested for making off with the company's property when he sought to cash in on the twenty ounces of pure gold thus accumulated.

The upstate New Yorker who broke the thirty-eight-day world's record for being buried alive, who was promptly arrested for violating the law against "continuous entertainment" lasting over twelve hours, and whose coffin and periscope and feeding tube were confiscated.

The New York lady who held up her husband at the point of a pistol so she could get money to go to Reno to obtain a divorce.

The romantic Hungarian who went to jail for shooting at the girl who had rejected him, who returned to jail three years later for setting her house afire when he discovered she was married, and who married her two years later when he discovered she was a widow.

The Mississippian, on trial for murder, who got worried when the jury stayed out an hour, and, pleading guilty to manslaughter, was sentenced to serve eight years, before they returned with a verdict of not guilty.

The Milwaukeean, arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct, who was released when he convinced the court that he had branded the name Rose on his forehead in the sincere hope of restoring himself to his estranged wife.

The Virginia counterfeiters who inadvertently printed bills bearing ten-dollar markings on one side and five-dollar numerals on the other.

The absent-minded New England professor who was arrested for "failure to grant right of way," and who explained that he drove on the left-hand side of the road because he had just returned from a summer in England and had not yet readjusted himself to American traffic customs.

The North Carolinian who walked into a radio shop to sell the short-wave radio under his arm, and who turned it on in time for the shopkeeper to hear police description of the stolen instrument.

The Bronx cherry-peddler who refused to move his pushcart at the policeman's order, who refused to push it to the police station when arrested, but who gaily sang out "Chay-rees!" as he marched beside the officer struggling to push it to the station.

The Utah safe-crackers who looted a safe marked "burglar-proof" and scratched the words "Believe it or not" on the safe's enameled surface before departing.

The witness in a Missouri trial who, tiring of the questions the opposing lawyer was firing at him and his incessant demands for "Yes" or "No" answers, drew a revolver from his pocket and shot the lawyer dead.



# WAR IN EUROPE?

*Hitler has Dominated the History of Europe during 1933. He will Dominate the Prospects of 1934 Still More if He Retains His Position. To say that He has Brought War Nearer does not Mean that He Himself Desires War. What it does Mean is that He has Destroyed the Machinery which had been Created to Prevent War*

By Denis Gwynn

SEVERAL readers of THE SIGN have written letters of protest against what I have written about Hitler and the new Germany in these pages, and one most interesting letter certainly requires an answer. The writer, who is a professor in Pennsylvania, very kindly says that "Mr. Gwynn is no doubt sincere in his intentions as far as his knowledge and mental vision of the facts go. Yet I am afraid he is basing conclusions on the caricature of the reports of our hostile Press subsidized by the Jews." He asserts that "the old allied paid Press is again at its old propaganda of hate and mendacity. With all that old cunning and hypocritical sophism practised during the war."

He concludes, "I regret and cannot understand why some of our Catholic Press should chant in with this siren chorus of hatred and misrepresentation, with these odious and sinister comments against Germany. Have not these people suffered enough in an endless litany of misery? Are they supposed to be slandered, cursed and damned every time they make a serious attempt to get rid of the yoke of slavery?"

He complains particularly of the suggestion that Hitler has confronted Europe once more with the danger of imminent war. "As to tendencies of war," he protests, "having spent the last five summers in Germany, and having recently returned to the United States from there, after studying political and social conditions at first hand, down from Hitler to the rank and file, there are none. This war cry about Germany is only an artificial phantom, a hypocritical subterfuge of the Allies, and especially of France, to keep Germany down and retain a hegemony over Europe. Every man and woman and child in Germany wants peace and begs for an opportunity to live."

What the professor does not appreciate is that every sensible person in England (where I have written these articles throughout, merely attempting to present a general impression of tendencies in international affairs, with special reference to Catholic affairs) and also in most European countries, desires that

Germany should be completely rehabilitated. Nobody ever doubts that the mass of the German people desire peace, as does everybody else. Was there ever a time when the mass of the people did not desire peace? The reasons why Hitler's advent to power has produced such profound anxiety all over Europe are simply that he has deliberately wrecked the machinery which had been painfully created for avoiding resort to war; that he has constantly proclaimed a doctrine of pan-German ambitions which challenges the security of Germany's neighbors; and, above all, that he and his associates are deliberately training the young generation in Germany in a military spirit.

The professor complains further that "foreign correspondents four thousand miles away treat Americans as children who can be made to believe fairy tales." Why on earth should any foreign correspondent, particularly in a journal like THE SIGN, wish to induce American readers to believe fairy tales? The professor is apparently convinced that all such foreign correspondents are either employed by the "Jewish Press" or are unable to escape from the false information which it disseminates. He assumes both that the Press is generally dominated by the Jews, and that it is inherently hostile to Germany in all those countries which opposed Germany in the War.

BOTH assumptions are absolutely untrue in regard to the English Press. Up to the time of Hitler's revolution the English Press as a whole had become much more sympathetic to Germany than to France. Public opinion in England generally was overwhelmingly on the side of Germany against France. Special sympathies with France exist in certain circles; but the general attitude of most people in England is that France insists upon keeping Germany down, and expects other countries to support her attitude, because she has been twice invaded by German armies within living memory and because she was made the battlefield of Europe during the Great War.

When France occupied the Ruhr, feel-

ing against France and in favor of Germany grew extremely marked in England. After the withdrawal from the Ruhr a general conviction grew that France was being gradually brought into line with the attitude of other countries, which wanted to see Germany restored to fair and equal treatment. The Treaty of Locarno, which was chiefly the work of Sir Austin Chamberlain and M. Briand, brought Germany at last into the League of Nations on equal terms as a Great Power; and the Treaty was generally regarded in England as guaranteeing assistance to Germany in case of attack by France, just as much as assistance to France in case of attack by Germany.

OF all the really influential English newspapers there was only one which stood up for Germany from the beginning and denounced the Treaty of Versailles from the day it was signed. That journal, the most independent and probably the best informed in England, was the *Sunday Observer*, edited by Mr. J. L. Garvin, and owned by Lord Astor. How far Lord Astor approved of Mr. Garvin's courageous defence of Germany after the Versailles Treaty is not known. Mr. Garvin had been intensely pro-Ally during the War and his son was killed serving in France; and he showed great courage and independence at a time when his attitude lost him many readers of his paper. He has been the chief advocate in England of revision of the Versailles Treaty, and Germany has had no more chivalrous friend. Yet today he is among the most determined critics of Hitler and the new régime.

On the other hand Lord Rothermere is now one of the few who praise Hitler. Lord Rothermere owned a number of widely read popular newspapers before his brother Lord Northcliffe died, and on Lord Northcliffe's death he obtained control also of the Northcliffe papers. He now controls a group which correspond somewhat to the Hearst papers in America. For years Lord Rothermere was strongly pro-French. When Poincaré invaded the Ruhr, he even placarded the country with posters about "Hats off

to France" and "France is winning in the Ruhr." His extremely pro-French attitude was very unpopular at the time. Now he has suddenly and unaccountably taken to praising Hitler for having given new hope to Germany.

THE most influential daily newspaper is, of course, the *London Times*. When Lord Northcliffe owned it and Mr. Wickham Steed was its editor, it was extravagantly pro-French, but a marked change occurred when the Walter family obtained control of it again, after Northcliffe's death some ten years ago. It has since been decidedly more sympathetic to Germany than to France, though it avoids any apparent preference for one country rather than another. It backed the policy of Locarno wholeheartedly, and it has represented the British policy of attempting to bring about general disarmament and a gradual escape from the implications of the Versailles Treaty settlement. But it also has been extremely critical of Hitler, and it regards Hitler as having wrecked the whole machinery of international coöperation which had been created since the War.

The professor who talks of the "Jewish Press" would, I imagine, include the *Daily Telegraph* as one of the chief Jewish organs in England. It was founded by a Jew, Mr. Lawson, who became Lord Burnham, and his son, the second Lord Burnham who died some months ago, controlled it for years. But Lord Burnham sold the *Daily Telegraph* some years ago to the Berry brothers (Lord Camrose and Sir Gomer Berry), and it is now the principal newspaper in the large group which they control, including the *Sunday Times*. It still has some Jews on its staff, but it is no more a Jewish organ than is the *Times* or the *Morning Post*, which is the organ of the extreme Conservatives, with a very limited circulation. Lord Beaverbrook also controls three newspapers, of which the most important are the *Daily Express* and the *Sunday Express*. But he is leading a campaign for the complete isolation of British foreign policy; and his newspapers are neither pro-German nor pro-French, but regard both countries with suspicion and almost with dislike.

Only one of our important national newspapers can fairly be called Jewish, and that is the *Daily Herald*, which was reorganized under new control some years ago, while still remaining the official organ of the Labor Party. Its managing director is Mr. Elias, a Jewish printer and publisher, who has made an immense fortune out of producing various popular weekly papers, which owe their success chiefly to competitions with lavish prizes. It has undoubtedly published a great deal of Jewish propaganda against Germany.

Apart from these national newspapers, which are all published in London, there

are various influential newspapers in the provincial cities, such as the *Yorkshire Post*, the *Liverpool Post* and the *Birmingham Post*. The *Manchester Guardian* is often accused of being under Jewish influence, partly because its staff includes several prominent and very able Jewish journalists, and partly because it reflects to some extent the considerable Jewish interests in commerce and industry in the North of England. But the control of the paper is in no sense Jewish; and it has an extremely high reputation for giving reliable and balanced news. In so far as it is sympathetic to the Jews, why should it not be allowed to express the views of a large and important section of its readers?

It may be said that the news agencies who supplement the news received from the special correspondents of each newspaper are under Jewish control or influence. I can only reply that I know a good many of the news agency correspondents, and that I know them to have a remarkably high standard of integrity and intelligence. The Press Association, the Exchange Telegraph Company, and the Central News are all free from such suspicions, and only Reuter's is sometimes alleged to be subject to Jewish influence. I can only say that among the Reuter correspondents whom I know personally there is the same high standard of scrupulous investigation of news, and that all correspondents of any experience are fully alive to the possibility of receiving distorted news and make allowances accordingly.

AS for Jewish propaganda against Hitler in England, I sincerely believe that it has defeated its object. There was an outburst of anti-German feeling at first when everybody was alarmed at the prospect of immediate war between Germany and France, or Poland or some other country. The ruthless dismissal of Jews from all positions of importance and from the professions, regardless of whether they were politicians or not, provoked a sense of gross injustice, and a general sympathy with Hitler's victims. But the Aliens Act in England is a very necessary measure to prevent unemployment from growing, and there is no disposition to welcome foreign refugees, or even to admit those who cannot conform to the previous laws which restrict immigration. The first wave of sympathy soon receded, when Professor Einstein was exploited as a martyr of the Hitler régime. Newspapers which had been denouncing Hitler fiercely, suddenly changed their tone when Einstein was announced as the chief speaker at an anti-German meeting in the Albert Hall, London; and still more when he made a sensational flight to England to stay, in absurdly theatrical surroundings with armed guards, with a Member of Parliament at his country house. The publica-

tion of the *Book of the German Terror* alienated sympathy from the Jewish propaganda still further, when it was found to contain so much hysterical rhetoric and so little substance to support its savage attack on the new régime.

I WOULD say deliberately that Jewish propaganda against Hitler has been so overdone that it has defeated its object. Even in France, where almost all the Press was anti-German for nationalist reasons, it has made most informed people suspicious of the truth of anything they read in denunciation of Germany. Yet the fact remains that Hitler is profoundly mistrusted in almost every European country. His sincerity and his courage and his dynamic force are not only recognized but admired, even among his critics. But there is a universal feeling that his control of the new Germany has brought Europe face to face with war again.

Hitler has dominated the history of Europe during 1933. His admirers may regard that as a fine achievement. He will dominate the prospects of 1934 still more if he retains his position. People in the United States who have no actual experience of modern war have no conception of what the dread of war means for us in Europe. To say that Hitler has brought war nearer does not even mean that Hitler himself desires war. What it does mean is that he has destroyed the machinery which had been created to prevent a recurrence of war, when most of us believed that his objects could have been achieved without destroying that machinery; and, still more, that his whole program involves just that threat to his neighbors which has in the past always resulted in recurring war.

The question of the Jews involves enormously more than most people realize. It is not simply that Hitler and his friends dislike the Jews and regard them as a corrupting influence and a dishonest influence. Anyone who has read Hitler's own propaganda (upon which his whole success has been built) is aware that he blames the Jews for the collapse of Germany in 1918, and that he is constantly preaching that, but for the Jews, Germany would have won the last war, and that Germany will win the next war if they are suppressed. He speaks as a front-line soldier who knows what war means. It is very easy for such people (I write as one who was in the front line trenches and under frequent bombardments myself) to profess convincingly that they hope never to see another war. But it is no less easy to win a following by claiming that an ex-soldier will not accept humiliation without resistance, and that Germany must be allowed the same scale of armaments as any other nation.

The facts of the present situation are obviously difficult. France is determined

that Germany shall not re-arm, and that she will prevent Germany from re-arming to a formidable extent, because she fears, from experience, that she will have to suffer invasion again. Hitler professes in speech after speech that he has no aggressive designs against anybody. But what does he mean by aggressive designs? He claims that Austria is an integral part of Greater Germany. He claims that parts of eastern Germany were annexed unjustly to Poland, under the Versailles Treaty, and that even Denmark got part of Germany in the Treaty settlement. His whole campaign has aimed at reviving a consciousness of Germany's wider nationalism, and at inspiring young Germany with the desire to vindicate what he claims to belong to Germany. Once that program begins, every Frenchman knows that Alsace and Lorraine will also be claimed as part of Germany.

THOSE who are anxious about the future are not immediately concerned with the rights and wrongs of any one of these or other issues. What they fear is that Hitler's new program in Germany can only result in war. When they find that prominent and influential Germans have been imprisoned or banished or muzzled because they have questioned this extreme nationalist program, foreign observers feel all the more anxious about Hitler's intentions in the future. There was still available the machinery of the League of Nations and of the Disarmament Conference, by which agreement could be reached and a beginning could be made towards revision of the Versailles Treaty. But Hitler has deliberately destroyed both, in a gesture of impatience; and Europe is left faced with more urgent problems than in 1914, and with a much greater danger of explosion.

It is not even that Hitler is accused of intending to make war or to invade any other country. The anxiety arises from his declared intention to re-arm Germany while he professes that almost half of Europe is by right part of the German Empire, and when his immediate neighbors are all determined to prevent his having a chance to start work at their expense. It is they, not he, who may take the initiative, but as a direct result of fearing what he declares to be his ultimate goal.

For the present, he has unquestionably killed all prospect of disarmament by general agreement. Steady progress had been made towards a general scaling down of armaments, which would have greatly reduced the dread of war. But all that progress has now been thrown aside. A new race of competitive armaments has begun. Even in England, where the Fleet has been allowed to fall to the third rank among World Powers, where the Air Force has been deliberately cut down until there is no sort of adequate provision even for national defense, and

where the army has been steadily reduced, the process of increasing armaments all round has to begin again.

With that dismal and ominous prospect the new year opens. There is no lack of sympathy with Hitler in his revolt against the Treaty of Versailles. But there is no confidence whatever that, by smashing the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference, he has hastened a revision of the Treaty. On the contrary, France is absolutely resolute against any question of revision if Germany begins to re-arm. She will outpace all Hitler's efforts at re-armament. The Little Entente (Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia and Roumania) have even announced that they will regard any attempted revision of the peace treaties as a cause for war. Poland has consolidated an alliance with Russia against Germany. England hopes against hope that she will not be dragged into any quarrel which may involve countries within a day's journey from her London. We are in fact right back to the worst phase of 1914—with more acute grievances, and with preparations on all sides for modern warfare which are far more menacing than anything before.

What is talk of disarmament worth in face of such a prospect? France has constructed along her whole eastern frontier a vast underground system of defensive works, with underground railways for big guns, and endless preparation for a mobile military base, such as make the Hindenburg Line of 1917 seem like a child's toy by comparison. She has an immense air force and far more submarines than any other Great Power. Yet France is the last country to want war. What she dreads is another invasion by Germany; and if she thinks that that invasion will come sooner or later, she may quite conceivably strike first. Austria remains the chief danger spot; and if Hitler's persistent efforts to annex Austria were to result in direct action, there is no knowing what the outcome would be.

WHAT other countries resent most is the persistent glorification of war in Germany under the new régime. It was even the Catholic Vice-Chancellor, von Papen, who made the most disturbing speech, declaring that all German women must prepare to bear sons for the supreme endurance of war, and that womanhood which did not include child-bearing for war was to be pitied and scorned. There have been speeches after speeches, and pamphlets by the hundred, in the same sense, which no talk of "Jewish propaganda against Germany" can explain away. If only that glorification of war, and the preaching of a war of revenge, could be suppressed, the whole outlook would change. While it lasts, any peaceful revision of the Peace Treaties becomes unthinkable; because revision

must involve agreement, and large sacrifices to a country which stubbornly claims much more than it can reasonably claim.

In the chaos which has resulted during the past six months, Mussolini has been proposing a League of the Great Powers, which at best would be a very precarious substitute for what the League of Nations had in fact become. Until recently, the League did definitely dominate all foreign politics in Europe. No Foreign Minister could make important decisions without consulting the League; and the League's democratic machinery produced a constant pressure in favor of disarmament and fairplay. A new League of Great Powers, such as Mussolini suggests to take its place, would only bring back the old precarious balance of power; and even that might never be attained.

WHAT is most to be feared, indeed, is that war may develop on quite different and much more barbarous lines, as a result of Germany's inequality in the recognized forms of armament. Trench warfare is never likely to be seen again. It may be even that the infantry and field artillery have seen their day. It is quite easy to imagine a war conducted chiefly in the air, with bombs and poison gas, which could be concluded by wholesale destruction of the most savage kind within a very short lapse of time. For such a war all countries could prepare very quickly, and a war of that kind between Germany and France would be an appalling prospect to contemplate. It might well mean the final destruction of civilization in Europe; and no European country could escape from its consequences, whether it took part as a belligerent or not.

Looking back over 1933, the chief fact which stands out in Europe is that Hitler has killed both the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference; and that all countries are faced with the necessity of strengthening their armaments.

The one international institution which may yet exercise a decisive influence is the Catholic Church. Both in France and in Germany it has far greater influence now than in 1914. In Austria it probably has more power than it ever had under the Habsburgs, who still believed that they could, to some extent, control the Holy See. Poland is a definitely Catholic State. Even in England any pacific effort by the Holy See would now be treated with far more deference than was ever thought of in 1914. If international agreement is to be reached in Europe for the final prevention of gas warfare and other barbarous methods of war, it may be that the Holy See will bring that agreement about. As for Germany, much may yet depend upon how far Hitler's Catholic upbringing asserts itself against the ruthless militarism of some of his associates.



# "ADEQUATE" CURRENCY

SORRY, dear reader, I am back on the inflation topic. And you yourself are to blame. You—or some of you—have written me, disagreed with me, explained, argued and challenged. Here I am, taking up the invitation. And not only because the topic is of interest, and of very actual interest. But since the time that I wrote on inflation for *THE SIGN* (in the November issue) which was around the second half of October, things have developed—for the better. Despite the improvement, the cry for inflation (and here I mean always inflation of the currency) does not appear to have lost much, if any, of its pre-NRA fervor or popularity.

Why?

After all, inflation is and always has been the last straw to a despairing populace. It is sure to pop up every time that no human effort seems to be able to stem the tide of depression. It is taken to as "a last resort." So it was in Germany back in 1921 and following years. So it was, some time later, in France and Italy and the Balkan countries and some of the Latin-American States. I had the doubtful privilege of living through the inflation pains of all these countries. But never did I have an experience similar to the present psychology of the American people.

On one hand you have distinct signs of recovery: reemployment, production rise, better exports, higher prices, pocket-money for everybody, encouraging profits, and so on. On the other end of the rope of the national economy we have just about the same overwhelming demand for inflation. One of the New York dailies ran a few days ago a map of the United States showing the different States with their respective attitude toward inflation. Well, the map looked as if you had drawn it back in 1793 with the handful of States making up the new Democracy along the Atlantic Seaboard, and with the immense territories west of the Alleghanies shrouded in pre-colonization darkness.

So what?

Unless all sense of proportion fails us, the country is getting out of the mud. Yet, the millions are yelling for the paradise of inflation. The only reason I can see is that these millions are deeply convinced that inflation is not only a remedy but a desirable stimulant. If the situation looks desperate, inflation will turn the trick. If recovery is around the corner, inflation will hasten the improvement. The people must regard inflation as the Seventh Heaven.

And don't believe for a minute that they are just believing blindly. Oh no,

By

Gerhard Hirschfeld

they have their theories. Here is one of them (which I take up because it has been mentioned by several other writers): "to do business normally, we would need, say, 10,000 currency units a day. If we had these 10,000, transactions would not be delayed or paralyzed, but everything would run its smooth course. Additional currency units would do no good and they would truly be inflationary. But (now watch, here is the argument) if we had only 5,000 of these units, many people would not buy because they shop via cash rather than credit; employers would not give work because of the scarcity of the currency. A man who walks needs more oxygen than the man lying asleep." So much for the argument; it sails under "the cry for adequate currency."

Did you ever stop to think what *adequate* currency means? Did it ever occur to you how money came into being? Well, one does not have to delve into the books of history to find out. Simply look around the house and watch your own work. Two observations will stand out: (1) you and your family use many things, goods and services, from bath and beds and slippers at night to meals, subways and clothing during the day. If you add them all up, there must be hundreds, perhaps thousands of all the things you eat and use and need; (2) while you use and pay for all these, you will notice that others use, generally speaking, of *your* work, capacity, experience or knowledge only a very limited number of things, perhaps only one single service like bookkeeping or mechanical work or salesmanship in a store. In order to exchange one thing (your work) against many (your living expenses), we need a medium of exchange; and that is money.

Now, by all means, let's be logical and admit this: not that money makes or controls that which it exchanges, but *vice versa*. Most people would not believe it. Their own experiences are different. They make \$30 a week, and that allows only a meager living with a wife and perhaps two children. They make \$50 a week, and that sounds rather representative. But if they make \$100, watch them speed up, with a new car every other year, etc. It is easy to come from such observations to the mistaken belief that money controls our whole standard of living. And that is distinctly wrong. *You* control your own

standard of living, and not the money. If you get only \$30, you simply are not worth more, in view of the competition, or lack of knowledge, or lack of "connections," or lack of determination, energy and the like. By the same token, \$50 or even \$100 must be somehow justified, be that friends or "pull" or special knowledge, or greater industry.

In short, we earn what we are worth in terms of returns to those who employ us. That is so with us who struggle along as best we can. And that is so with everybody else. The manufacturer does not let his factory control by money. No, he uses as much money as he thinks can earn him a handsome profit. Unfortunately, a manufacturer is only a human being, with a short brain and long hopes. He should use only as much money as he can invest profitably. Instead, he invests as much as hope and greed will stand.

The farmer is in the same boat. He and the manufacturer made the same mistakes five and ten years ago. They earned money, and they wanted more to earn more. But don't blame the money. Blame the men who misused the meaning of money. They took up the credits *not* to buy in exchange definite services for definite work, definite goods and sales, but to speculate.

WHAT have they learned from the disastrous experience of '29? Exactly nothing. Then they wanted (and got) the money though they had plenty of "adequate" currency units with which to exchange their goods and services against other things. Now they want (and do *not* get) the money because they don't even have an "adequate" amount of currency units with which to buy the necessities of life. But again, what has the money got to do with it? It is being pushed around by evil purposes. Now it belongs to this man and then it goes to the other man. It does not control either one or the other. There is just as much money as we ever had or will ever need. But it has changed places. It was freely passed around; now it lies dormant. Therefore, the Government puts out additional dollars and puts them where most needed—in the consumer's pocket.

"Adequate" currency is a poor word. "Adequate," as we use the word, means at certain times so much as human greed will stand; and, at other times, so little that we get desperate. Don't blame the money. It is the obedient servant of human will. Blame the human will, so disobedient to the finer principles and higher laws of human life.

# THE SOVIET WAR AGAINST GOD

By G. M. Godden

A NEW thing, "never before seen in history," has sprung up in our midst. This new thing, as the Holy Father tells us, in this striking phrase, in the *Encyclical Caritate Christi*, is a thing never hitherto witnessed in all the four thousand years of recorded world history. It is a deliberate world-wide, highly organized attack upon God. "The satanical banners of war against God, and against religion" are, the Holy Father declares, "brazenly unfurled to the winds, in the midst of all peoples, and in all parts of the earth."<sup>1</sup>

The Pope does not only warn all the nations of this vast militant aggression upon religion, this immense blasphemy which is at work among the "masses of the people, through the elementary schools, by theatres, by the moving picture, by radio, by lectures, by meetings and conferences, by printed propaganda in every language, holding fast the unwary with the mighty bonds of its organizing power."<sup>2</sup> The Vicar of Christ issues, also, a trumpet call to action, by all those who "still believe in God and adore Him," to combine in face of this far flung attack; and in such a union of minds and forces, for God, Pope Pius reminds us, they naturally ought to be first who glory in the name of Christians.

*Christianus sum* (I am a Christian) was the glorious affirmation with which the Christians of the days of Nero and Diocletian faced the Roman magistrates who sent them—men and women, boys and girls—to the torture of death by wild beasts. "I am a Christian" is the same victorious declaration of the many modern martyrs who have been hacked to pieces, frozen alive, blinded, crucified, killed by degrees in the frozen timber camps, in Soviet Russia, during the last sixteen years.

During the first three years of the rule of the Soviet Government, which has just been accorded diplomatic recognition by the United States, 26 archbishops and bishops and 6,775 priests were massacred. In one province alone, that of Varonije, 160 priests were shot to death. In the Province of Cherson it was given to three priests to share the sentence of Our Lord, for they were crucified. In the Diocese of Harkov 70 priests were put to death. These are some of the recorded martyrdoms.

Innumerable nameless martyrs have



"THE FIVE YEAR PLAN"—THE RELIGIONS OF THE EAST AND WEST ARE SHOWN BEING CRUSHED BY THE SYMBOL OF THE SOVIET FIVE YEAR PLAN

suffered death, valiantly, for God, in Soviet Russia. Men and women have been shot down while trying to defend the churches from desecration, meeting death gladly as did that young engineer, who was badly wounded while endeavoring to prevent the profanation of a midnight Mass, during the Christmas of 1921, and who, when he was dying, scrawled on a slip of paper: "It is a most honorable privilege to be allowed to die for our dear Faith. We Russians seem to have this great honor now. May God be thanked." These are the records of the early days of the Soviet autocracy.

Then came the second phase of the Soviet war upon God, the period of deportations; of imprisonments; and of slow starvation by deprivation of the ration cards which are the only means of

procuring food in Soviet Russia. Early in 1924 practically all the leading Baptist ministers were arrested and conveyed to "an unknown destination." In the following year priests were condemned to solitary confinement, in the unspeakable horrors of Soviet jails, for arranging religious processions; and no less than 50 bishops were arrested in one month. The first month of 1926 was signalized by the arrest of 500 priests.

After this period of mass arrests began the third phase of the campaign of the Soviet rulers against God; a campaign announced by one of their leaders in the words "We will grapple with the Lord God. We shall vanquish Him in His highest Heaven."<sup>3</sup> This is the phase, so

<sup>1</sup>Encyclical *Caritate Christi*.  
<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup>*Christmas Appeal to Fight Religion*. Zinovieff. December, 1924.



"THE DIVINE RUBBISH"—"LET US SNATCH FROM THE HANDS OF OUR CLASS ENEMIES THEIR POISONOUS WEAPON, RELIGION, AND THROW IT INTO THE GARBAGE CAN." THIS PHRASE ACCOMPANIES THE ABOVE CARTOON WHICH DEPICTS GOD THE FATHER BEING SWEEPED INTO THE INCINERATOR BY THE SOVIET SCAVENGER

actively in operation today, of printed and verbal propaganda. The Soviet Government inaugurated this method with their publication of the *Bezbojnik*, the appearance of which was welcomed by the Soviet Minister of Education, the recently deceased Soviet Ambassador to Spain, M. Lunatcharsky, in these words: "With all my heart I wish the *Bezbojnik* every success in its warfare against the revolting spectre of God." Three cartoons of this Soviet organ are here reproduced. They convey, as no mere words can convey, the bestial blasphemies which are subsidized by the Soviet Government to destroy religion.

**E**VEN the famous "Five Year Plan," it will be seen, is enlisted in the ranks of the "Anti-God Fighters," and is attempting to crush out not only the Christian, but also the Jewish and the Moslem religions. Loud speakers blare out anti-religious slogans in the Soviet Russian cities. All Soviet Russian schools are compelled to teach atheism to the children, by graduated courses, begin-

ning with the smallest children, in accordance with the Soviet decree issued as early as 1922. "Religion is the brutalization of the people. Education must be so directed as to efface from the people this humiliation and this idiocy."

Then came the formal raising of atheism to a Soviet State Dogma by the Decree of 1929, which granted to atheists a monopoly of the right to teach their own "beliefs," and which launched sweeping prohibitions against any kind of activity, by any groups of religious persons, including young people, women and children. The Soviet program for 1929, on the "Anti-God Front," included the publication of 600,000 anti-religious pamphlets. The new Decree cleared the way for the further mass attack on religion, by the famous Soviet "Union of Militant Godless," which was announced in the *Bezbojnik* of May 31, 1932: the Second Five Year Plan is to include a "specially intensive fight against religion"; anti-religious propaganda is to be intensified; the "Godless" organizations are to be strengthened;

and this reinforced "Godless" campaign is to be definitely carried out as an integral part of "Socialist reconstruction."

**H**EREIN we have precisely that which the Holy Father tells us is the "new thing in history"—that is, atheism promulgated as a weapon in the class-war of "Socialist reconstruction"; atheism organized on a class-basis; an atheism which finds its reason in the lying assumption that religion is a weapon of the capitalist class, and as such must be fought relentlessly; an atheism which deludes its votaries with the dream of a "godless" world, providing material welfare on a lavish scale, material welfare being the aim of the new godless life—"let us eat and drink because tomorrow we die."

This is the proletarian atheism "which is to be spread in all countries. It is," we are told by an English organizer of the new movement, "essentially part and parcel of the militant Workers' class-struggle, basically political, and revolutionary from the start." The Soviet power supplies both the directive skill and the necessary funds for the new campaign. Three years ago the Soviet Union of Militant Godless established the Headquarters Staff of the campaign, "The Communist Atheist International." From that date the spread of the new Militant Proletarian Atheism has been methodically carried out, with a specious propaganda, only too well designed to catch the "unwary" in its net.

The Soviet agents have been active in Europe; but they have been no less active in America. In America, hitherto, the six Atheist Societies had consisted of the old-fashioned "non-proletarian" academic and armchair type of "free-thinker" and (irrational) "rationalist." Therefore the new Atheist International, based on the political class-war, decided that the United States must have special attention; and in 1931 America witnessed the formation of a new organization of American "Militant Godless," possessing an express proletarian character.

This new organization, moreover, made use of the increasingly bad economic conditions among the workers of America; combining, with "diabolic reasoning," as the Holy Father has pointed out, "war against God with men's struggle for their daily bread . . . as if the order established by God stood in contradiction to the welfare of mankind, and were not, on the contrary, its only sure safeguard." By such devil's arguments are men and women, struggling for existence, induced by the specious

<sup>1</sup>*Bezbojnik*, May 31, 1932. Announcement signed on behalf of the Soviet Ministry of Education, the Soviet Trade Union and Co-operatives, the Soviet Union of Youth, and other bodies.

<sup>2</sup>*Religion in the U.S.S.R.* Introduction p. IV. <sup>3</sup>*Encyclical Caritate*.



propaganda of Proletarian Atheism to cry out against God and religion.

Thus the *Church and the Workers*, a pamphlet published in New York, announces that "religion is used as a lubricating oil to speed up the Workers"; that the Churches "check any desire of the workers to resist injustices"; that "during the present economic crisis the Churches are particularly active in deluding the workers"; that "faith in the supernatural tends to prevent the workers from organizing and . . . delays their recognition of the fact that the struggle against poverty and unemployment is one of class against class"; and that the clergy "thoroughly identify themselves with the capitalist class against the Workers."

And not only class-war, but also racial war and racial hatred are drawn into the attack upon religion. "Negro workers in the U. S. A. have been most victimized by religion," declares this pamphlet. Here we have the clearest possible statements of the new political or rather Proletarian Atheism, by which the people of America, and especially the workers of America, are being beguiled into war upon God. A still more concrete statement of the proposed campaign in America appears in the concluding paragraph of this pamphlet: "A militant workers' anti-religious movement must be organized, under the leadership of Workers who have already freed themselves from Church influences, which will have for its object the emancipation of the masses from religious domination. This movement . . . must be closely allied to other militant Workers organizations."

THE "Anti-Religious League of Workmen" is now in existence in America; and these "Proletarian Freethinkers of America" maintain close contact with Soviet Russia. Here is an example. An International Delegation of Proletarian Freethinkers, including American delegates, visited the Soviet town of Voronezh; and Comrade Stolar handed to the "Godless" of Voronezh a red banner from the Freethinking Workers of Chicago. In doing so he declared that "the Godless of America will be in the forefront of the fighters for the cause of the Proletariat."

Last September the Executive of the "International of Proletarian Freethinkers" issued a comprehensive Appeal to "The Progressive Working people of all countries," America included. This Appeal claims that to fight for God is the "blackest cultural reaction," and tells the workers of the world that religion is a "Social mass symptom." It asserts that, today, the masses are "fighting on the

anti-religious front of the class struggle," and that they are connecting the struggle against religion with "the general class struggle of the workers of all countries, for work, bread, and freedom."

An international mobilization of the vanguard of the workers is called for, against the Church and the Pope. In this, the specious tactics of the "United Front" are invoked; and militant atheists are called upon to organize "a powerful and united counter-action of freethinkers, on a world scale," and to "draw in hundreds of thousands of Christian and religious-minded working people." The work is to be directed into the "broad channel of mass agitation among working youth, the women, the middleclasses, the intelligentsia, the rural poor."

The Soviets are conducting their anti-

"International Press Correspondence." Official organ of the Third Communist International, Moscow. September 22, 1933.

God war directly through their spoken and written campaign; and indirectly through such activities as the "World Youth Anti-War Congress" held in Paris last September. In the sacred name of Peace modern youth are being exploited by the Communists who state that "we must build up Communism with non-Communist hands." Already the insidious propaganda is being skillfully directed in thirty-six countries of Christian Europe. It is being rapidly spread in the United States, and we may be sure that Recognition will be used as an excuse for the widening and deepening of its poisonous spread.

A "world front of militant atheism" was the 1933 objective of the international militant "Godless," financed and directed from Soviet Russia. Is America ready with her defences, her counter-attack, under the victorious Sign of the Cross, in 1934?



THE RED WORKER CARRIES A FLAG EMBLAZONED WITH THE WORDS "I AM GOING OVER TO THE CONTINUOUS WORKING WEEK!!!"—HE IS SEEN TRAMPLING DOWN THE HOUSE OF GOD, WHILE THE HEAVENLY POWERS LOOK ON IN HELPLESS CONSTERNATION AT HIS ACT—THE HEAVENLY GROUP SHOWS GOD THE FATHER (CENTRAL FIGURE), JESUS CHRIST (ON LEFT), THE VIRGIN MARY BEING REVIVED BY AN ANGEL, AND THE HOLY GHOST IN THE FORM OF A GROTESQUE BIRD

<sup>1</sup>The Church and the Workers. Bennett Stevens. "Labor Research Association," New York.

<sup>2</sup>Truth. The Soviet Trade Union organ. No. 297.

# FANG FANG HU'S OWN PARABLE

By Winifred Feely

**D**URING the fifth and ninth Nines of the Lunar Calendar when, according to an old Chinese saying, "men lift their heads and look to the blush of green on the willow trees," Fang Fang Hu attained his eightieth year.

The venerable farmer had always been industrious and thrifty, and the lands, prospering under his toil and care, yielded good harvests. But he knew only too well that his three sons despised farm work. They were eager to make money quickly in dubious adventure or in gambling in the tea houses. Whatever money came into their hands they squandered on silken garments, foreign shoes and hats and on the sing-song girls they encountered in the tea houses or on the Flower Boats of Entertainment. And so the old man was sorely troubled, fearing that the savings of a life-time would be quickly scattered to the winds. Moreover, the lands that had been in the family for generations would be neglected or perhaps sold, and the tombs of his ancestors, falling into the hands of strangers, would know no worship or care.

Throughout the winter months when wise men keep their hands in their sleeves and sit comfortably by the charcoal braziers, Fang Fang Hu meditated upon this and many matters. When winter was over and the flocks of wild geese came honking north from their winter quarters on the great plains of China, the old farmer felt that his spirit would soon be summoned to the Shadowy Land. Calling his three sons to his bedside he said: "My sons, flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone, the time has come when I must return to my ancestors. Soon I shall be rotted with my bones and only my words will remain with you. A clever merchant keeps his stock out of sight as though he had none. The man of abundant virtue looks as though he were stupid. Ponder upon my words and get rid of your worthless desires, your pride, your present idle bearing and vicious ambitions. The fish can swim, animals can run, and the birds can fly in the heavens, but man must work to accomplish his destiny. You fear work, my sons, and so like the clever merchant I have hidden my wealth that you may work and seek it as I have done before you. There is an earthen pot filled with silver dollars hidden in my fields, which now become your fields. Dig for it if you desire it. Beyond this I have nothing more to say." And turning his face to the wall he refused to speak further.

In vain did his sons implore him to tell them in which part of the land the silver dollars were hidden. Their cajolings and requests were met with an obstinate silence.

A few days later the old man died, as quietly and as simply as he had lived. His body was placed in a handsome black-lacquered coffin with the customary cash to pay his passage to the shadowy world, and with offerings of food to sustain him on that final and important voyage.

His sons stinted nothing, for in their pride they wished the funeral to be the most magnificent of the village — a funeral to be talked about for months to come! Paper effigies were burned, hired mourners tore their hair and lamented vociferously, yellow-garbed priests beat gongs and chanted prayers and dirges. The three sons clad in long white garments, their heads veiled in coarse mourning cloth, followed the coffin. Relatives bore them up, for according to custom they were almost bowed to the ground with grief. They beat their breasts and heads and wailed aloud the merits of their thrice-honored father but at each step they took they wondered if the pot of dollars was there under their feet! And thus Fang Fang Hu was laid to rest with his fathers, his coffin covered

with a mound of the earth he had loved so well and tended so carefully.

A few days after the funeral the sons went to work to find the kong of silver dollars. The fields were large and they had no idea where to begin. It was finally decided to start in a line at the end of the first field and to dig and plough until one of them should find the money. For weeks on end they labored as they had never worked before. Often they would sit down to rest, hot, tired and dispirited, cursing loudly in their wrath against the dead farmer. But their avarice always triumphed and would urge them on to fresh efforts.

**T**HE neighbors marvelled at this sudden energy, this praiseworthy zeal, for they had never seen the three sons of Fang Fang Hu do a day's work before. Finally the fields were all dug up, the rich brown soil lying in neat furrows, every inch carefully furrowed. But no kong of silver dollars came to light!

"Our foolish father must have been wandering in his wits and merely dreamed of such treasure," cried the eldest, "for we have dug up every bit of these cursed fields."

"I have worked till my hands are blistered," said the second, "and my back is like a dried twig, to be easily snapped in two."

"How good to be in the Tea House of a Thousand Clouds," said the third, "for I have a thirst that is unquenchable and this labor is but dog's work," and he flung himself under one of the olive trees.

"All in vain," lamented the eldest son, "we have been tricked and cheated and are but the mocked creatures of a cruel destiny."

They were furious and bitterly disappointed.

But when the olive season came round the branches of the olive trees were almost bent to the ground under the weight of their fruit. Never had they yielded so rich a harvest. The well-worked and cultivated ground, the result of their frenzied labor, had done so much good to the trees that the harvest of green olives was sensational.

The sale of the olives brought in two large pots of silver dollars! Now when the three sons saw this wealth they suddenly understood what their wise old father had meant when he bade them dig and seek for the hidden wealth that lay buried in the land.

## Content

By T. M. Howard

**G**OD gave me opened eyes  
To see earth's beauty blest;  
The rainbow colored skies,  
Or sun sink in the west;  
But you are blind.

**I** feel that life is bare  
I know not what to do;  
You do not fret nor care  
For absent colored hue,  
Our God is kind.

**You** feel and smell and taste  
The good things near at hand,  
'Tis not for us to waste  
The gifts at our command.  
Happy in mind.

# IS THE DEVIL DEAD?

## *Six Recent Cases of Diabolical Possession*

By C. W. Howell, S. J., M. Sc.

THAT cases of possession by Satan were common in Our Lord's time is the plain testimony of the Gospels; there were men and women possessed by a devil or by many devils; and often this possession carried with it a disorder of the natural functions resulting in blindness, deafness, epilepsy, paralysis, insanity, and the like. There was no confusion in the minds of the Evangelists between the possessed and the sick; in many passages the two classes of sufferers are plainly distinguished. Thus St. Matthew (4:24): "They presented to Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and such as were possessed by devils. . . and He cured them." Or St. Mark (3:10-12): "For He healed many, so that they pressed upon Him for to touch Him, as many as had evils; and the unclean spirits, when they saw Him, fell down before Him, and they cried, saying: 'Thou art the Son of God'." Or St. Luke (6:18): ". . . a very great multitude of people from all Judea and Jerusalem and the sea coast, both of Tyre and Sidon, who were come to hear Him and to be healed of their diseases. And they that were troubled with unclean spirits were cured."

The distinction is perfectly definite; not every paralytic or every epileptic is, for the Evangelists, a possessed person; they clearly believed that most of the sicknesses cured by Our Lord were natural in origin, but that some were caused by preternatural agency, that is, through possession by the devil.

Contemporary Jewish opinion was entirely in agreement with them. Our Lord's enemies never denied that He cast out devils by saying that there were no devils to be cast out; on the contrary, they, too, believed that there were devils to be cast out, but said that Our Lord did it by the power of Beelzebub, the prince of devils (*Matt.* 9:32). We have also the testimony of pagan writers like Josephus and Herodotus to the effect that many diseased persons at the time that they wrote were held to be victims of diabolical possession.

WHAT did Our Lord believe Himself? Beyond any question, He also held that many of the sufferers who

came to Him were possessed; He addressed the demons and commanded them to go out; He told His disciples that they should have a like power over devils; that some needed special treatment, e. g., "This kind is not cast out but by prayer and fasting" (*Matt.* 17:20). If the prevalent belief in diabolical possession had been wrong, Our Lord would but have confirmed and propagated this error by His actions and His teaching—a conclusion which cannot be accepted for a moment. For, when He finds some erroneous belief to be current, He takes care to correct it and to point out that it is an error. It was commonly believed that diseases were the penalty of sin in a particular and personal manner, that is, that they were incurred because either the sufferer himself had sinned or his parents had done so. "And Jesus, passing by, saw a man who was blind from his birth. And His disciples asked Him: 'Rabbi, who hath sinned; this man or his parents that he should be born blind?' Jesus answered: 'Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.'" (*John* 9:2). If He would not allow a harmless and even salutary superstition like this to pass unchallenged, it is not possible that He should have confirmed, in the most unmistakable manner, the general belief in diabolical possession.

THE existence of possessed persons and the power of Our Lord and of His followers over them are, then, facts beyond all reasonable dispute. They were facts often cited by the Fathers of the Church and the early Christian apologists as incontrovertible evidence of the truth of Our Lord's mission. To name but a few: St. Justin Martyr, Minutius Felix, Irenæus, Theophilus of Antioch, St. Cyprian, Tertullian, Lactantius, St. Athanasius, Origen, and Eusebius—all have many passages testifying to the existence of possessed persons and to their cure through the power of Christ.

The testimony of the Fathers is valuable because it extends through several centuries in many lands; it is, moreover, the evidence of those men who in their time and country were the most distinguished for their learning and upright

character. It enables us to say quite definitely that cases of diabolical possession were common, not only in Our Lord's time, but for several centuries afterwards.

IT is easy to assign reasons for the frequency of possession from two thousand to fifteen hundred years ago. Before the coming of Christ mankind was unredeemed; the human race was under the shadow of God's displeasure, and was subject, by Divine permission, to considerable molestation by Satan. The Jews alone, God's chosen people, were comparatively free from satanic influences—no instances of certainly genuine possession are mentioned in the Old Testament. But when Our Lord came the Jews were much corrupted by paganism, and one of the signs of pagan corruption, namely, possession by the devil, came to be quite common, especially in Galilee, where Jews had considerable contact with pagans. Moreover, the Incarnation would have produced a recrudescence of diabolical hatred against God; so that the activities of Satan became ever more apparent and were allowed to do so in God's Providence in order to give striking evidence of the completeness of Christ's victory over the Powers of Darkness. But, now that the Church is so widespread and the grace of God has been working throughout the world for nineteen hundred years, the power of the devil is so reduced that in Christian lands, at least, he is rarely able to claim a victim. According to the testimony of missionaries, cases of possession still do occur in pagan lands where the Gospel has never penetrated. One such instance I shall refer to later.

I propose to give some account of several cases of alleged possession, to examine and to classify the phenomena exhibited, and to consider whether any theories based on medical or psychological considerations will suffice to account for them. In order not to confuse the issue, the discussion will be limited to six very well authenticated and comparatively modern cases; all the points brought forward in what follows will be illustrated from them. The cases are:

(1) A nun, Soeur Saint Fleuret, who lived in a convent at Grezes. I cannot



find the dates of her birth and death, but she was exciting a widespread interest in 1902, in the August of which year an account of her case appeared in the *Revue du Monde Invisible* from the pen of Monseigneur Elie Meric, a doctor of Philosophy and of Theology, and Professor at the Sorbonne.

(2) Two brothers, Thiebaut and Joseph Burner of the village of Illfurt, near Mülhausen in Alsace. They were born in 1855 and 1857 respectively, exhibited signs of possession in 1865, were exorcised and cured in 1869, and died in 1871 and 1882 respectively. Their story is related by the Abbé Sutter from documents compiled by eye-witnesses. An English translation appeared in 1922.

(3) Helene Poirier of Coullons, born in 1834, possessed in 1868, exorcised in 1869, re-possessed in 1871, and finally delivered in 1897. She died a holy death in 1914, and a book of some five hundred pages, *Une Possedee Contemporaine*, was published in 1919, giving the most minute details of her eighty years of life.

(4) Clara Germana Cele, a Kaffir girl of the Marianhill Mission, Natal, born in 1889, possessed in 1906, exorcised and cured in 1907—died in 1913. A most stirring account of the case is given by Father Schobitz, a Redemptorist, in a booklet entitled *Gibt's auch heute noch. . . Teufel?* from depositions by the Bishop Delalle who exorcised her, and by priests, nuns and a doctor who attended her.

(5) Maria Celeste of Bolsena, born in 1896, possessed in 1916, never effectually cured. I do not know when she died. Her case is dealt with in *Luce e Ombra* for May, 1916.

(6) Louise X of Havre, born in 1863, possessed in 1872, exorcised in 1874. She is one of the cases described by Dr. Charles Helot in his *Neuroses et possessions diaboliques*.

THE following is a list, by no means complete, of signs generally taken to indicate possession. None, taken alone, can be regarded as sufficient, but when several are found together possession seems the only reasonable explanation.

(a) Understanding and speaking languages which could not have been known previously.

(b) Erudite knowledge of some technical subject not explicable by previous education.

(c) The power of knowing the unexpressed thoughts of others.

(d) Knowledge of things past, present, future, or in distant places which could not have been acquired by any natural means.

The above four may be termed "Intellectual signs." All must be qualified by the condition that they be plainly not attributable to God Himself—for all of these gifts can be exemplified from the lives of Saints.

Some physical signs are:

(e) The exhibition of abnormal physical strength.

(f) Levitation.

(g) Complete alteration of voice, features and aspect so as to become horrible and revolting for a while, with a return to normal in moments of quietude.

(h) Muscular paroxysms, contortions and deformations which are merely temporary during attacks of frenzy.

(i) Reactions of hatred against saintly persons, the ordained, and blessed objects, of whose presence the possessed person can have no natural knowledge.

(j) A persistent opposition to the exorcist—so different from submission to a hypnotist.

(k) Blasphemous and obscene language from a person who previously was pure and refined in speech and in bearing.

(l) Suicidal tendencies.

NOW, practically all these twelve characteristics were verified in each of the six persons I have instanced. To substantiate that statement I should have to read seventy-two passages from the publications I have cited as my authorities—a proceeding which would render this article unbearably long. Therefore I must restrict myself to giving short descriptions only of some of the more striking phenomena.

Concerning the understanding of unknown languages, we find that Soeur Saint Fleuret of Grezes "although but a simple peasant who has never received the least tuition, can speak perfectly well—in her attacks of possession—Greek, Latin, Italian, Russian, English, German, etc.; and always answers correctly in the language in which she is addressed."

The two boys, Thiebaut and Joseph Burner, "spoke and answered fluently in different languages — French, Latin, English; even the most varied dialects of French and Spanish were known to them." Remember that these boys spoke German as their native tongue, and that they were aged ten and eight, respectively.

Clara Germana, the Kaffir girl, understood the Latin prayers of the exorcist and answered, in Latin, questions which were put to her in that language. She was tried also in German, French, Polish and other languages not specified; she understood them all and answered in Zulu unless ordered to use the foreign language, in which case she did so. Also if the speaker made any grammatical error she laughed and made open fun of him.

Maria Celeste, who normally spoke nothing but her own native country dialect, spoke the purest Italian when in her frenzies: "she entered into learned discussions of philosophy and theology, reasoning like a well trained scholar. . . her replies were not laconic, but lengthy,

unhesitating, well reasoned and detailed, and, although she herself spoke in Italian, during the disputations her adversary was at liberty to speak any language he liked without being able to confuse her."

What are we to make of all this? It seems to me, at least, that if the answers received in strange languages were expected ones in words already formulated in the mind of the questioner, then there might be some natural explanation in terms of hypnotism, or thought transference, or some other ill understood but well authenticated natural psychic process; the patient might somehow obtain the answer (and the words in which it is expressed) from the mind of the questioner. I am not stating that this is a plausible theory—I am only saying that personally I would not be prepared absolutely to exclude all such explanations without further investigation.

But when, as in these cases, the content of the answer was not in any way in the mind of the questioner, the words readily coördinated into grammatical and syntactical sentences could not have been there either. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that A can read the mind of B, and B can speak Polish, it would be possible for A to speak in Polish thoughts which B had conceived in Polish; but to speak his own thoughts in Polish would be quite impossible. The only conceivable natural origin of the foreign languages spoken by the cases under discussion is absolutely ruled out. The only explanation that can satisfy is a preternatural one—the agency of the devil.

This speaking of unknown foreign languages is, probably for this reason, always regarded as the most important and definite of the signs of possession. The others—thought reading, knowledge of things hidden, etc.—could similarly be exemplified from the cases I have studied, but it may be more interesting if we pass on to some physical signs.

THE Burner boys were several times seen to ascend into the air; once their mother was sitting on a bench with one of them, and the whole bench with her and the boy went up several feet; both were then flung to the ground.

Helene Poirier was seen on numerous occasions flying through the air as high as the houses. Once she invoked Our Lady in midair, and was dropped with a crash and injured.

Clara Germana went about five feet into the air in church in the presence of three priests, three lay brothers, fourteen nuns, and about a hundred and fifty natives. Two persons holding on to her were dragged up too; they let themselves down and a number of people caught hold of her feet and in vain tried to pull her to earth. When sprinkled with holy water she came down at once.

The reactions of hatred against sacred persons or things is a very remarkable

characteristic of these cases. They always know at once if a crucifix or a blessed medal is brought near them, even if the object is covered up or carried in someone's pocket. If sprinkled with ordinary water they take no notice, but holy water sends them into paroxysms of rage. If it be mixed even secretly in their food or drink they know it at once and reject it. They say it burns them or is poison or tastes foul to them. Yet chemically it is but ordinary water with a pinch of salt in it!

**I**T seems clear that none of the preceding phenomena are explicable in terms of medicine; no theory of lunacy, hypnotism, autosuggestion, hysteria, or anything else can give a satisfactory account of such happenings. Indeed the three mentioned—languages, levitation, and reaction to holy things—are not medical at all. Hence this is not surprising. But some of the physical signs—which vary from case to case—are definitely medical.

Soeur Saint Fleuret in her fits had an absolutely unrecognizable voice. The same with the two boys of Illfirt—their "voices were not those of children but strong, rough, hoarse voices of men. Their mouths were mostly closed." The voice of Maria Celeste "became deep and raucous, the lips and tongue scarcely moving when she spoke." Sudden swellings of the face and neck and stomach were observed in Louise X, as she was brought before the bishop to be confirmed. Her face went absolutely scarlet and she was collapsing with weakness. "Immediately she was confirmed, the livid scarlet left her face, the mysterious swellings at once disappeared, and her strength returned. She was instantly and perfectly cured." With Clara Germana, the veins of her forehead swelled up, and then her shoulder and arm, to an extent which made the onlookers fear her veins would burst. At another time her breast was inflated like a gas bag; once her whole body was enormously enlarged. On a different occasion her arms became stiff like wooden poles. By contrast, during another spasm she seemed boneless and made of india rubber, and she wriggled about like a snake on her back or her stomach.

The two boys of Illfirt did the same, worming their way along on the floor without using their hands or feet. They had strange rigidities too; they stood on their heads and their heels at the same time with their bodies arched upwards (a condition known as opisthotonos as occurring in tetanus) and occasionally they would twist their legs together like strands of a rope so that they could not be pulled apart. The body of one of them, Thiebaut, used to swell up to bursting point, and he vomited froth and foam and also great quantities of seaweed and feathers which gave forth a

disgusting stench. This boy, by the way, appears to have been deaf—he could not hear a gun fired in the same room. Yet during his fits of possession he could hear quite normally. His hearing was restored after his cure by exorcism.

Helene Poirier suffered, after her possession, from paralysis of the right arm, and also periodical swellings of the throat. Louise X had convulsions like those of epilepsy, except that they were all purposive, not erratic and involuntary. "For instance, if she wanted to crawl between the bars of a chair—a form of exercise for which she showed a predilection—all her limbs, though apparently contorted, coöperated to the accomplishment of her purpose. . . . if anyone tried to draw her out from underneath a piece of furniture, she would contort herself like a bow and join hands and feet; she would cling round the leg of a piece of furniture so as to necessitate her arms and legs being each separately loosened before she could be got away."

Two very remarkable antics of Clara Germana deserve special mention. When Father Erasmus Horner was attempting to exorcise her she struggled with unbelievable strength. Three priests, four nuns, and eight hefty Kafir girls took three hours to bind her hands and feet with ropes, and when they had at last succeeded she broke the ropes. After further struggle they got handcuffs on her and ropes all up her legs. When she was under control Father Horner held the stole fast around her neck, as is indicated in the Ritual. Whereupon she tried to bite Sister Anacleto, a nun who was kneeling down beside her, gripping her waist. Father Horner warned the Sister and gripped the stole tighter. Then, in the sight of all, the girl's neck suddenly extended to three or four times its normal length, she reached out and struck like a snake over the priest's hand, biting Sister Anacleto in the arm. The Sister felt a sharp pain in her arm, although her habit was uninjured—merely showing the foam off the girl's mouth. But when the sleeve was drawn back the marks of both rows of teeth were visible in reddish-blue with a little round red wound in the middle like a pin prick. By next morning all the marks had swollen up into blisters just like those from a burn; they were exceedingly painful and exuded a yellow fluid.

**T**HIS surely is a most extraordinary incident. Doubts as to the facts seem impossible—there were several educated European witnesses who have left signed statements, as well as more than a hundred natives. Moreover, no expert knowledge is needed in an observer before we are able to accept his statement as to the lengthening of a girl's neck—anybody with a pair of eyes in his head is a competent judge of that. Besides, the fact remains that Germana

bite the arm of a nun clasping her waist while she herself was being held under the chin by a stole gripped in the hand of a priest. And what about the strange blisters? Could such things ever be produced naturally by a bite? The booklet does not say how this wound was cured. Presumably it healed up gradually, for a scar was left afterwards. Another incident somewhat similar was the scratch on the finger which the Abbé Schrantzer received from Thiebaut Burner. The wound turned septic and was very painful but, on being bathed in holy water, it healed up in a day and left no mark whatever. I fancy that holy water is not found listed in the Pharmacopœia!

**W**HETHER consideration of a subject like this has any practical application in the exercise of the medical profession I cannot say. If a Catholic physician should ever meet such a case I think there would be no danger of his failing to recognize when the opinion of a priest would be valuable to him in diagnosis. But a non-Catholic physician with a materialistic outlook might well be absolutely at a loss. He might persist in perfectly futile medical treatment of a case which is beyond his own science.

I think it may truly be said that the progress which a man makes, as the result of a prolonged study of any particular science, is not measurable merely in terms of facts known; the continual assimilation of a new knowledge is ever accompanied by the forgetting of things known in earlier stages—so limited is the human memory that a kind of saturation point is reached. But there is continual progress with regard to understanding; the significance and the relationship existing between the facts which a man may have at his command become ever clearer; a scientific instinct develops, a maturity of judgment, an experienced caution, a wise humility; above all things, a man comes to see precisely where are the limits of his own science, which problems call for its application and which are beyond its ambit.

If this be so, scientists will be able to make clear precisely how far science can contribute to the explanation of the extraordinary phenomena observed in those who are believed to be possessed, which of them are susceptible of a complete medical explanation, and which of them are beyond it. If possession by the devil was not limited to the time of Our Lord and the first few centuries of the Christian era, but is, through the inscrutable dispositions of God, occasionally to be found even in modern times, then it will be agreed that the petition of the Church—"From the snares of the devil, deliver us, O Lord"—is one which we must regard not as a mere historic relic, but as a practical and useful prayer which we should all make with sincerity and conviction.

# WOMAN TO WOMAN

THEY like the pleasant miracles—  
The loaves that fed  
A hungry multitude; the conquered loss  
Of sight; the new wine at the feast—  
Nor comprehend  
The deeper, truer healing of the Cross.

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IT is true that character is often developed in poverty and that often the child of adversity has a better chance at a good future than the child born to wealth. But that too can be overdone. A welfare worker tells of seven-year-old Teddy, whose train she met when he came home from a camp vacation. Propped on a stool in a cafeteria with a cheese sandwich and milk, he looked happily at her and said, "Mother is in the hospital and daddy has to stay with the baby, but I kept thinking all the way in the train, 'Miss Williams will be there to meet me.'" Offered his choice of any deserts, he looked them all over very intensively and finally asked instead for another cheese sandwich. On the way out the swing door bumped him and from his pocket fell the larger part of the second sandwich, chosen instead of the lovely deserts. Then came the story: he was taking it to his mother at the hospital. "She just loves cheese," he explained, "and she didn't get to the country the way I did."

There are some children who have cut their amusements from multiplicity to simplicity and that is a splendid thing. But those like Teddy have gone from simplicity to want and to a responsibility that is far too much to ask of a child. One wonders if, as the depression lifts from the country, the burden will lift also from the shoulders of our tenement Teddys, or will we, when a happier time returns, again forget to care protectingly for these little ones whom Our Lord loved to gather protectingly about Him.

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I HAVE had a few letters objecting to my paragraph about women who are unkind to the girls and women who work in their homes. No doubt the women who have written are not of this variety, but the agencies will tell you there are plenty of the other sort. Instead of retracting a word, I want to enlarge on my earlier statement because the problem is getting worse all the time. There is more Christianity, it seems to me, in the pagan woman who takes in a girl and treats her well than there is in the practising Christian who ignores the needs of such girls or uses for her own ends their bitter straits. Practising Christian means more than one who lights candles to the Saints or

By  
**Katherine Burton**

runs through her beads faithfully each day or makes a retreat for her soul. It means a woman who tries to imitate in her small way the life of the Mary to whom she prays or the lives of the Saints whose intercession she implores. Saint Catherine of Sienna came home one day without her cloak; she had given it away and when her mother remonstrated she said, "Better to be without a cloak than without charity." No one is asking you women to give away cloaks which you need—most of us are not such rarely generous souls as that—but give away the love and the charity with which you should be filled when you come from your prayers. And make it impossible for people to speak of the coldness of Christian charity. Our faith is built on charity—the charity of a Love that died for those who needed it. There is only one altar light in a church, but it is reflected in the eyes of every person who looks at it. And so should our charity be. And anyone who carries even the smallest reflection of that one Divine Light, anyone warmed by that Love, should go thankfully forth and do her small bit of healing, to help make it impossible for anyone to call our faith a "makeshift way." The world needs faith and it needs hope just now, but most of all its tired, beaten women need that greatest of the three—Charity—which, in its real meaning, is only applied love.

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THE Brangwyn murals which are nearing completion at Radio City include one which shows mankind striving upward, and which is supposed to represent the Sermon on the Mount. High up the panel standing on clouds is a veiled figure, which represents Our Lord. There had been some objection to any figure of Him at all, but the artist said that it seemed impossible to paint a picture with such a title and then leave out the central figure. *The Catholic News* said trenchantly and consolingly, not to mind a bit if the figure were left out: it would be quite easy to step across the narrow pavement of Fifth Avenue and find Him in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

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WE read such a lot these days among our freest of thinkers as to the value, the necessity, and the other important

reasons for sinning, that it is a pleasure to read how such nonsense has affected one woman. George Chappell, who makes lots of fallible statements in such a way that they sound momentarily infallible, says that "the art of erring gracefully is one that has been sadly neglected." This prompted Isabel Paterson, clear thinking and delightful columnist of the *New York Tribune Books*, to say sharply, "Fancy some heavy footed sinner muttering, 'Oh, gee, I didn't err gracefully enough that time—now I've got to begin all over again.'"

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A SEDATE little book shop in a side street of New York City whose windows are always filled with brightly jacketed volumes had a white card right in its middle last week. It was voicing a plaint that more than one book shop has wanted to wail. The window card, in neat letters, said: This is not a drug store.

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THE family was hunting for one of those hundred year old farm houses the city folks all want nowadays and Jimmy got pretty bored. While the grown-ups were looking over a battered old ruin and talking over the possibilities of raising roofs and lowering other things, Jimmy wandered off to find things. He heralded his success by piercing screams of anguish and the family rushed over to where he was and discovered he was pretty well bitten up by an annoyed family of wasps whose nest he had disturbed when he stepped into the abandoned cold frame which houses them. The clever agent plastered mud from a puddle on the bite and gradually Jimmy reached the point where the family could go back to roofs again. But his mother, as mothers will, asked him, "What under the sun did you want to get out of that old frame anyway?" Jimmy looked longingly back at the place where the wasps were still chanting a war song. "There was a good luck horseshoe I was trying to pick up."

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WITH the presence of Frances Perkins in the Cabinet, one hears comments here and there as to what a Cabinet of women would be like. It might prove an amazingly good thing, but I think I should like to make a qualification: they all ought to be able to prove they are or have been good housekeepers. For what this country needs more than anything is a good cleaner or group of cleaners. The War Department might fare excellently with a woman, since many of them have the interesting idea that a war department is meant primarily to keep us out of war. To make Irene instead of Mars be patron saint of that department has its value as an idea.



THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

# THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

## PRIVATE REPLIES

A. E. R., NEW CENTRE, MASS.—According to the *Education Directory of the U. S. Bureau of Education of 1931*, Fordham University with 8726 students, including extension and summer courses, appears to have the largest enrollment of all Catholic schools in the country. Non-Catholics attend most of the Catholic colleges.

E. J. B., ELMHURST, N. Y.—(1) A religious fanatic is a dangerous person, both to himself and others. A Catholic who follows the rule and discipline of faith, assisted by an experienced director, need have no fear of becoming a fanatic. (2) The Fifth Commandment applies only to human beings. It is therefore justifiable to kill a sick dog to put him out of misery. (3) It is unjust to waste the goods of others, but not unjust to waste one's own property. However, there may be a sin against charity to waste even one's own goods when others are in need of them.

W. H., BOSTON, MASS.—(1) There is no common law against the sale of blessed candles in churches. But the price cannot be increased on account of the blessing. (2) Will Durant was a student for the priesthood in Seton Hall Seminary, South Orange, N. J., for about a year. But he never received any Sacred Orders, to our knowledge. (3) His works are not on the Index. This must not be considered an endorsement. The only book which we recommend is his recent study of conditions in Soviet Russia.

T. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—St. Ignatius, Rogers Avenue & Carroll Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., and St. Francis Xavier, West 16th Street, New York, N. Y., are two parishes in charge of the Jesuit Fathers.

F. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The answer did not state that they were guilty of a sin of vanity, but "that they may be guilty of a sin of vanity." Even though they were guilty of vanity, it would be only a venial sin. It would be better to leave the correction, if needed, to her parents. A moderate degree of adornment seems to be indicated according to modern custom.

J. A. M., SOUTH AMBOY, N. J.—The story is absurd on the face of it. The Casino is supported by the gamblers who flock there. There is no need of outside assistance.

L. C. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.—(1) Hilaire Belloc was born in 1870, the only son of Louis Swanton Belloc, a French barrister, by his marriage with Bessie Rayner Parkes, an English lady. So far as we know his mother was not a convert to the Catholic Church. (2) Father James M. Gillis, C. S. P., is not a convert.

M. C., MEDFORD, MASS.—The confession seems to have been valid because made with the proper dispositions. If the number of actual sins was notably larger than was confessed, tell your confessor as near as possible the correct number the next time you confess.

P. F. G., JAMAICA, N. Y.—Clement Wood is a non-Catholic. His books are dangerous reading and cannot be recommended.

D. F., CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.—(1) If you advert to your forgetfulness of the penance before you leave the confessional, ask the priest what penance he imposed; if after leaving the confessional, say the penance which he ordinarily imposes. (2) The total abstinence pledge is not broken by eating food in which there is a small quantity of liquor or wine.

M. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—There is nothing in your letter to indicate that it was anything more than a promise, from fulfilling which any reasonable cause would excuse. If you have any further doubt ask your confessor.

K. M. B., CHAMBERSBURG, PA.—Communicate with the Mother Superior, Convent of Our Lady of Charity, 1615 Lowerie Street, Troy Hill, Pittsburgh, Pa., for correct details about the community.

## SACRAMENTAL CHARACTER: BAPTISM OF DESIRE AND OF BLOOD

(1) What is the Catholic doctrine in regard to the spiritual character received in Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Orders? (2) Also what is the Catholic teaching regarding the Baptism of Desire and of Blood?—W. D., CROCKETT, CAL.

(1) Character is derived from the Greek word meaning "sign" or "seal." It is defined as "a spiritual and indelible seal impressed on the soul whereby men are rendered fit to receive and to perform certain sacred things." The sacramental character, therefore, is not something external and visible, but an internal sign or mark by means of which the faithful on whom it has been impressed are distinguished from all others before God. It is indelibly impressed on the soul, thus designating the subject of the seal and also its quality of perpetuity. The sacramental character is not a mere ornament of the soul, but a sign of the power to participate in the Sacraments, either by receiving or administering them.

There are three Sacraments which impress a spiritual and indelible character—Baptism, Confirmation and Holy Orders. The first marks the individual as a sheep of Christ's flock and a member of His Mystical Body; the second as a soldier of Christ; and the third as a participant in the real priesthood of Christ. On account of these sacred characters the above mentioned Sacraments cannot be repeated, once they have been validly received. This prohibition implies that their valid reception the first time has produced a perpetual mark, by means of which the recipient has once and for all been raised to the state for which these Sacraments have been instituted by Christ.

(2) Baptism of Desire is contained in an act of perfect contrition or charity, and, as regards the remission of sins, supplies the place of Baptism of Water. This could happen to a man (a pagan, for instance) who never heard of the necessity of Baptism or, though he might have, had no opportunity to fulfill the precept. If, when dying, he conceived sorrow for his sins, that act of sorrow would implicitly, at least, contain the desire of Baptism, for it supposes that, were he able, he would do all things necessary for salvation. Now, one of the things necessary for salvation is to be baptized.

An act of perfect contrition and an act of perfect charity obtain the remission of sin, both original and actual. In this respect they produce one of the effects of Baptism, viz., the

remission of sins. But such acts may not take away all the punishment due to sin, as Baptism does, but the extent of its remission depends on the perfection of the acts. That there is such a thing as Baptism of Desire is proved by the Gospel. Christ, after having revealed the necessity of receiving the Baptism of Water and the Holy Ghost (*John 3:5*), promised that He would love anyone who truly loved Him, and that He and His Father would make their habitation in such a soul (*John 14:2, 23*). But such an indwelling of God supposes that the soul is in the state of sanctifying grace; and a soul cannot be in such a state unless its sins have been remitted. Therefore, such an act is in this respect equivalent to Baptism of Water and the Holy Ghost. The Church teaches in the Council of Trent (Sess. vi, c. 4) that after the promulgation of the Gospel there can never be any translation from the state of the old Adam (unregenerate nature) to the state of grace without the laver of regeneration (Baptism) or the desire thereof.

Baptism of Blood is martyrdom, or the laying down of one's life for Christ, the true faith, or any Christian virtue. Christ solemnly promised eternal salvation to those who confessed Him before men, or lost their lives for His sake (*Matt. 10:32, 39*). This implies that martyrdom effects not only the remission of all sins, but also all the punishment due to them. In this respect it is equivalent to the Baptism of Water and the Holy Ghost. In adults it is required that they have sorrow for their sins.

Neither the Baptism of Blood nor the Baptism of Desire produce the baptismal character. Moreover, if one who suffered for Christ was miraculously saved from death, he would still be obliged to receive Baptism of Water. The same principle holds for one justified by Baptism of Desire.

#### THE DUTY OF THE JUROR

*Can a Catholic sitting as a juror on a murder trial, who is convinced from the evidence that the prisoner is guilty, vote for the latter's conviction, even though it will mean the electric chair?*—W. S. A., NEW YORK, N. Y.

It is the sworn duty of a juror, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, to judge the existence of the crime, and whether or not the accused is guilty or innocent. It belongs not to the jury but to the judge to pronounce sentence. The latter decrees the degree of punishment according to the law. It cannot be said, therefore, that the vote of the jurors is the cause of an accused man's execution. Their vote is merely the occasion in which the law operates.

#### BIBLE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The War Cry, a Salvation Army publication, contains the following item: "The American Bible Society put the Scripture into eight chief languages of the Philippine Islands in the first two decades since the Islands became the wards of the United States. During the 200 years under Spanish rule the Islands did not receive the Scriptures in a single Philippine language." Will you please comment on this for the information of Catholics?—C. A. B., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

There are two points about this item: (1) the translation of the Bible into eight languages of the Philippine Islands in two decades; (2) the lack of the Bible in any language of the Islands during the years of Spanish rule. As to the first we can well imagine that the item is a fact. First, because the American Bible Society holds the extreme and outmoded Protestant doctrine of "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible" as the sole norm of Divine faith. Second, since it holds to this norm it is not surprising that it should translate this incomplete channel of Divine revelation into all the languages and dialects of the world. But concerning this norm we can say, as Catholic apologists have ever said since it was introduced into the world by Luther: "Where in the Bible itself does it say that the 'Bible and the Bible alone' is the sole norm of faith?" It cannot be proved from the Bible—

that is certain. Consequently, the multiplication of Bibles, while it indicates the zeal of the Bible Societies (a zeal not according to knowledge) does not at the same time amount to a true Christianization of the peoples to whom they deliver the Bible.

We have no statistics concerning the translations of the Bible by the Spanish Friars during the Spanish rule (perhaps some of our readers can supply them) but we do know that the Friars made the Filipinos real Christians according to the doctrines of Christ; that is, they taught them to believe in a living teacher of these same doctrines, and not to worship a dead book. The indiscriminate dissemination of the Bible is not an unmixed good. For, what is even a Divine book without a living teacher? Besides, how does the American Bible Society prove that it is really giving the natives the true Bible, and not an adulterated version thereof?

#### ALLEGED REVELATION: WHY DOVE DESCENDED UPON THE HEAD OF CHRIST

(1) Please explain the revelation which promises immunity from disease and so forth, if a person recites daily seven Our Fathers and Hail Marys in honor of the Passion of Christ. (2) Why did the Holy Ghost come down on the head of Christ in the form of a dove in order to enlighten men? Why did not Christ do this without sending a dove?—E. N., MENOMONEE FALLS, WIS.

(1) The revelation which is supposed to have been made in favor of those who would recite seven Our Fathers and Hail Marys daily in honor of the Sacred Passion, promising all manner of temporal and spiritual goods, is spurious. We made this known in The Sign-Post of April, 1933, page 540. This alleged revelation appeared about two years ago in Our Sunday Visitor by mistake. The Editor in reply to our letter concerning it said: "I would appreciate it if you would simply state that Our Sunday Visitor corrected this bit of misinformation, and which appeared in its columns, and branded as false the entire revelation."

(2) The Holy Ghost descended upon the head of Christ in the form of a dove while the voice of the Eternal Father was heard from Heaven, saying, "This is My Well Beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased," in order to signify to the Jews that the voice from Heaven referred to Christ, not St. John the Baptist or anyone else, and in this way God revealed that the Man Who was baptized in the Jordan was the Messiah Whom they were so long waiting for. Heaven confirmed the words of St. John who said: "Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him Who taketh away the sins of the world." (*John 1:29*). The hour had not yet come for Christ to testify of Himself. The Jews had to prepare gradually to receive Christ's testimony by these manifestations from Heaven.

#### IS BODY POTENTIALLY IMMORTAL: CANONIZED PUBLIC SINNER: MATRIMONIAL DISPENSATION

(1) How do you answer the argument of one who says that the human body is potentially immortal and that future science will make it actually so? (2) Can you give an example from Church History of a person who was born and raised in the Catholic religion, but who fell from grace, became a notorious sinner, was later converted, died, and was canonized? (3) If a Catholic marries a non-Catholic with a dispensation from disparity of worship under the assumption that the non-Catholic was baptized, and later finds that his partner is unbaptized, is the marriage invalid and the children illegitimate?—A. H., ST. LOUIS, MO.

(1) It is a doctrine of the Catholic Faith, defined by the Council of Mileve against the Pelagians, that Adam was created incorruptible: "If any one says that Adam was created mortal, let him be anathema." This is substantiated by Holy Scripture, which says that "God created man incorruptible" (*Wis. 2:23*). The immortality of the body of the first man was due, not to any natural virtue but to the disposition of Divine grace, which immortality lasted so long as he obeyed

the command of God. With his disobedience came death: "by one man (Adam) sin entered into the world and by sin death, and so death passed upon all men in whom (Adam) all have sinned" (Rom. 5:12). We are not prepared to say whether or not man's body in its present condition is potentially immortal, but we do know and believe that science (what science, by the way?) will never be able to restore it to the condition which it enjoyed before the Fall. God's decree is against it. Besides, it was not science which endowed Adam's body with immortality, but the goodness of God.

(2) St. Margaret of Cortona, whose feast day is February 22, is one of the saints who fulfil your conditions. Father Blunt has written a most interesting book about such characters in *Great Magdalens*. Price \$1.10 postpaid.

(3) Your terminology is incorrect. Disparity of worship covers the case of a baptized Catholic who wishes to marry an unbaptized person. The dispensation of mixed religion concerns a marriage between a baptized Catholic and a baptized non-Catholic. The first dispensation would validate the marriage and the children would be legitimate. (See *This Is Christian Marriage*.)

#### END OF PURGATORY: RELATIVE NUMBER OF CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS

(1) *If Purgatory ends at the end of the world, where will those people go who need purification before entering into Heaven?* (2) *It seems to me that there should be more Catholics in the world than Protestants because the Catholic Church is the true Church, yet I don't think that Catholics number as many as Protestants. What do you think about it?*—N. N.

(1) There will be no Purgatory after the General Judgment. Those who will be on Christ's right hand at the General Judgment shall go into everlasting life and those on His left into everlasting fire. (Matt. 25.) Those who may need purification before entering into Heaven ("nothing defiled shall enter into it") will undergo some form of purification which God will provide. We must confess our ignorance about this point and leave the solution of it to the Wisdom of God.

(2) As a matter of fact there are more Catholics than Protestants in the world. According to the *World Almanac* of 1932 the total membership of the Roman Catholic Church was 331,500,000, whereas the total membership of all the forms of Protestantism was 206,900,000. There should be more Catholics than there are, since the Catholic Church is the true Church established by Christ. But in assigning the reason why more outsiders do not join the Church we would have to know the secrets of human hearts. Ignorance, prejudice, love of easy forms of religion and the apathy of Catholics—all enter into this question.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF DESCARTES

*Could you give me some facts concerning René Descartes as a Catholic? I understand that he was educated by the Jesuits but, not being satisfied with their philosophy, formed his own method. Should a good Catholic accept the ideas he sets forth in his Discours de la Methode?*—M. E. K., PAINSVILLE, O.

"René Descartes was born at La Haye in Touraine in the year 1596. He studied at the Jesuit college of La Flèche, and throughout his life maintained the most friendly relations with his teachers, his greatest regret being their refusal to accept his philosophy. On quitting the college of La Flèche in 1612 he went to Paris, where for a time he abandoned all serious study. Later, however, in obedience to the maxim *Bene vixit qui bene latuit* ('He lives well who lives in solitude'), which he made the guiding principle of his life, he retired into seclusion in a lonely quarter of the city, and there continued his studies. In 1617, determined to study the great book of the world, he took service as a volunteer in the army of Prince Maurice of Nassau, repairing first to Holland, and afterwards to Germany, where he left the army of Prince Maurice for

that of the Elector of Bavaria. While in winter quarters of Neuburg on the Danube, in 1619-20, he experienced the mental crisis of his life, and discovered, as he tells us, 'the foundations of a wonderful science'—the principle, namely, that all geometrical problems may be solved by algebraic symbols. It was in this same *mental crisis* that the notion of universal methodic doubt first occurred to him, as well as the thought that 'the mysteries of Nature and the laws of Mathematics could both be unlocked with the same key.' (*History of Philosophy*, Turner.)

Descartes did not propose his method of doubt as a means to be used indiscriminately by all. The resolution which he made was merely for his personal use. Moreover, he excepted from his universal doubt truths belonging to theology and to the political and moral sciences. His method is essentially deductive. The chief objection to his method and system of philosophy is that he misunderstood the purpose of philosophical inquiry. After Descartes, philosophy became in great measure anthropocentric—revolving around man himself, without due regard for the verities of the objective world.

His works were put on the Index, "*donec corrigantur*" (until corrected), on November 20, 1663. The Calvinist universities of Holland proscribed his writings and the University of Oxford forbade the teaching of his philosophy. Despite this opposition Descartes' influence continued, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that his thought determined the whole course of the development of modern philosophy. This is seen in the overemphasis which modern philosophers place on states of consciousness and other personal and individualistic states in contrast to the scholastic method which holds that *objective evidence* is the last norm of truth. (*Ibid.*)

#### TO BE OR NOT TO BE

*Is it better not to have been born, or to have been born and suffer eternal damnation? If it were better to have been born, what of Christ's words: "It were better for him if that man (Judas) had not been born" (Matt. 26:24)?*—D. J. H., CHAPEAU, QUE.

If memory serves correctly the philosophers used to ask the question, Whether it were better to exist and to be in Hell, rather than not to exist at all. And the answer was that, metaphysically speaking, it were better to be in this state rather than not to be at all. The reason being that existence in itself is better than non-existence. But, morally speaking, it would not be better to exist in Hell rather than not to exist at all. Arguing in the realm of being is one thing; looking at actuality is another. It seems to us that Christ Himself has answered your question by the very text which you quote. Cornelius a Lapide's comment on this text is enlightening. Quoting St. Jerome, he says: "It is much better not to exist rather than to exist unhappily (*male*). Punishment was threatened in order that the revelation of the penalty might overcome him whom shame could not deter." If you can consult a Lapide on the last mentioned text you will find whole question thoroughly discussed.

#### PROCESS OF CANONIZATION

*I have read of the canonization of the French girl, Bernadette Soubirous, who was born in 1884 and died in 1897. The process of canonization was begun in 1908. Kindly explain the process of canonization.*—V. F. D., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The process conducted by the Church looking towards canonization is usually a long and difficult one. We give only the barest outline.

When a person is proposed for canonization, a searching investigation is made of his or her life and works, and if it is found that he or she has practised in an heroic manner the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity, and the cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, a decree is made by the Pope testifying to the fact, and the per-



son is declared Venerable. As a rule this process cannot be instituted until fifty years after the person's death, unless a dispensation from this rule is granted. After this, two miracles are required to have been worked through the intercession of the Venerable. If these are proven authentic the Venerable is declared Blessed by Papal Brief. A limited public worship is then accorded to the Blessed. Two more miracles are required for the honor of sainthood. If these, like the first two, are found upon investigation of the severest kind to be authentic and to have been worked through the intercession of the Blessed, the Pope in a solemn manner declares that the Blessed is enrolled among the Saints of Heaven, and public worship is commanded to be paid to him. This last act is canonization proper. Miracles are required in order to have God's seal on the virtues of the person to be canonized. In the case of martyrs, however, this long process is not necessary. All that is needed is to prove that the persons were put to death for the Faith, and that they submitted to it patiently and in imitation of Christ.

#### ANDREW D. WHITE ON MIRACLE OF ST. JANUARIUS

Mr. Ripley in his "Believe It or Not" feature explained his cartoon on the annual miracle of St. Gennaro (Januarius) by saying that "chemists who have critically examined the phial are at a loss to account for the apparent miracle, still they maintain that were it a trick it would have been long since exposed in the 544 years since the blood first liquefied in 1389." A person signing himself "Agnostic" wrote to the Editor of the Post-Dispatch here: "For the information of Mr. Ripley and anyone else interested in the matter, the secular explanation of this supposed miracle may be found on pages 79-81 of Andrew D. White's work, History of the Warfare of Science With Theology in Christendom. What answer have you for the explanation of the miracle given by Mr. White?"—W. M. H., St. Louis, Mo.

A vial believed to contain some of the blood of St. Januarius in a solidified condition is preserved in a reliquary at the Cathedral of Naples. It liquefies on the feast of the Saint, and on certain other days of the year, when exposed in company with the Saint's head, which is kept in a silver bust representing him. The liquefaction is an incontestable fact. It is also quite certain that anything in the nature of trickery is impossible, and it has been ascertained, by means of spectrum analysis, that the vial certainly contains blood. Many suggestions have been made with the purpose of explaining the occurrence as due to natural causes; but none of them have been sufficient to account for it. The supernatural explanation is by no means an article of faith, but must be admitted to hold its ground in the absence of any evidence to the contrary.

Professor Sperindeo, a distinguished scientist of Italy, after the most searching examination of the phenomenon, held that "the hypotheses advanced at different epochs and based upon diverse principles are inadmissible. The spectroscope, an instrument infallible in its delicate research, has demonstrated on evidence that the substance presented in this case is actual blood. Wherefore, since congealed blood can never be liquefied, we are forced to admit that there is here something not natural. Moreover, we do not wish to be blind or to pose as blind. Neither do we care to give an inconclusive negation to the facts in evidence, as others have dared to do, who were urged by other motives. It is for the scientist to verify the truth, for the ignorant and perverse to deny it." (THE SIGN, "Naples' Perennial Wonder," April, 1922.)

The last statement fits the objection of Andrew D. White and his Agnostic champion. White has long been discredited as a scientist and fair controversialist. He wrote with more animation than knowledge. Since he held as an *a priori* principle that miracles cannot occur, it was logical of him to deny the supernatural, or at least the preternatural, character of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. "Agnostic," who by his signature professes that the causes of things are un-

known or unknowable, involves himself in a contradiction, for he implies by his endorsement of White's explanation of the prodigy that he *can know* something when there is question of the supernatural, especially when the argument of a discredited witness works in favor of his prejudices.

We are glad to note that Ripley is right in this instance, believe it or not!

Moreover, it is well to lay down the principle that a scientific truth cannot contradict a theological truth, since truth is one. "There can never be any real discrepancy between the theologian and the physicist, as long as each confines himself within his own lines, and both are careful, as St. Augustine warns, 'not to make rash assertions, or to assert what is not known as known.'" (*Providentissimus Deus* of Pope Leo XIII.)

#### NUMBER OF SEES IN CATHOLIC CHURCH

Will you please tell me how many sees there are in the Catholic Church throughout the world?—P. L., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

According to the *Annuario Pontifico* for 1933 there were at the close of 1932 the following sees throughout the Catholic world: 1,092 of the Latin Rite, 634 of which are in Europe. Of this number 278 are in Italy, 87 in France, 56 in Spain, 28 in Ireland, 27 in Great Britain, 24 in Germany, and 20 in Poland. The United States (not including the Philippines and other possessions) leads in the number of sees in the new world with 104. Brazil is next with 68, Canada has 36, Mexico 33, and Argentina 51. There are 43 sees in the East Indies, 21 in Australia, 13 in Africa, 5 in Japan, and 1 in China. This list does not include the Rites other than the Latin.

#### EASTERN RITES: CATHOLIC DICTIONARIES

(1) In The Sign-Post of last December you mentioned that "clergy of most of the Eastern Rites are allowed to marry before ordination to deaconship." What parts of the Church follow the Eastern Rites? (2) Can you also recommend some book which will explain these things more fully, and also the name of a good Catholic dictionary?—P. J. T., MORTON, WY.

(1) There is much confusion among American Catholics concerning what are called the Eastern or Oriental Rites. First of all, it will be well to declare what is meant by a Rite. The word has various meanings, but the two most important are the following: (a) a Christian Rite may be defined as the manner of performing Divine worship, especially the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Divine Office; (b) the word Rite is also used to denote a group of Catholics, ecclesiastically autonomous, who practise a Rite in the sense given under (a). For example, the Latin Rite, to which most of the Catholics in Europe and the United States belong, use Latin in the celebration of Mass and the performance of the Divine Office and other ceremonies, whereas the Rites in many of the Churches of the Greek culture use their own language. The difference is not substantial but accidental, just as a man may be either white or black or yellow or red and yet be a man.

There are nineteen separate and distinct Rites in the Catholic Church. They are the Latin, Mozarabic, Ambrosian, Chaldean, Malabar, Coptic, Abyssinian, Pure Syriac, Armenian, Maronite, and nine variants of the Greek or Byzantine Rite, namely, Pure Greek, Italo-Greek, Georgian, Melkite, Bulgarian, Serbian, Rumanian, Russian, and Ruthenian. The first three of these Rites are Western Rites, the remaining are Eastern Rites. Of the sixteen Eastern Rites, almost all are groups of Catholics whose ancestors separated from one or other of the various dissident (Schismatic) churches of the East, and returned to the fold of the Catholic Church, and who after their return continued in the Rite to which they had always belonged. Because of this return and union with Rome these Eastern Catholics are sometimes called Uniates, but the name is not always welcomed by them. You will find the pamphlet, *Eastern Catholics*, by W. L. Scott, K. C., from which

the above is taken, very interesting and instructive. It can be obtained from The International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price 5 cents.

(2) Two Catholic dictionaries have recently been published: *The Catholic Dictionary*, edited by Donald Attwater (\$4.00), and *The Encyclopedic Catholic Dictionary*, published by The Universal Knowledge Foundation (\$10.00). We also recommend *The Question Box*, by Rev. Bertrand Conway, C. S. P., as the best source of ready answers to general questions about and charges against the Catholic Church. Price 50 cents paper; \$1.00 cloth.

#### DEATH OF VOLTAIRE

(1) I recently read in *The Power and Secret of the Jesuits* by Rene Fulop-Miller, that Voltaire before his death repented and died a Catholic after having received the last rites of the Church. Is this true? (2) What is your opinion of Rene Fulop-Miller and Emil Ludwig as historians?—L. J. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) It is not certain whether or not Voltaire sincerely retracted his errors and confessed his sins before he died. His chief concern in his last moments was not the salvation of his soul—the immortality of which he doubted—but the disposition of his remains. He desired, above all things, to be given Christian burial: "I must not be buried under the high road, as poor Lecouvreur was buried." (Letter of d'Alembert to Frederick II, July 1, 1778.) True, he did compose and sign a document to the effect that he confessed to the Abbé Gaultier, and that "when God calls me I shall die in the Catholic religion in which I was born, hoping that the Divine Mercy will deign to pardon all my sins, and asking God for forgiveness, if I have ever scandalized the Church."

"With the whole exception of Maynard, all historians regard this document as a proof that Voltaire made some sort of confession to the Abbé Gaultier. Maynard gives no reasons for the contrary supposition. But that the confession was fictitious and sacrilegious, a death-bed comedy to be placed in the same category with the arch-hypocrite's several notoriously sacrilegious Communions, will be believed by whoever considers his previous cynical avowals and his conduct during the weeks which intervened between his simulated retraction and his death. Until within a few hours of the final catastrophe he was constantly in his accustomed company of infidels, roués, and fashionable prostitutes; he spent Holy Saturday at the house of Sophie Arnould, the most celebrated courtesan in Paris. We have seen him receiving as author of the lecherous *Pucelle* the homage of all that was impure and impious in Paris on March 30; we have seen him renewing his Masonic oaths, and thus re-committing himself to unintermittent war against *l'infame* [The Catholic Church] on April 7. On May 30th he was dead." (*Studies in Church History*, Parsons, vol. IV.)

"The Archbishop of Paris refused to recognize as sufficient the retraction which the Abbé Gaultier had procured from his pretended penitent. Another one was prepared and the Abbé, as well as the Curé of San Sulpice, tried to gain access to the sick room. Not till May 30 did the Abbé Mignot signify to them that they might see his uncle; and when they approached the dying man he could not recognize them. Gaultier began to hope, when after a few moments he felt his hand pressed by that of Voltaire, and he heard the words, 'Abbé Gaultier, I beg you to present my compliments to the Abbé Gaultier.' But this semi-consciousness soon changed to full delirium, which ended only with death." (*Ibid.*)

(2) Our opinion is that René Fulop-Miller and Emil Ludwig belong to that new school of writers who aim principally to impress rather than to enlighten. Hence their flair for sensationalism. Such methods are not the ones expected of historians. They should tell the truth as they see it, and be impartial. For this end conservative judgment and sober scrutiny of the past is necessary. Backstairs' gossip and emotional inspiration will not do for history. For this reason

we do not consider either Miller or Ludwig as acceptable historians, and especially in reference to their viewpoints about religion and the Church they are unreliable.

N. B. We have not read the other books mentioned in your list, and have no knowledge of the encyclopedias; hence cannot give an opinion.

#### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. E. D. C., Lynn, Mass.; M. A. M., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. F. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. N., Berwyn, Ill.; M. C. O'N., New York, N. Y.; C. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; M. J. C., Sandusky, Ohio; M. J. B. J., Scranton, Pa.; M. C. H., Gloucester City, N. J.; D. C. M., Lowell, Mass.; A. G., Newburyport, Mass.; A. M., Valhalla, N. Y.; M. F. D., Bangor, Maine; M. M. M., New York, N. Y.; M. McL., Glen Falls, N. Y.; A. A. H., Bronx, N. Y.; H. M. G., Yonkers, N. Y.; M. J. C., Lawrence, Mass.; M. R., Jersey City, N. J.; M. W. M., Quincy, Mass.; J. J. S., Charlestown, Mass.; M. A., Lawrence, L. I., N. Y.; M. C., Syracuse, N. Y.; M. E. D., New York, N. Y.; K. T. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Little Flower, M. O. B. D., Paterson, N. J.; Poor Souls, H. C. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Poor Souls, S. M. G., North Bergen, N. J.; St. Anthony, M. K., Danvers, Mass.; St. Joseph, Gemma Galgani, A. M. K., Milwaukee, Wisc.; Blessed Mother, A. L., Brockton, Mass.; Sacred Heart, Miraculous Mother, St. Joseph, Little Flower, C. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; Holy Wounds, Mother of Perpetual Help, G. M., Brighton, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, J. B. W., Dorchester, Mass.; Blessed Mother, Sacred Heart, M. E. A. B., Philadelphia, Pa.; Poor Souls, M. E. C., West Philadelphia, Pa.; Our Lady, M. M., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, E. S., Sharpsburg, Pa.; Gemma Galgani, Infant Jesus of Prague, C. B., Union City, N. J.; Blessed Mother, D. C. M., Lowell, Mass.; Poor Souls, M. Q., Providence, R. I.; Our Lady, A. G., Newburyport, Mass.; Infant Jesus, Blessed Mother, M. M. O., Long Island, N. Y.; Souls in Purgatory, E. M. D., Cambridge, Mass.; Poor Souls, F. K., Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Anthony, C. S., Cleveland, Ohio; Poor Souls, M. E. P. R., Middletown, Ky.; Souls in Purgatory, E. C. O'B., Toledo, Ohio; St. Gabriel, L. H., Paterson, N. J.; Souls in Purgatory, I. E. K., St. Louis, Mo.; Blessed Gemma, C. M. H., Cincinnati, Ohio; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, K. T. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

#### AN APPRECIATIVE QUESTIONER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Thank you very much for the scholarly way in which you answered my question about *The Encyclopedia Britannica* in the December issue. I showed your answer to the person who remarked that we were one-sided and willing to accept only the Catholic viewpoint on matters of history, and without exception the comment was—"very fair, very fair." It made quite an impression on them because of its kindly tone and the fact that there was nothing in it abusive or antagonistic towards those not of the Faith.

CORONA, L. I.

SYLVIA BORILLO.

**OUR LYNCHING RECORD IN 1933**

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I send you the following information concerning lynchings for the year 1933. I find according to the records compiled in the Department of Records and Research of the Tuskegee Institute that there were twenty-eight persons lynched in 1933. This is twenty more than the number eight for 1932; fifteen more than the number thirteen for 1931; and seven more than the number twenty-one for 1930. Fourteen of the persons lynched were in the hands of the law; nine were taken from jails and five from officers of the law outside of jails; the bodies of two of the victims were burned.

There were thirty-seven instances in which officers of the law prevented lynchings. Six of these were in northern and western States and thirty-one in southern States. In twenty-four of the instances the prisoners were removed or the guards augmented or other precautions taken. In the thirteen other instances, armed force was used to repel the would-be lynchers. A total of forty-eight persons, eleven white and thirty-seven Negro, were thus saved from death at the hands of mobs.

Of the twenty-eight persons lynched, four were white and twenty-four were Negro. The offenses charged were: murder, eight; rape, three; attempted rape, three; wounding persons, three; altercation, one; no offense reported, three; striking man, one; slapping youth, one; kidnapping, two; stealing liquor, one; insulting women, one; threatening men, one.

The States in which lynchings occurred and the number in each State are as follows: Alabama, three; California, two; Georgia, four; Louisiana, four; Maryland, one; Mississippi, three; Missouri, one; North Carolina, one; South Carolina, four; Tennessee, three; and Texas, two.

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE,  
TUSKEGEE, ALABAMAR. R. MOTON,  
PRESIDENT**A TOAST FOR FATHER COUGHLIN**

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As a subscriber for the past two years to your wonderful magazine, may I offer a suggestion? On your page entitled "Toasts Within the Month" I have never read one for Rev. Charles E. Coughlin. My suggestion for a "Toast" is as follows:

"To the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin of the Shrine of the Little Flower, Royal Oak, Mich., for his wonderful radio discourses on the interpretation of the various Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI on Social Justice."

MEDFORD, MASS.

JAMES J. CLANCY.

**MARRIAGE OF THE POLISH PRESIDENT**

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Our Service took up promptly the matter of the marriage of the President of Poland [January issue, page 343] and sent out dispatches to keep our editors informed and to correct the impressions left by some of the secular newspaper stories. Here is the evidence:

Our Vatican City correspondent, Monsignor Pucci, to whom we cabled at once, cabled back that the marriage was solemnly blessed by His Eminence Alexander Kakowski, Archbishop of Warsaw. He added "a previous marriage of the bride contracted several years ago had regularly been declared null."

We received further details from our regular correspondent in Poland, who is Monsignor Kacsynski, Director of K. A. P., the Polish Catholic News Service, operating under the direction of the hierarchy of that country. He informed us: "On October 16, President Moscicki concluded a Catholic marriage (we have no civil marriage in Poland) with Mrs. Mary Dobrzanska who about 12 years ago had been married to Mr. Nagorny, a major in the Polish army. In 1928 this marriage was annulled in the Catholic Church *ex defectu consensus et formæ* (because of lack of consent and due form).

The annulment took place during the lifetime of the President's first wife (the spouses were most devoted to each other), when nobody even thought of the possibility of the President's marriage with his present wife. All these circumstances were exactly known to the Apostolic See, and the Holy Father sent his blessing to the new-married."

I am, of course, glad to send this information, and I hope we may be of service in the future.

N. C. W. C. NEWS SERVICE,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.FRANK A. HALL,  
DIRECTOR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our presumptions have been verified. May we repeat: Don't believe newspaper reports which allege ecclesiastic violations of the law of Christian Marriage.

**ANGLICAN TABLES AND ALTARS**

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Thank you for printing my letter and for the appended "Editor's Note" in the January issue. Kindly permit me to say that I was perfectly correct in saying that Anglicans "have no altar." Their Prayer Book certainly had no word "altar" in it in my Anglican days. This piece of ecclesiastical furniture is referred to as the "table," or the "communion table." In recent times the word "altar" came into use by the High Church party. But the Low Church people still call it by its proper name. They call it the "table."

The statement made about the minister was also perfectly true. He was an "evangelical" of the very Low Church type. He used to say that Baptism set a mark upon a child. This looked forward to the time of the child's experience of "conversion." There are no two Anglicans who hold the same views. It was a glorious day for me when I read the abjuration and became a member of the Church.

I resurrected my *Book of Common Prayer* just now, and the words used in it are "the Lord's table." Mine is the book used in Canada. I was received into the Church in Toronto on September 22, 1915.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

MARY L. VON SZELISKI.

**TYPES AMONG OUR CONVERTS**

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

That was a very interesting quotation from St. John Ervine and about the sort of thing that one would expect from an Orangeman sadly disturbed by the thought that Protestantism is declining and Catholicism is growing.

Unfortunately a great many of his ilk—the Presbyterians there and the Presbyterians here—cherish the feeling that there is something mentally wrong with converts and that they are typically "the lady novelist, the drunken poet, the sexual pervert and the decadent old gentleman."

There is a very interesting reflection on that that might be readily emphasized. More than half a dozen of the most prominent doctors in this country in the twentieth century—Van Buren, Emmet, Keyes, Storer, Horner, Bryant and others that might be named—were converts to Catholicism in the midst of their medical careers.

There is an old-fashioned expression that President White of Cornell used to quote, that where there are three physicians there are two atheists, but that is not true where men have a chance to get at the proper understanding of the Catholic position.

The identification of the subjects of St. John Ervine's objugation would be as interesting as putting together a cross-word puzzle. I suppose the lady novelist is Sheila Kaye-Smith; the drunken poet would not be Thompson because he was not a convert and it surely would not be Noyes, but then who? The sexual pervert might be Oscar Wilde who is said to have come in on his deathbed, and would the decadent old gentleman be G. K. Chesterton or John Moody?

NEW YORK, N. Y.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.



**CONCERNING HONEST BOOK REVIEWS**

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I should like to enter my subscription to your magazine. At the same time may I offer hearty congratulations on your Book Reviews. For the first time in my life as a Catholic and a reader of Catholic papers I find that a Catholic book is reviewed purely on its merits and not given perfunctory praise. I refer particularly to the July, 1933, number. One reads Catholic papers or magazines and buys books on the strength of the reviews, only to find them less than mediocre. So it is refreshing to find one Catholic magazine that apparently tries to give a fair and truthful review.

FORT MONROE, VA.

CLERICUS.

**ENTRANCE FEES TO CHURCH SERVICE**

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Will you please inform me if I am wrong in my contention that Canon Law prohibits the collecting of admission fees or pew rent at tables inside the doors of churches. In the Diocese of N. N. where I am accustomed to visit, I have encountered a widespread use of this practice. At one church where I am wont to worship I remonstrated with the pastor concerning the abuse, saying that I felt that the custom savored of simony, and that my conscience could not be brought to approve of the distasteful business. As a result I was asked by that pastor to worship elsewhere. This particular church has large signs "Sittings 15 cents" prominently displayed in the porch. The money, however, is demanded inside the church.

I realized, of course, that there are many excuses advanced for the practice, but no one of them really satisfies as an adequate reason. Such a stress on the material aspect of religion in the realm of the spiritual should, and often does, mitigate against the successful operation of the primary object of worship. I know of cases where people have remained away from Mass because of the fear of running the money-changing gauntlet.

For my own part I refuse to pay any admission fee to attend Mass. I will freely and to the satisfaction of my conscience contribute either to the Offertory collection, or privately, but I cannot subscribe to such a barbarous debasement of things holy. I shall, indeed, be grateful for your direction in this regard.

(NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD)

EDITOR'S NOTE: As to Canon Law, Canon 1181 says: "Admission into the church for sacred rites is to be entirely gratuitous, any contrary custom being reprobated." The custom of taking money for admittance to churches was also reprobated by decrees of the II and III Plenary Councils of Baltimore. Moreover, the Apostolic Delegate to the United States confirmed these prohibitions by a special letter sent to all Ordinaries in the United States in 1911. The III Plenary Council of Baltimore decreed that a section should be set aside in every church for the benefit of the poor, who could not afford to rent a pew, and the reverend pastors were strongly admonished as to their responsibility in treating the poor as the brethren of Christ.

The law is all on the side of prohibiting the practice of taking money at the entrance of churches. But there is nothing, either in the Canon Law or in the decrees of the Plenary Councils of Baltimore, forbidding the taking of fees for pews and sittings, or spontaneous offerings during Divine service.

Even in Rome, where the Canon Law was promulgated, there is a fee charged for the use of kneeling benches during Divine services. In the churches of Rome there are no pews, and those who do not wish to pay the small tax for the use of these benches must kneel on the hard floor, if they kneel at all.

The law in the matter is clear, but the manner in which public worship can be decently supported is not so clear. There is no such thing as free worship. Someone must meet the ex-

pense attached to it. If all the faithful were generously inclined there would be no occasion for collecting a fee for the use of a seat at the church door. But as the Offertory collection will not meet the expense, as a rule, many pastors feel themselves forced, even against their will, to ask that those who attend Divine worship should pay ten cents, usually, for this accommodation. However, this is not a universal custom in the United States.

It is greatly to be desired that material things should not be mixed with the spiritual beyond due measure. But at the same time the faithful are not to be encouraged in so spiritual an attitude that they ignore or neglect the obligation of supporting the very instrument of spiritual worship—their parish church. Broadly speaking Catholics are niggardly in this regard, even in prosperous times. On the other hand those who are truly too poor to contribute anything towards the material support of the Church must never in any way be impeded in attending Divine service. To do so would be to violate the precepts of justice and charity, and to merit the rebuke of St. James (2:1-6).

A personal word. An experience of twenty-nine years in a ministry exercised in nearly every State in the Union convinces us of two things. The first is that the vast majority of our Catholics have no sense of either individual or group responsibility in regard to supporting their proper parishes. They quite cheerfully leave all financial worries to the pastor. The second is that those who complain the most about Church collections are the meanest givers. This is not intended as a reflection on our questioner. His letter is bona fide; that is why we print it. Of his generosity or niggardliness we know nothing.

**DR. HUGH F. BLUNT'S CONTRIBUTIONS**

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

For some months past I have been reading with interest and edification the beautiful "Devotional Papers on the Stations of the Cross" by Hugh F. Blunt, L.L.D. They are unusually well written and manifest a profundity and appreciation which render the articles most attractive and inspiring. Has the author published this work in book form? If not, when will he do so? I have heard that he published a book on Saint Joseph. If this is so, where may the book be obtained?

ROME, ITALY.

T. C. H.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Blunt's articles on the Stations have not appeared in book form. We hope to have his book on St. Joseph—*Give This Man Place*—on the market in February.

**FOR THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL**

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"The Call of Israel" in the January issue, from the pen of that eminent convert from Judaism, David Goldstein, is one more proof of your generous interest in activities of wide and important spheres. It was a timely call indeed, based on the plea of our Holy Father for prayers for the conversion of the Jews.

"Go to the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and tell them that "the Kingdom of God is at hand." What a sublime commission; what a fertile field for saving souls for Heaven! May it not fall on heedless ears, is my earnest prayer.

Would it not be a move in the right direction, if some zealous priest, or community of priests, would announce a centre, or church, where Jewish converts will always be welcome? The Jews are a race. If in the wise arrangements of things we have churches for Italians, for Germans, for French, for the Negro, etc., could it not be so established that some church could be designated as the church for the Jews? Experience has taught many good converts from Judaism that, even when they join the Catholic Church, they

are still considered Jews, and are not received whole-heartedly among Catholics of other nationalities, with the result that they feel strange and unwelcome. Unfortunately the national spirit plays havoc even among co-religionists, especially relative to social intercourse.

What a great help towards the conversion of the Jewish people, many of whom are seeking the truth and a haven of rest, if a centre could be provided, whither they might take refuge, knowing that a cordial welcome awaits them, if they call for guidance and enlightenment. Oh! for some apostle to arise and espouse the cause of this people! Surely there will be more Ratisbonnes to further the cause of Christ's kinsmen, for they are all God's children, and should not be excluded from the benefits of Christ's Passion and Death.

With David Goldstein, I ask: Will the call coming from the Messiah's Vicar, Pope Pius XI, in his New Year intention—The Conversion of the Jews—be in vain?

NEW YORK, N. Y.

GERHARD ILNER.

### EFFECT OF READING BAD BOOK

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am twenty-four years old and have always attended a Catholic Church and believed implicitly in everything it taught. I have always read a great deal and seemed to absorb everything completely; that is, whatever I read left some impression, either good or bad. About two months ago I was looking for a good book at the library and I chose N. N. I thought that it was some sort of Catholic book, until I was about one quarter way through, then I began to see that the author was some kind of atheist. He challenged that one of good faith could read through the book without changing his ideas, and as I felt secure on my belief and a little curious as to what he believed, I read through one half of the book, then stopped.

For a week I was an atheist. The book I read so upset my mental world and affected my nervous system that I could hardly eat and my mind was in a whirl. I would look at the hills and the sky and the sun and they seemed empty objects without a God of Creation behind them. I would think of death—how empty! The end of existence. I would think of life without faith and without a God, and didn't care whether I lived or died. Why help your neighbor or be kind to anyone? Why not be selfish and greedy and grasp all the happiness life offered, when at the end you did not have to account to a higher judge for your actions?

Finally, perhaps through the grace of God, faint stirrings of the old faith could be felt. I wanted to believe in God, in the Church, and in all things sacred. I needed that spiritual satisfaction. I have come back a long way from that week of unbelief. But I am not back to normal. I cannot forget; when I am attending Mass or see communicants the old doubts assail me. I turn a deaf ear but they push through. Question after question pops into my head when I am praying. Like this—Our Father (Is there a God?) Who art in Heaven (Is there a Heaven? What was it N. N. said?) Hallowed be Thy Name (Because we were so taught from childhood, is that why we believe it?) When I look at the beautiful altar and at the priest's vestments the thought intrudes—"They put on lavish display to impress the people as did the early followers of all different gods."

You can see I am in a dangerous way of separating from the Church. I don't want to. I want to continue in the faith in which I was raised. I want to believe in Heaven, although I have my doubts about Hell. I want to believe in God. I want the opportunity to set my mind at rest again. I am asking you to give me the names of a few good books that I can obtain at the library, something to counteract the effects that one book has done in completely changing my life. I want to fill my mind with noble thoughts to completely drown out the writings of N. N. Please mention some

books which will help me to regain the faith that I have so nearly lost and bring back my belief in the Catholic creed.

This letter has been written in all sincerity and by one who needs some good advice.

(NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are printing your letter in order to impress our readers with the effect of reading a bad book on one individual. "One example is better than a thousand words" is a Chinese proverb. There is no reason for you to lose courage. That will make matters worse. Your very desire to believe and to regain your hold on Catholic truth is evidence that God's grace is working in your heart. Our advice is that you first go to an experienced confessor and tell him all that is in your mind. Then receive Holy Communion so that "eating Him you may live by Him." Pray continually because "your adversary goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Be extra careful of what you read. What goeth into the head is more important than what goeth into the stomach. We recommend *Rebuilding a Lost Faith*, by John Stoddard. *The Faith of our Fathers* and *The Long Road Home* will also help you.

Our correspondent and others like him must remember that books against the Faith are not unanswerable because they themselves cannot answer them. They make the mistake of taking printed food or poison not suited to their intellectual capacities. Result: mental indigestion or nausea.

### MIDNIGHT MASS AT SEA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have experienced many joyous and impressive events in my life, but what occurred Christmas Eve, 1933, on this ship, the California, of the Panama Pacific Line, surpasses them all.

I make bold to say that what I am about to relate happens only on very rare occasions, especially on a big passenger liner. It surely was a treat for the crew as well as the passengers, both Catholic and non-Catholic. Away out in the Pacific Ocean we attended Midnight Mass. A young Spanish priest, who came aboard the ship at San Pedro, offered Mass every morning and a couple of days before Christmas he mentioned that he would like to hold a Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve.

I at once asked him where he would get his music and choir, but he said he felt sure the ship's orchestra would play and that we could find singers amongst the passengers. I said that it would be grand, as in all my years of experience at sea and the many Christmases I have spent on ships I have never previously had the good fortune to attend a Midnight Mass.

Anyhow, with the assistance at the altar of Richard Barnett, a member of the crew, and a quintet composed of passengers, and the ship's orchestra, Father Dora celebrated Mass.

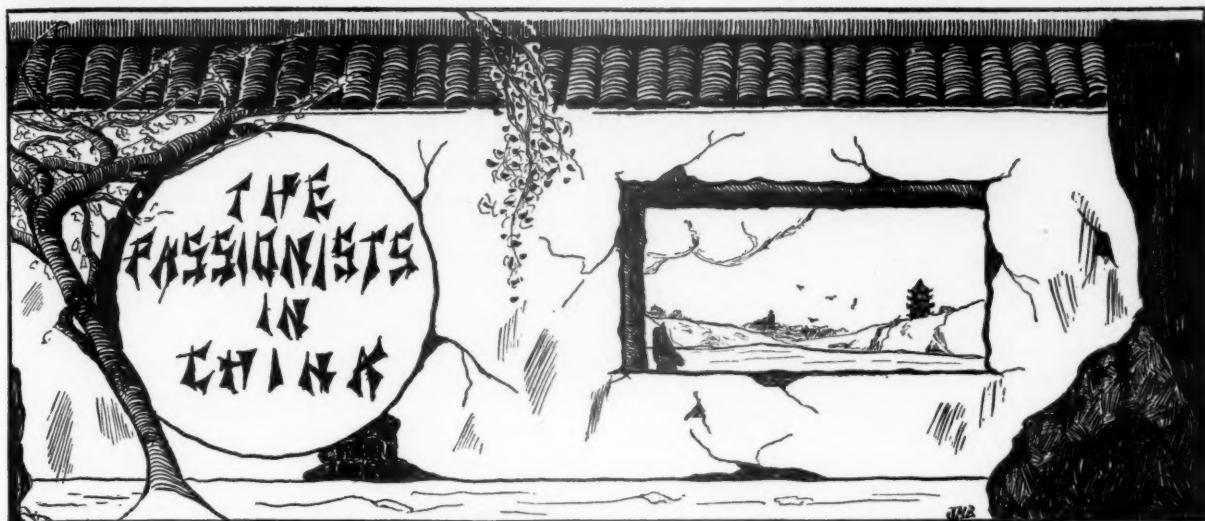
I have never experienced such a thrill. The library was crowded. Before, I was a little worried about the attendance as only about half a dozen had shown up on the previous Sunday, but to my surprise the library was filled and quite a few were standing outside. About twelve received Holy Communion.

Mass is a solemn event at any time but it seemed more so on board the ship. When the leader of the orchestra, Mr. Ralph Barnes, played Gounod's *Ave Maria* you could have heard a pin drop. It was impressive beyond words.

Let me say that this is an event that will linger with me always. It was indeed a great privilege and a rare treat to be able to attend Midnight Mass at Christmas time on the high seas, and of course, the S.S. California of the Panama Pacific Line had the honor.

S.S. CALIFORNIA.

HORACE ABBATICCHIO.



# Flowering of the Faith

By Francis Flaherty, C.P.

**T**WELVE years ago, a weary missionary, fired with the zeal that makes the Church universal, penetrated to the original paganism that warped the City of Yuanchow. From the time of its habitation, hundreds of years ago, this city with its environs was a desolate waste, an unfruitful vineyard, in God's plan of creation. To date, not one individual of the many generations born into the world had worshipped the true God. Paganism, idolatry, devil worship and a materialistic philosophy of life made up the atmosphere of this Chinese city.

Enroute, the priest must have meditated on the designs of the Creator. In his apostolic dreams he visioned the day when many churches, convents and monasteries and multitudes of Christians would sing anthems of praise to the One True God. But such fruitfulness was only a dream—a hope, a yearning of the zeal that filled his heart. The seed of Catholicism had not yet been planted. Others might live to reap the harvest; it was his duty to plant and nurture the seed. With unflinching trust in God and the efficacy of Divine Grace he bent himself to the task of founding the Catholic Church in the City of Yuanchow.

In God's own good time, a few pagan hearts were opened to the Light. The untiring efforts of the missionary and the good example and exalted ideals of the early Christians soon drew more souls from the darkness of paganism until the city now enjoys a Christianity of some two hundred or more souls—a sturdy sapling in the vineyard of Christ.

The fullness of Catholic life is not at-

tained in a day. In the first years, the new Christians still retained many of their pagan faults and practices. Pagan surroundings all but choked the tender shoot struggling through the thick undergrowth of a heathen civilization to the light of the sun that was Christ and Christian idealism. But, gradually Grace proved efficacious and the City of Yuanchow contained a vigorous young tree which should soon blossom and bear the matured fruit of Catholic life in priests and Sisters dedicated to the altar of God's glory on earth.

**W**ITH the advent of the Sisters of St. Joseph to the work of evangelization in the Yuanchow, the Christian women were introduced to the fullness of Catholic life. Slowly the idealism and nobility of the Religious Life permeated their minds and in the souls of a few was born the desire to leave all things to follow Christ. One of these persevered in this steadfast desire through seven years of companionship with the Sisters, and now in this year of grace, 1933, twelve years after the founding of the Church, she is to be admitted to the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

The Yuanchow Christianity has born its first blossom.

Teresa Lung was born in 1905 of a distinguished Chinese family in the City of Yuanchow. For the past five generations the Lung family belonged to the upper stratum of Chinese social life—that of the scholar class. Ten competitive State Degrees had been won by various members of the direct and lateral branches of the family. Teresa's

father had been graduated from a university in Japan, the land of the Rising Sun having far outstripped his native land in educational and scientific achievement. Upon his return to China, he was engaged as a professor in the Nanking Government Law School. Two years later he was offered the position of treasurer in the Hunan State University at Changsha. This office he held for seven years. Ill health forced him to resign, and he returned to his native Yuanchow. Here he taught Chinese literature in the County High School. During this time he published a widely known book on the same subject. He died two years before the coming of the Church to this district. Teresa's uncle filled various distinguished positions of honor, among which were director of a bank in Peking, Provincial Lieutenant Governor, and Superintendent of Peking's Home for the Aged and Orphans. Teresa's mother was born at Paoting, a city near Peking. She was baptized by Father Timothy McDermott, C.P., two years before her death in 1926.

**T**ERESA first made the acquaintance of the Catholic Church through a fellow girl student, Tabitha Liao. This was fostered by the interest in Catholic doctrine manifested by her older brother who was teaching Father Quentin Olwell, C.P., the Chinese language. Joseph was the first of the family to be baptized. Later his two brothers, Paul and Thomas, received the gift of faith. Teresa had already completed her primary education before entering the Church. After her baptism on Christ-





MONSIGNOR CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P., WHO IS STANDING IN THE CENTER OF THIS GROUP, RECENTLY ATTENDED THE FIRST PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE OF THE HUNANESE HIERARCHY. ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM ARE MONSIGNORS HYPOLITUS MARTINEZ, O.S.A., PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF LICHOW; DAMASCENE YESACHER, O.F.M., PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF YUANCHOW, AND ANGELLUS DE LA CALLE, O.S.A., PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF YOCHOW. SEATED, LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE BISHOP PALAZZI, O.F.M., OF HENGCHOW; BISHOP ANGELLUS CARBAJAL, O.S.A., OF CHANGTEH, AND BISHOP HYACINTH STANCHI, O.F.M., OF CHANGSHA. BY REASON OF PRIORITY OF APPOINTMENT, MONSIGNOR O'GARA, C.P., RANKS FIRST AMONGST THE PREFECTS APOSTOLIC

mas Day, 1924, she was zealous in her efforts to bring other converts into the Church. Her sincerity, zeal and intelligence induced the missionary to appoint her catechist to the women converts entering the Church—an office demanding the highest integrity of character. Until the advent of the Sisters of St. Joseph she retained this position in the Mission. Her brother Joseph still holds this office in the catechumenate for men.

**D**URING her seven years of companionship with the Sisters, she showed a generous response to Grace, manifested in her remarkable character. The newly arrived Sisters were committed to her charge in the learning of the Chinese language. All who knew her had nothing but words of highest commendation for her docility and equanimity of disposition. Firm in discipline, she retained the love and affection of the girls attending the school administered by the Sisters of St. Joseph in the Yuanchow Mission. This is an accomplishment appreciated only by those engaged in trans-

forming pagan characters into the Christian ideal. Coming from a distinguished family she had *entrée* to the homes of the better families of the city.

On the day that Monsignor Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., broke the happy news to the Christians that Teresa Lung had been accepted by the Sisters as a postulant and was to go to America to make her novitiate, both Christian and pagan friends and relatives swarmed to the Mission to offer their congratulations and wish her success. The number of these visitors was ample evidence of the influence of the girl and the high esteem in which she was held by those both within and without the Church. Presents were given by the pagans, and Masses requested by the Christians that God would see to the completion of this happy work of Grace. On the morning of her departure many were the tears shed at the thought of the long separation; but commingled with the grief of parting was a spirit of joy in the vision of a native Sister-to-be. In proof of their felicitation, the crowd escorted the party for several miles outside the city to the

festive sound of fire-crackers, China's substitute for brass and cymbal.

**I**T will be a happy day for the Catholic Church in the Passionist Prefecture of Hunan, and more particularly for the struggling Christianity of Yuanchow, when "one of their own" returns a full-fledged Catholic Sister, unimpeded by the barriers of language, race and custom that hamper the foreign Sister in China. Native Sisters may venture where the foreigner cannot, and attempt what the foreigner dare not. Of the very blood of the people among whom she works, she carries the natural credentials of credibility to a people still suspicious of the foreigner and all his works and pomps. May this first blossom of the Yuanchow Christianity bear fruit in abundance in the highest ideal of Christian womanhood, the religious Sisterhood, and be a light to those of her sex who would exalt the standard of Chinese womanhood. All honor to the peerless example of our own Sisters of St. Joseph that inspired and nurtured this holy ambition in Miss Teresa Lung.

# Dispensary Experiences

By The Sisters of Charity

REMOTE as we are from the slightest intrusion of western civilization the good-bye's among our own people here in Shenchow are always touching; and when we all filed down to the beach to see two of the Sisters off to Hankow, most of us were near to tears. Two weeks later we were receiving amusing letters describing Sister Maria Loretta's impression of a semi-cosmopolitan city after her seven years' unbroken sojourn in the interior. She ate ice cream, and chocolate candy, and fancy pastry; but, after a few violent gastric reactions, she vowed to be content without such sweets for another seven years.

After an English dentist had done his best with their teeth, Sister Finan took Sister Maria Loretta to the International Hospital, where a cyst of several years' growth was cut off her left eyelid. There was also a film covering the pupil of her right eye; but since there is no eye specialist in Hankow and at present its most pretentious optician boasts only of a diploma from a correspondence school in Topeka, Kansas (actually!!!), both Sisters wisely decided to have their eyes examined in Shanghai. For five days they sailed the Yangtze aboard an English steamer, and then rode in a ricksha to Shanghai's General Hospital, where Sister Maria Loretta will probably undergo a second operation, this time for a cataract. There we shall leave them, because at this writing they are just arriv-

ing at the hospital and we have no further information to give you at the moment.

Before the journey down river, Sister Finan frequently expressed her reluctance to go, saying that such partings always seemed final to her and that something momentous was bound to happen during their absence. Remembering that Sister Electa had once gone on such an errand and didn't return for nearly three years, and that while Sister Finan was having her finger treated in Hankow her Sisters in Shenchow were ordered "on the run" because of a bandit scare, we understood and sympathized with her. But we newcomers, who haven't had a single grilling experience to shake our optimism, still urged on her the foolishness of her fears. From the day of their departure until July 19, everything moved along smoothly. Then Sister Maria Electa complained of a sick stomach, but after taking medicine felt better. Six days later she went to bed. Nobody worried. We were in the midst of the Great Heat, and no one of us was actually well. The next day, however, she developed a raging fever; said, herself, that she had never felt so ill in her life; and refused food. By nightfall her condition was really alarming. We thought of Sister Finan's forebodings; we recalled that Sister Devota had been stricken exactly one year before; and we wondered what we could do, inexperienced as we were, without even a doctor to diagnose for us.

But see how providentially things worked out in a distressing crisis.

Father Denis, C.P., had heard it rumored that the Protestant Mission had just engaged a young Chinese doctor who had been educated in Manchuria and who served his internship in the Yale-in-China Hospital at Changsha. He was the only bona fide physician from here to Changsha. Father finally located him and brought him to the convent around 8:30 that evening. He immediately pronounced the case typhoid, and said that the nearest qualified nurse was at Changsha, five or more days away. He also said that Omnadin was absolutely necessary. Omnadin, a German drug and general immunizer, could be had only at Hankow, from five to ten days away. The disease had really begun on July 19, and was now in its most dangerous stage.

THE doctor was authorized to telegraph for the nurse. The next day, when Sister Maria Loretta went to see Monsignor Cuthbert about recalling Sister Finan, he advised against such action on three points. In the first place, she was too far away to be of immediate help; in the second place, even if she were summoned, she'd be so exhausted from travel and worry that she might easily contract the disease herself; and in the third place, both she and Sister Maria Loretta needed expert and serious attention for their eyes. Hearing that the



THE FAREWELL OF THE CHRISTIANS OF SHENCHOW TO VERY REV. BENJAMIN WIRTZ, C.P., PROVINCIAL OF THE EASTERN U. S. PROVINCE OF PASSIONISTS, AFTER HIS TOUR OF THE PASSIONIST MISSION FIELD OF NORTHWESTERN HUNAN. HE IS SEATED ON THE RIGHT OF MONSIGNOR O'GARA. IT WAS WITH SINCERE EXPRESSIONS OF GRATITUDE FOR HIS VISIT AND OF REGRET AT HIS DEPARTURE THAT THE PRIESTS, SISTERS AND FAITHFUL WISHED THE PROVINCIAL SAFETY ON HIS LONG JOURNEY BACK TO THE UNITED STATES. HIS TOUR OF THE ENTIRE PASSIONIST PREFECTURE WAS MADE IN RECORD TIME. SEVERAL OF THE MISSIONS, DUE TO UNSETTLED CONDITIONS, BECAME UNSAFE IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS DEPARTURE.



TUB-BEGGARS, UNAFAID OF THE SWIRLING WATERS OF THE YANGTZE, DRAW CLOSE TO A RIVER STEAMER. IN THE BACKGROUND THE OWNER OF A SMALL BOAT LOOKS EXPECTANTLY FOR TRADE OR FOR PASSENGERS WHOM HE MAY FERRY TO SHORE

Protestants had a trained nurse amongst them, Sister went to their Mission. The nurse, she found, was in charge of the new hospital and couldn't possibly leave her duties there; but in her free time would come down to see Sister Maria Electa and offer suggestions for her care.

Then the doctor stepped up to Sister and announced that the postmaster had just come in with fifteen ampoules of Omnadin and, after receiving an injection himself, had readily consented to lending us nine ampoules. The nurse here interrupted to remark that this was the first time in the sixteen-year history of their Mission that a native was known to have a drug of that sort in his possession. At seven o'clock that evening both doctor and nurse came and did what they could to make Sister Electa comfortable. The next four days and nights were marked by restlessness and delirium; and it was during this period that Sister Patricia Rose, who had helped Sister Finan to take care of other typhoid cases, was invaluable.

ON July 31 the patient was so bad that Father Cyprian, C.P., anointed her. Both doctor and nurse were hastily summoned; and Miss Zeardt, the nurse, volunteered to do twenty-four-hour service until the Chinese nurse should arrive from Changsha. She did this for two days, being relieved for rest intervals by the Sisters. Now we know that Sister is in the first stages of a long convalescence, we cannot be too grateful to the people from the Protestant Mission for their kindness to us. In taking care of Sister Electa, Miss Zeardt postponed the formal opening of their hospital, which was to have taken place on August 1. She also sacrificed more than twenty dollars worth of equipment for sterilization which she had been working on for more than a week, and which had been burnt up after she

had left her project for one of the hospital assistants to finish.

Meantime, more than 150 patients daily have been coming into our dispensary for treatment. After Sister Finan left for Hankow and Shanghai, Sister Maria Electa was in charge from August 4 to 25. One day, a half-naked, terribly swollen man of about forty years stumbled into the place. Sister saw at a glance that he was suffering from advanced starvation, and she wondered how he had managed to walk at all. In answer to her questions, he admitted that he had had to rest several times on the way, that he hadn't had good or regular food for many months, that he and his family had been reduced to beggary for a long time past. Then he astonished Sister by offering to sell his wife for ten dollars. Further questioning drew from him the information that he knew he was going to die shortly, and that if we bought his wife he could be sure of two things—that she would be provided for and that he would have money enough to buy himself a coffin.

Sister gave him medicine, food and money and told him to return with his family the next morning. Return they did, the sorriest little group you could wish to see—the baby worse than any pictures displayed by even the *New York American* during the Armenian famine crisis. The wife looked wan enough, but was easily the healthiest of the three. When Sister offered to take the woman and baby into our compound, and to send the man to the Fathers' compound, they hesitated. Yes, it was a munificent offer to people who had been living on the streets; but their former landlord was holding their clothes as forfeit for unpaid rent and wouldn't we please pay what they owed, so that they could collect what was theirs? Feeling, perhaps, that the landlord needed a lesson in charity,

Sister answered that we couldn't do that, but if he would lead her to the landlord, perhaps she could coax the clothes from him. But the landlord was adamant; and when the poor swollen wretch realized that entreaties wouldn't avail, but that he had the whole Catholic Church for an ally, he shouted with every bit of strength left to him. "Well, then, keep the clothes! You'll get no money from us!"

ALL this, while the woman had been stupid with hunger and when she did manage to rally her senses for a few minutes, she looked at us with genuine fear in her eyes. She suspected that her husband was trying to sell her, and she wasn't sure that she liked us. However, after the family had been given medicine and food, Sister took them all up to the building for homeless men in the Fathers' compound. The woman was soon reassured by the "boarders" there, who explained something of the Church's system to her, but who forgot in what state they themselves had been admitted and showed contempt for her husband's dirty rags. Seeing that he was comfortable, she and her baby returned to our compound. Here she is being treated with such consideration that she was nicknamed "Sister Electa's Queen" the very first day of her stay.

A few days after her arrival, her husband again stumbled into the dispensary and asked to see his wife and baby. Though clean clothes, rest and good food had apparently accomplished much, Sister knew that his heart was worn out from privation and scolded him for over-exerting himself. "Oh," he laughed, "I felt too good to stay in." The next day he was too weak to leave his bed, and asked to be instructed in the truths of our religion. A day later he was baptized, and shortly after died a most happy death.

"The Queen" still roams our compound. She has a place to sleep, plenty to eat, and new clothes that our girls made to her fit; but she doesn't smile because she knows that one of these days she will lose her baby, too. How the little one manages to exist is beyond our understanding. More than a week ago we were so sure that she couldn't last another hour that Sister Mary Joseph—in accordance with Sister Finan's policy of pushing the native Sisters forward as much as possible, and permitting them to make every possible contact with their own people—baptized her. Every day finds her weaker, more appallingly like a skeleton, more fretful. But the determination to live is astonishingly strong in that two-year-old baby.

Sister Sebastian was in charge for one hectic day, the feast of St. Anne, before we realized how sick Sister Electa was. Besides the ordinary stream of people who wished treatment for consumption, eyes and skin she had three special cases. The first was a baby boy, nothing but



skin and bones, whose young parents brought him to us only because they were scared into doing so after having lost their other child a week previous. Like "The Queen's" little girl, this baby might linger on for weeks; but babies never recover from the effects of extreme and prolonged hunger. In compliment to Saint Anne, Sister baptized him Joachim.

Shortly afterwards a beggar woman who had been a steady patient of ours for some time past came in and offered to give her baby to the Catholic Church. For the sake of policy we first refused, then allowed the woman to batter down our arguments. She promised to bring the required adoption papers the next day, and Sister quickly baptized the baby Anne. Examination proved Anne to be a healthy baby with snappy black eyes, lots of fight, and dirt that was actually seamed into her skin. We were glad of her lively eyes; we were sure that she'd need to fight a battle or two to live through China and be a woman; but, no matter how Anne felt about it, the dirt must go. So deeply was it imbedded, that we first used grease to soften it; and so deeply did Anne resent her brand new experience that two of us had to hold her while Sister Sebastian bathed the mite. She wasn't altogether clean when we finally stopped; but we were deterred from further efforts by the fear of removing her skin and we were consoled by the thought of the morrow and further washings.

Next, Sister Sebastian begged pieces of material from everyone in the house, and five minutes later she had five girls making five little suits of Chinese clothes for her protégé. Anne is what you'd call a problem baby. No nurse will keep her. For six months or more, every day of her life, she made the rounds of Shenchow and its environs on her mother's back. Now, whenever she is put down,

she sets up a squall that does credit to her remarkable lung power.

Sister returned to the dispensary after dinner, still laughing over Sister Marie Therese's remark at the table that "Jesus' grandmother today come." She found waiting there a leprosy boy whose feet had already rotted away, and whose left arm was eaten off to the elbow. No signs of leprosy were discernible in his heart-broken father and mother who have spent every bit of their small fortune trying to find a doctor who will either cure or arrest his disease. Though the information that they had their son's dead members at home was shocking to us, they seemed intelligent, educated Chinese. This is the first case of leprosy that we know of around Shenchow. Chenki, they say, is full of it. In fact, when our Sisters first went there, Sister Finan wrote to Washington explaining the nature of her work and asking for advice in the treatment of lepers. She received from our Government a most detailed, gracious reply and a large shipment of chaulmoogra oil.

**B**UT we're not finished with the dispensary. Sister Sebastian's conduct of it was brief and breath-taking. Luckily for the next two joint officials, Sisters Teresa Miriam and Carita, the remaining five days of July brought only the ordinary type of case—people who wanted medicine for their coughs, drops for their eyes, salve for their sores, or perhaps a dose or two of salts or castor oil. By this time it was definitely known that Sister Electa had typhoid. Sister Agnes Paula emphasized the danger of contagion, warned us against under-eating, lack of sleep, and overwork; made a redistribution of duties so that nothing unnecessary was done, and discontinued the language class temporarily. That is how it happened that two were in the

dispensary, relieving each other. You who know something about nursing must be astonished at the way we tyros step into the dispensary and take charge. Outside of Sister Finan, that's all we really do—take charge. The real dispensers of medicine are a young Chinese man and woman who were specially trained for this work by Sister Finan for nearly nine years—he for the men patients, and she for the women.

**O**UR function is fourfold: to let the people see that the Catholic Church is behind the charity; to prevent scandal from touching the young man and woman just-mentioned, who are married, but not to each other; to make contacts with the people; and to learn all we can both about disease and the idiomatic use of the language. With these ends in view, for three months past we have all had six required hours in the dispensary every week, and more when we could manage. Now that they are spending more time there than anywhere else, Sister Carita is testing out her theory that a clean baby is a happy baby and scrubs all comers; while Sister Teresa Miriam delights in painting brown skins with iodine, the wonder being that she can tell where the iodine ends and the ordinary coloration begins.

Here in China where no summer retreats nor summer school sessions hold sway, we had an opportunity to celebrate St. Vincent's feast as we have always desired. It was as quiet and as sweetly restful as the old-fashioned Sunday. The day before, we received letters from all the Fathers in the Prefecture, assuring us of their Masses and prayers. On the morning of the feast, Monsignor Cuthbert himself came down to celebrate High Mass; but because of the tropical heat Sister Agnes Paula asked him to make it a Low Mass. Monsignor said that in



FATHER ERNEST CUNNINGHAM, C. P., HAS SENT THIS PICTURE OF HIS MISSION AT LUNGTAN. A CHINESE WOULD RECOGNIZE IN THE THREE LARGE CHARACTERS PAINTED ON THE WALL THE WORDS FOR "CATHOLIC CHURCH." IT IS RICE-PLANTING TIME IN THE LUNGTAN FIELDS WHICH SURROUND THE MISSION

order to make the day really free for all of us his cook would prepare our dinner and supper. And just that moment the cook appeared but, probably being fearful of a crowd of foreign women, he had a helper along with him. Dinner was a prolonged, delightful affair. Afterwards we took pictures and laughed and chatted and made the most of our blessed leisure. Even the youngsters (and let us here remark that we think we have the pick of Chinese children) behaved themselves

unusually well, and were forever bobbing up in front of us and shouting gleefully, "By-zan-nee! By-zan-nee!" (Happy feast day! Happy feast day!). Around 3:00 p.m. the thirteen seminarians came down to pay their respects. They set off fire-crackers, presented us with a beautiful wooden box full of Chinese delicacies, then sat up stiffly in our straight-back chairs while they sipped tea and munched peanuts and watermelon seeds.

Just as soon as the boys appeared, our

girls observed the proprieties by disappearing like magic. Soon Monsignor and the other three Fathers now in Shenchow—Fathers Cyprian, Denis and Joachim—came to give Benediction; and the seminarians solemnly filed into the chapel, followed by the girls and nuns. When recreation came around, we prolonged it until 8:30, and went off to evening meditation fully satisfied that Saint Vincent liked the way we celebrated his day.

## China's Great Wall

By Raphael Vance, C.P.

**W**HAT Killarney is to Ireland and New York to America, the Great Wall is to China. In China during the long months of warfare between the Chinese and the Japanese-Manchukuo forces, no news item was complete without reference to the Great Wall, the dividing line between China proper and Manchuria and Mongolia. For most Westerners China connotes rice and chop-sticks, laundries and, above all, the Great Wall. I thought it might interest THE SIGN readers to know something more about the Great Wall, since it has been featured so much in Press reports, and since I had the great pleasure of visiting this Eighth Wonder of the World six months ago.

Perhaps no existing monument of human intellect and skill has so caught and held the imagination of men of every nation as has the Great Wall of China. Its tremendous length, its venerable age and the almost superhuman toil involved in its construction have made it the chief wonder of the ancient world. The pyramids may be older, the Parthenon may be more beautiful, the Coliseum may exhibit finer engineering skill, but the Great Wall of China, built by Shih Huang Ti, surpasses them all in the daring and magnitude of its undertaking, and the patience and perseverance employed in its building.

The Great Wall begins at Shanhaikwan on the sea-coast and traverses the breadth of four of the eighteen provinces of China proper. The distance between the two cities that mark its termini is approximately one thousand one hundred and forty-five miles. We are told by astronomers that of all the works of man, the Great Wall is the only one that would be visible to the human eye from Mars. Again we are told that if the Great Wall were torn down, it contains enough stone, brick and earthwork to construct a barrier eight feet high and three feet thick that would girdle the globe at the Equator. Built in the United States, the Great Wall would stretch from New York City to Denver.

The employment of walls for the protection of private estates is a practice which has been found in all countries from very ancient times. Babylon, Rome, Avignon, and many other cities in the old world still show city walls that were a protection and defense. But nowhere do we find the building of walls so common as in China. Every city has its protecting walls. Nanking, the present capital of the Chinese Republic, has a city wall forty miles long. In the Passionist mission-field of Northwest Hunan, not only the cities but many of the small towns and villages have stone

walls. This is especially true in the Miao district, where the aborigines live. But the idea of a wall to serve as a defense of an empire must be credited to the founder of the Ch'in Dynasty.

Those who think of war in terms of high explosives, gas and bombing airplanes, will ridicule the Great Wall as a real defense. But at the time when it was built—the age of the bow and arrow, the spear and sword—the Wall served well to keep off the northern hordes in their countless attacks and efforts to capture the rich cities and fertile valleys to the south. Several times during the many centuries, important passes were forced. Once in 1280 the nomads of the North swept down and established the Yuan Dynasty. Again in 1644 the Manchus swarmed through and conquered the whole of China, holding it for two hundred and sixty-seven years.



THE PADDED CLOTHES OF THESE CHILDREN SEEM TO INDICATE THAT WINTER IS ON ITS WAY. BUT SEASONS DO NOT MATTER TO JOSEPH, SO LONG AS THE BOWL HE IS HOLDING IS KEPT FULL OF STEAMING RICE

**P**RINCE CHENG was only thirteen years old when he became the fourth monarch of the State of Ch'in. From the first year of his reign it was evident that he was a person of remarkable ability and genius. He proved to be the giant of his age and the ages to follow, the man whose dynastic name is pronounced every time the English word "China" is spoken. Having by strategy or overwhelming numbers succeeded in crushing all feudal States that dared to resist him, Prince Cheng found himself the Alexander of Asia in 221 B.C. He now determined to assume a most pretentious title. He chose to be called *Huang Ti*. This title was coined by employing the character *Huang*, taken from the name of *San Huang*, which designates the three great sovereigns of mystical history, and *Ti*, which is from the characters *Wu Ti* meaning the five great rulers of antiquity. Believing he possessed all the qualities of these eight illustrious persons, Prince Cheng felt he was vindicated in using these two characters. However, in his pride he added yet another character, *Shih* or "First." Thereafter he was known

as Ch'in Shih Huang Ti or "Ch'in, the First Emperor." He decreed that his successors in all future times should use the same name, only changing the ordinal adjective to "second emperor," "third emperor," etc. Shortly after his death the numerical part of the title was forgotten, yet the characters *Huang Ti* were accepted by succeeding rulers, down to the year nineteen hundred and eleven, when the Chinese Empire came to an end and the Republic was established.

ONE of the most execrated names in all Chinese history by the literary class is that of the builder of the Great Wall. The reason for this opprobrium is summed up in the four characters, *Fen Shu K'en Ju*, which means "He burned the Books and he buried the Scholars." Shortly after the unification of the whole country, Ch'in Shih Huang Ti sent forth a decree from his Imperial Court at Hsien Yang (the present Sianfu in Shensi) that all books of classical literature were to be burned at the city gates. It is commonly held the reason for this decree was that history might begin with himself. Another and more significant reason was to destroy, if possible, all reference in writing to the feudal systems and ancient forms of government that had already lasted a thousand years. The classical literature kept before the minds of the people former conditions that were incompatible with the purpose of a united nation. This event of the reign of Ch'in took place in the thirty-fourth year of his rule, when all literature was burned publicly throughout the land. Only books of agriculture, medicine, astrology and divination were excepted. He further decreed the burying alive of four hundred and sixty scholars who had stirred up dissension and urged a return to the old feudal systems.

In Chinese history there is found a description of this remarkable ruler who built the Great Wall. It is by a scholar, Wei Liao, who certainly would have joined the other scholars had the Emperor come across the not very flattering pen-sketch of this contemporary. According to this account, the First Emperor was a man with a nose like a wasp, wide piercing eyes, the breast of an eagle, the voice of a wolf, the heart of a tiger; in fact, a man who possessed the disposition of all these creatures.

Ch'in Shih Huang Ti was an extremely superstitious man. He build his magnificent palace containing ten thousand rooms, so he might be able to sleep in a different room each night. He was told that the spirits were determined to kill him under cover of darkness, and that his only safety lay in sleeping in a place in which he had not previously planned to spend the night. Thus he was able to delude the evil spirits of the lower world. He thought to placate a powerful genii and to obtain from him the elixir of life by



THE WORRIES OF CHINESE MOTHERS ARE LESSENERED AT TIMES BY THEIR OLDER CHILDREN. BABY HERE GETS A FREE RIDE AND FRESH AIR. STYLES IN HAIRCUTS, THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS, ARE MATTERS OF INDIVIDUAL CHOICE

sending one thousand young men and one thousand maidens to an island in the Eastern Sea. These young people were never to marry, but were to serve this powerful spirit for life. The elixir of life was never obtained, for when this remarkable expedition reached its destination, they married among themselves. This, so tradition has it, was the beginning of the Japanese Empire.

The superstitious Emperor was warned by an oracle that "the destruction of Ch'in will be accomplished through *Fu*!" Now, to the Emperor, *Fu* could only mean that his downfall would come from the tribes of the North, and so he hastened to build the Great Wall along the vast frontier of China to keep out the dangerous hordes of Mongolia and Manchuria. This prophecy, not unlike those of ancient Greece and Rome, was capable of two or more interpretations. As a matter of history, a *Fu* was the undoing of the "First Emperor." It was caused by the Emperor's own second son, who, as chance would have it, was named *Fu Hai*.

When the Emperor planned to build his Great Wall, his first purpose was to protect his realm. Knowing what an enormous force of workmen would be needed over a long term of years, he decided first

of all to conscript the potential trouble-makers within the Empire and thus insure peace at home during the construction of this Herculean project. So criminals from the imperial jails, prisoners of war, dishonest officials and all political offenders were pressed into service for the construction of the Great Wall. The way these untrained workmen accomplished this gigantic work, with the primitive tools at their disposal, and the almost impossible difficulties that had to be overcome, since the Wall stretched up high mountains and down steep slopes, remains a marvel to this day. Though the Great Wall is classed with the principal marvels of the world, yet unlike the other seven wonders in classical literature, it was built to serve a useful purpose. The "seven wonders" were erected essentially to reflect glory on the wealth and skill of their authors.

THE construction of the Great Wall was begun in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Ch'in Shih Huang Ti, about the year 220 B.C. It took between eighteen and twenty years to build the Wall and it is estimated a million laborers were employed. Some historians claim that three out of every ten men in the Empire were employed in this immense structure. Popular tradition has it that sixty per cent of the population labored on the Great Wall. Since the need of the Wall was a pressing one, the laborers were driven to their tasks by cruel overseers. It is generally believed that as the workers died, mostly from cruelty and overwork, their corpses were thrown into the foundations and covered over by the evergrowing structure. Such a great number of men were buried in the earthworks that the Great Wall has often been referred to as the longest cemetery in the world.

Many are the stories told of the pity of the gods for the poor men who worked to the crack of the whip, as the taskmaster lashed them into greater effort and speed. One of these stories relates how the Ruler of Heaven looked down in pity upon the sufferings of a certain group of builders, many of whose companions had been killed and buried in the earthworks as a penalty for working too slowly. In his pity the god gave each of these workmen a magic cord that was to be bound around the wrist. This charm gave the men more than natural strength so that they were able to do twice the amount of work required of them. The "First Emperor" hearing of this, forced the men to give up these magic cords. With these he wove a whip, a flourish of which accomplished marvelous feats.

In form the Great Wall resembles very much the walls of the ordinary Chinese city. Its height averages about twenty feet, though in some places it rises as high as thirty feet. The width is twenty-five feet at the base and fifteen feet on the level





THE DÉPARTURE OF VERY REVEREND BENJAMIN WIRTZ, C. P., FROM CHINA WAS THE OCCASION FOR THE GREATEST NUMBER OF PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES EVER ASSEMBLED IN HUNAN. STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: REVEREND FATHERS JOACHIM, LEO, BONAVENTURE, HAROLD, JAMES, GERMAIN, CYPRIAN FRANK, ANTOINE, NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, CYPRIAN LEONARD, SIDNEY AND MILES MCCARTHY, C. P. SITTING, REVEREND FATHERS DUNSTAN, FLAVIAN, VERY REVEREND WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, VERY REVEREND BENJAMIN WIRTZ, RIGHT REVEREND CUTHBERT O'GARA, VERY REVEREND QUENTIN OLWELL, REVEREND FATHERS TIMOTHY MCDERMOTT, RAPHAEL VANCE, AND PAUL UBINCER, C. P. HOW MANY DO YOU RECOGNIZE? DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU TO ADOPT AN INDIVIDUAL MISSIONARY AND TO INTEREST OTHERS IN SUPPORTING HIM?

pavement above. Five or six horsemen could easily ride abreast along the top of the Wall. The upper surface is paved with bricks or stone blocks and solidly set in mortar. The granite blocks used in the Wall are well cut and as suitably dressed as though intended for a city wall rather than for the wild mountainsides, where they are rarely seen save by some prowling beast or wild bird. Upon the stone bases, rest two facings of brick and in some places there are as many as seven thicknesses of brick. The bricks used are made of a sandy clay, hard and tough. The mortar employed is snowy white and after standing for two thousand years, still binds the masonry in its immovable grip. The mixing of such mortar is a lost art. Believe it or not, mortar from the

Great Wall is classed as a valuable medicine by some Chinese doctors.

Rising from the floor of the level pavement is a parapet five feet high and a foot and a half thick. This is surmounted by a battlement containing large and small observation ports. At various distances there are defense towers. These on an average are forty feet high and forty feet square and are built from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet in front of the line of the Wall. There are from eight to twelve of these towers for every mile. The whole length of the Wall, counting the loops and reinforcing arms, would be about two thousand five hundred miles. As the Chinese mile, called *li*, is one-third of the English mile, we readily understand why the Great Wall is called *Wan Li*

*Ch'ang Ch'eng* literally "The Ten Thousand Li Wall."

A foreign engineer who studied its technical aspects says its content amounts to four hundred and twenty-two thousand, four hundred feet per mile. To construct the Great Wall today would cost not less than one hundred thousand dollars per mile, or about two hundred and fifty million dollars. The Great Wall has long since served its purpose as a defense. It afforded little protection from Japanese airplanes and bombers. A great monument it was and still is, but like a colossal dragon it stretches across the frontier of China and seems destined to be nothing more than the dividing line between Mongolia, Manchukuo and the Chinese Republic.

### IN HIS NAME: FOR HIS CAUSE

THE Foreign Missions are simply the Church growing. Like the Church itself the Missions know no boundary of time or place or color. In distant, isolated Hunan, on one of those frontiers of God's Kingdom on earth, our Fathers and Sisters are making history. Theirs is not a story of conquest and power—except the conquest of evil and the power of Christ's Cross—but the ineffaceable record of sharing their lives with those who are unwilling strangers to the Truth.

No price can be set upon the tireless labors of the Church's frontiersmen, nor cold figures be listed as payment for their deeds. For who can tell the worth of cultured Sisters dressing with their own hands the forbidding wounds of outcasts, that they may reveal a little of Christ's mercy? Who will say that pennies, dimes or dollars are thrown away when a missionary feeds his famished fellow creatures whose hungry bodies are but faint symbols of their famished souls? Is glittering gold, so widely worshipped and so wildly squandered, wasted when it equips the priest of God to go where he may place souls on the threshold of Heaven?

To take the gnawing hunger from human hearts, to smile away the agony of fear from terror-stricken eyes; to heal, to strengthen, to offer the gift of life eternal—this is the unmatched vocation of the Foreign Missionary. Yet it is a *startling* fact that he is too often pitifully handicapped and a *reproaching* fact that he need not be. His efforts at times are fruitless, his zealous plans still-born, his heroic life in part wasted because we in the homeland do not always realize his dire need.

There are none who read these lines, were they to spend one day in any of our Passionist Missions, but would share until they knew the strange, sweet joy of painful sacrifice. May vision be given to all to read between the modest lines of our missionaries' letters the stirring deeds that are being done for Christ, and the soul-searching appeal which is made in His Name and for His Cause.

# BLACK THOUGHT

By Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J.

WHITE smugness may smile at the idea that Negroes think: the white black thought is thinking plenty about white smugness. Afro-America has awakened so fast—historically it is hardly a day since the Emancipation Proclamation—that many of us are unaware that the group has already sprouted artists, scientists and philosophers, and, insofar as its leaders are concerned, does not at all have to fumble for words. It is as interesting as important to turn an eye to the evidence of dusky progress and an ear to its voice.

The annual meetings of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History are typical of the more expressive colored thought-trends; for the Association is composed of the very finest of Negro talent and is directed by the scholarly editor of *The Journal of Negro History*, Doctor Carter Woodson. At the latest Convention, in Washington, D. C., messages were cogently presented, highly suggestive of a growing spirit of independence, race-pride and efficiency, and of the possibility that Afro-American leadership is at last definitely free from the farcical notion that "the gods consort only with blondes." Mentally, the race is feeling its muscles, as well it may; and it is more than conceivable that black Samson, hitherto blind, can soon do much with his conscious strength.

The tenor of one of the papers, read at the Convention, was that henceforth the Negro must go his way alone. Too much colored education has come from white folk, and too little from black; in other words, Afro-American mentality has been prepared by another group for guidance in its own. This opinion, as anyone at all acquainted with Doctor Woodson's mind will sense, is an echo. The "mis-education of the Negro" has long been a challenge to this thinker's steel. But justified as the criticism of white direction for black progress may be, the fact remains that Negroes can learn a great deal from other groups, especially those that have had larger and longer opportunities to learn, and that, as Doctor Woodson himself of course admits, there is a common denominator in all education which is equally advantageous to any and every race-element in a nation.

Moreover, the training of black students by white professors, when expedient, need be no more detrimental to Negro need than the education of American youth at the Sorbonne in Paris need be subversive of later careers in the

United States. One group can acquire vastly from another; and Afro-America, it seems, would be losing far more than might be gained, if race-circles were drawn too closely around her culture.

Pertinently to all this, it may be mentioned that Xavier University, founded and sponsored by Mother Katherine Drexel, affords a possible solution to the problem; for this New Orleans institution, respecting the wishes of the black group for black tutelage and guidance, has placed three Negro professors on its staff in the past year and, furthermore, has always required of its white teachers a keen and sympathetic insight into Afro-American possibilities, ambitions and needs, in order that the educational ideals of the foundation may ever be aligned with them.

Another speaker at the Negro Convention marked the leaven of pessimism at present working in the Negro masses; the pessimism that renders the promise of Communism, and such, sweet. It is sheer consequence that the enlightenment of Afro-America leaves her more sensitive to her wrongs; but it would be a pity if the sensitivity should result in a psychology of retaliation. Much as the Negro has suffered, and much as he has yet to gain, it is neither unwise nor unprofitable for him to remember that his progress since 1863 has been phenomenal and that, if it can only continue at the rate of the last two decades, the group will soon have entered well into its own. Extreme impatience—readily justifiable and understandable, as it may be—could only limit the lengthening list of Afro-American friends and delay the object "devoutly to be wished."

MORE of the learning and culture evinced at the Washington Convention to illumine the future, and fewer jeremiads and cynicisms to revive the past, would render the present more promissory of "things hoped for." A victim of white stupidities and blunders and worse, from the start, Afro-America can also be a beneficiary: she can learn what not to do and be, so that, when the great day comes, she will be gloriously ready to enter into her own. On the other hand, should she adopt a socially unsound and morally unsound program of combating evil with evil instead of overcoming it with good, her contribution to America may be an added confusion from which she herself will but suffer the more.

Here again the merit of a religion-poised institution of higher learning for the group, such as Xavier University, is

manifest: for there, in Mother Katherine's foundation, not only the full facts of Negro History are taught, but also the sublime Christian message is consistently suggested, that the best and only unprofitable form of revenge, "heaping coals of fire" on the violator's head, is forgiveness. There the challenge of the future is featured, not the animus of the past.

IT was deprecated at the Convention that no great effort has been made to bring public attention to the Negro's contribution to civilization. One reason may be that such contribution brilliantly speaks for itself. No one can roam the Old World streets of the French Quarter in New Orleans, for instance, without feasting the gaze on a perennial exhibition of Negro art: grilles and doorways informed with imperishable beauty by dark fingers—now dust. The names of these black artists, alas, are forgotten; but for that very reason their race is more the heir to their glory. African sculpture, too, is now admittedly an influence in contemporary art; though, incidentally, if it can be shown that contemporary art, with its brutalization of beauty and its over-emphasis on novel device and resource, is degenerative, this relation would be complimentary neither to contemporary nor African idiom.

However, taken for what it is worth, the truth remains that primitive African impulse lives on in the painting of Picasso, Martizze, Modigliani; in the architecture of Perret and Jeanneret; in the music of Stravinsky, Satie, Moneger, Paulenc, Milhaud and Auric; and in the statuary of Lipschitz and Epstein. Besides, the present-day expressionists of Afro-America apparently are finding color no insurmountable obstacle to recognition and acclaim. The *New Yorker* recently accorded the distinguished James Weldon Johnson not only a large but a more than laudatory biographical sketch. And this is certain: that the editors of important magazines do not advert to the skin-tint of a writer but solely to the merit and availability of his output.

In genius, at least, there is no color-line; and the masterpieces of whatever group must eventually call attention to themselves. Indeed one of the Washington speakers emphatically declared that any Negro who has made a distinct contribution to American achievement has been, or will be, granted his place. The problems of a colored man today, opined this speaker, are not biological but

psychological; that is, the Afro-American fears that his skin is against him and that it is therefore useless to strive to express his best; whereas, if he goes ahead like a Booker T. Washington, a Carver, a Moton, a Woodson or a Dubois, his recognition and reward will take care of themselves. Nevertheless, it is only right that the process of recognition and reward be quickened as much as possible; and to this end, more than one suggestion was made at the Convention that exhibitions of Negro art and progress be frequent.

Already our colored Catholic University in New Orleans is attuned to such suggestion: inspiring, fostering and ad-

vancing the expression of Negro talent, and planning sundry displays for the near future. Too, the Christian theory of art which stands not only for ingenuity of technique but likewise for nobility of theme, and which gave birth to the sublime Moses of Michaelangelo and the ethereal Madonna of Raphael, is constantly taught at Vavier, and, with the native African flair for color or vigor of expression, should in time produce examples of the eminently worth-while.

Afro-America is awakened; and Catholicism, happily, is not quite asleep to the fact that the gentry of Uncle Toms and Topsy is disappearing and a group of high-school, college and university

Negroes, led by genuine scholars, who do not apologize for their existence and cannot understand or accept white smugness, is coming to the fore. At least the clear-eyed and saintly Mother Katherine, so representative of the mind and heart of the Church, is fully cognizant of the fact and has gone to extreme trouble and inconvenience to make Catholic contribution to the cause of the new progress and illumination. Her enterprise is crying for Catholic support and enlargement, without which we should certainly be permitting our colored brother to "walk alone," wounding the Heart that throbbed and bled for all men, and in our coldness and pride standing condemned.

# ASPHODEL, *the* FLOWER By Marion Pharo Hilliard *of* DEATH

*I*N the Gulf of Catania, Sicily, August 20, 1930. I awoke at dawn, with a strange feeling of exaltation, as if in the night I had stepped over the earthly threshold into a new world of light. (I wonder, will death be like that?) A rosy radiance shone through my portholes, that seemed indeed like the light of Eternity.

Then suddenly I was awake. Standing on my berth, I looked out and saw Mt. Etna in the sunrise glow! I have seen the Alpine glow on the Jungfrau, on the high Pyrenees, on our own grand mountains of the Far West. But somehow Mt. Etna at dawn transcends them all. Etna is not a pile of rocks, he is a person! He is alive! Ages before history was written (so the Greeks have told us) Zeus chained the Titan Encelladus under Mt. Etna. Therefore in the giant's struggles to escape he shakes the mountain, cracks its vast sides, and sends torrents of red-hot lava down to the sea. For, the hundred-handed Titan, symbol of the forces of evil and destruction, is the enemy of the gods and of mankind, and wages war against the heavens, the earth and the sea—against all the beautiful and beneficent powers of nature. Thus did the poetic Greeks personify the eternal conflict between Life and Death, between Good and Evil.

These thoughts are in my mind as I gaze in wonder and awe at the gigantic cone, its mantle of pearls and diamonds changing to ruby and topaz in the light of the rising sun. It is incredible that such celestial beauty can harbor a destructive demon! Yet even now I fancy I hear his voice muttering. . . . But it is the voice of John, the steward, murmur-

ing through my door, "Madam, your bath is ready!" I come down to prosaic earth with a thud. Life is a perpetual anti-climax!

We have great fun at the breakfast table. We are like a family party on this cargo ship: only four passengers, and two officers, the Captain and the Chief Engineer. Our tall, handsome young Captain is a Southerner. The Chief Engineer, an interesting Italian, is an American citizen. The four passengers are Mr. and Mrs. Mullinson, Mrs. Hinsley, and myself. Mrs. Hinsley is an attractive and interesting widow, traveling for her health. But the quiet couple that sit opposite me interest me most. Mr. Mullinson was born in England, his wife in Ireland; they are now Americans. They are so devoted to each other they are never apart, and it is impossible to think of one without the other. Mr. Mullinson is in very frail health, and his little wife's motherly care of him is beautiful to see. They are Catholics.

August 21. A red-letter day of my life, when I first trod the enchanted shores of Sicily! We go ashore to visit the ancient port of Catania and the famous town of Taormina. Catania is indeed the child and plaything of Etna. Nine different times, it is said, the volcano has destroyed the town; yet she still crouches at his feet, refusing to leave her cruel yet beloved master. The very streets and buildings of Catania are of lava.

As we drive through the beautiful city we see in the center of the Piazza the famous Black Elephant, a colossal statue of lava, with an Egyptian Pyramid on his

back. He is one of the most mysterious monuments in Europe. No one knows who made him or who placed him there. If Noah founded Catania (as legend relates) perhaps the Black Elephant came over in the Ark!

I shall always remember the drive to Taormina. As we wound up the mountain road Etna seemed to approach us in a manner that was almost terrifying. The radiant color scheme below the towering cone—the green and gold and rainbow hues of the tropical foliage and flowers of the mountain sides, and the sapphire semicircle of the Mediterranean far below—seemed like a brilliant setting for a single huge and priceless diamond, the mountain top! I said something like this to my travelling companions. Mrs. Mullinson replied simply, "O, the wonderful works of God!" I thought how much more apt and eloquent her comment was than mine. "Before the mountains were brought forth . . . from everlasting to everlasting *Thou art God!*" How Zeus and Encelladus crumble away before the Everlasting Name!

"Are you afraid of Etna?" I asked Mrs. Hinsley.

"Indeed I am!" she replied. "In fact, there is something about this whole island that scares me, like some impending misfortune."

"Just my feeling," I replied.

"Of course, the story is really a nature myth, like the German story of the death of Baldur," said Mrs. Hinsley. "It means the change of the seasons, the death of the summer."

"It means that, but much more, I think," said I. "It personifies the eternal



conflict between Life and Death, everywhere, in all ages. In one form or another all the great myths mean that; and they all lead up to the greatest Story of all."

"I see what you mean; the Story of Mt. Calvary," said Mrs. Hinsley, quietly.

"And another reason the myth of Persephone seems so human and so real," I continued, "is that she was gathering flowers on the shore of the lake when the King of Shadows seized her; and that same flower grows all over the Sicilian hillsides today—but we dare not touch it because—"

"It is the Asphodel, the Flower of Death," interrupted Mrs. Hinsley. "It will bring calamity to anyone who gathers it, they say."

WE approached the inn where Mr. and Mrs. Mullinson were resting. Mrs. Mullinson came out to meet us. "See the lovely wild flowers I found," she said. In her hand was the Asphodel, the Flower of Death! Mrs. Hinsley and I exchanged glances of amazement tinged with superstitious fear.

"Where did you find them?" I asked.

"On the hillside back of the house. I rambled around while John was asleep. They have rather a disagreeable odor. But they are so pretty. I'm going to take them to the ship."

Again Mrs. Hinsley and I looked at each other. Neither of us would admit we were influenced by an ancient pagan superstition! Yet so it was. We did not want the ill-omened flower on our ship.

As we left the inn a party of English tourists entered. One of them looked curiously at Mrs. Mullinson, and said to her, "Madam, will you pardon me if I look at your flowers? I thought so. It is the asphodel. You are very bold to carry the Flower of Death!"

Mrs. Mullinson stared in amazement; but there was no time to reply, as our car was waiting. After we were seated, she said, "What did that man mean by the Flower of Death?"

I told her the story of the asphodel. She replied, "Well, suppose it is the Flower of Death? Why should Christians be afraid of it? Death is not terrible, death is beautiful! I shall take these lovely flowers right into our stateroom. The Catholic religion forbids us to believe superstitions."

Mrs. Hinsley looked astonished. This was a new view of Catholicism for her!

Mr. Mullinson smiled at his wife. He had said very little all day, but had sat quietly as in a dream. His wife sat by his side at the entrance to the Greek theatre on the mountain top, while Mrs. Hinsley and I followed the Sicilian guide through the fascinating ruins. Here were performed the immortal tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, under the blue dome of the sky, while great Etna

himself watched over the stage, and the Mediterranean's blue waves far below sobbed a solemn accompaniment to the chorus.

That was Sicily two thousand years ago! The richness, the beauty and grace and poetic charm of that golden age have never been equalled since. Nor its human degradation and despair!

Anti-climax. We reach our ship at twilight. Find the crew still loading bags of *bird seed* (so the Captain said) apparently to feed the Chief's canary. One cartload of seed is late, which delays our sailing and causes our young Captain to fly into a rage. He compliments Sicilians in general in vigorous and inelegant language.

August 22. We left Catania and its terrible guardian behind us in the night. Now we are anchored in the Strait of Messina, looking at the new city of low white houses that has arisen upon the ruins of the ancient city that was utterly destroyed by the great earthquake of 1908. At five o'clock in the morning of that day (December 28) the terrible shock rocked the city. The sea retreated, and returned in a gigantic wave, and eighty-four thousand souls passed into eternity. Such is the story of Sicily! It is no wonder the ancients believed it the passage to the Land of the Shades!

August 23. Last night we safely passed Scylla and Charybdis, skirted the northern coast of Sicily, and are now anchored in the great harbor of Palermo, capital of Sicily, with half a million people. As I awoke under the shadow of Mt. Pellegrino, I feel myself surrounded by the vast cycle of the centuries from the Prehistoric Age to the present. What a concourse of the human family gathers around this coast: Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Ostrogoths, Byzantines, Saracens, Normans, Swabians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Neapolitans;—until in 1860 Garibaldi captured the city and made it part of "Italy free." Consequently, Palermo is a storehouse of history and art scarcely surpassed by the Eternal City itself.

WE drive through the handsome streets; past the splendid public buildings, the beautiful opera house, the lovely public gardens with their tall palms, the immense cathedral ornamented with fine statues and an imposing dome (a Cardinal presides there) and everywhere the picturesque throngs of people, medieval and modern, mingling as in Italy. The gay Sicilian donkey carts, even more ornate than those of the Campania, are painted to represent scenes from the stories of Chivalry. Many of the older streets, as in Naples, are steep, winding stairways; there gather the street musicians playing the Sicilian bagpipes, or cornamusa. The weird music might be from the pipes of Ireland! A

strange link between the northern and the southern outposts of Europe.

The architecture of Palermo is unique, for it shows traces of all the various races that have ruled the city in past centuries. But the predominating influences are of those two wonderful races, so unlike, that ruled respectively the East and the West in the Middle Ages—and everywhere met in terrific combat—the Saracens and the Northmen. In Sicily these warring races finally blended their virile civilization, their creative genius; and the result is the rich and glorious art of Palermo.

TWO of the conquering Norman kings of the twelfth century—Roger II and William II—were great builders. Roger built the marvellous *Cappella Palatina* (Chapel of the Palace). The chapel is lined with exquisite mosaics which look like jewels. The altar is of solid silver! The ceiling, carved to look like stalactites, is said to be different from anything in the world.

The story of William the Good of Sicily tells us he was commanded by his Sovereign Lady, the Queen of Heaven, to build in her honor the most beautiful church in the world. The gallant king vowed to obey his Lady; and when we enter the Basilica of Monreale, we see that he kept his vow!

Like the Heavenly Jerusalem the vast church is "all glorious within" with the entire story of the Bible and of Christian theology pictured in marvelous mosaics against a background of gold. And the cloisters, with clusters of columns like pillars of jewels, with carved capitals like delicate white flowers of stone, surrounding a garden of real flowers, their lovely tints rivalling the glittering mosaics! In the garden is a bronze Saracen fountain of exquisite workmanship that recalls the Alhambra. It is all a dream of beauty that words have no power to describe. And it was produced in the "barbarous" Middle Ages—so called by half-baked historians who know nothing about History!

The most interesting of the mosaics—excepting the majestic figure of Our Lord over the High Altar—is the picture of King William kneeling before Our Lady, presenting to her a model of the church. Mrs. Mullinson stood enraptured before it, holding her frail husband by the hand. I watched her leading him around the church, until they both knelt on the steps of Our Lady's altar. The thought of Mary's universal motherhood thrilled me! The proud Norman king of the Middle Ages, and this gentle, humble daughter of Ireland today, both kneel at her feet with the same loving homage—brother and sister, because children of the same Mother. "Pray for us" means the same to Our Lady, whether spoken in medieval Norman-Italian or modern Irish-American!

August 24. And now we are leaving Europe and are bound for Africa. Casablanca, in French Morocco, is our next port. We are the center of a limitless blue universe, half sea, half sky. But it is not lifeless, for strange African birds light on the ship; and the flying fishes, those silver fairies of the sea, play around the bow. Not a discordant sound to break the heavenly quiet.

AUGUST 25. Another calm, blue day. I talk with Mrs. Mullinson, who tells me much of her past life. She has been married nearly thirty years. "And every day has been perfectly happy until Mr. Mullinson's health failed a year ago." While the ship was in port at Genoa they took the long hard journey to Lourdes. "He has not seemed so well since, but I am sure Our Lady will cure him," she said simply.

August 26. I wake to see the grand, snow-capped mountains of Spain once more—the Sierra Nevadas, from which our California Sierras are named. In the afternoon we enter the Strait of Gibraltar; and see on our right the great Rock, on our left the towering peaks of the Atlas Mountains of Africa—12,000 feet high.

As the sun sinks, we sail toward a golden gateway like that of San Francisco Bay—but much grander. For the mountains of Spain show every tint of blue, violet, lavender; while the distant mountains of Africa are veiled in a haze of rose-color. Before us the water is like the Rainbow Bridge to Valhalla, abode of the gods; while beyond, between the Pillars of Hercules, we can surely see the Isles of the Blest which the Greek mariners so eagerly sought, as Pindar tells us:

"The Isles of the Blest, they say

The Isles of the Blest

Are peaceful and happy by night and by day,

Far away in the glorious West."

I gaze at these marvels until I can't bear the rapture of it any longer. So I go into the lounge to listen to the fearful noises of a jazz band, broadcast from Biarritz. The inevitable anti-climax!

Casablanca, August 27. We are on the north-west coast of Africa, French Morocco. The French have a "protectorate" over this country; which means, of course, that they are exploiting it but at the same time introducing a higher standard of living, and greatly improving the harbor and the town. They have built a modern city of 200,000 people, adjoining the native city; and an immense breakwater to protect the bay from the Atlantic storms. Casablanca is the doorway through which the rich products of the French possessions in northern Africa pass out, its only rival being Algiers. The imports from Europe and America are enormous, as the cargo

ships in the harbor prove. I noted the flags of six different nations. The cargoes seemed to be nearly everything produced in northern countries.

No sooner were we anchored than our ship was swarming with Arabs, arrayed in shreds and patches; some with the red fez of Turkey on their heads, some with turbans; some with bloomers, some with "shorts"; some with bedroom slippers, some with bare feet; all with bare legs. One had a newspaper pinned around his head. In spite of their rags, most of them were good looking. These longshoremen are miserably poor and look half-starved. Their pay for loading the cargo on our ship was about *forty cents a day*, the Chief Engineer said; and for that wretched wage they had to work all night—so that we had little sleep for the noise of the donkey-engines. Mrs. Hinsley complained that she was surrounded by Arabs all night; that whenever she woke she saw turbaned heads at both her portholes. I, fortunately, was not so popular!

August 28. Last evening we had a new and most interesting experience. The Chief Engineer invited us to go ashore with him to visit the native town. We made a perilous descent into a crazy old boat rowed by a white-robed Arab; and soon were walking right through the Orient! Surrounded by stately, turbaned men and veiled women all in snow-white robes—evidently the well-to-do class of Arab society—we walked about a mile, looking at the rich displays of rugs, tapestries, shawls, leather and jewelry in the bazaars. I wanted to buy everything I saw—and so it turned out that I bought nothing—but just stared at the living picture of the East that surrounded us. We even saw the water-carrier with his goat skin, and white-robed people lined up to fill their jars.

But alas! the inevitable anti-climax was supplied by lines of bicycles, instead of stately, soft-stepping camels! If the riders, with their fluttering night-shirts and spindling black legs, could only "see themselves as others see them," they would burn up those incongruous wheels. But later, on one of the wider streets, I saw the most incongruous sight of all: a modern bus, with several Arab women, closely veiled as in the harem, hanging from the straps—while men sat huddled on the seats—just as in dear old New York (except the veils)!

THE Chief Engineer escorted us to one of the refreshment booths, where we were regaled, not with Arabian coffee, but American ice cream. Arab salesmen thronged before the booth; and silently, as by magic, beautiful rugs and tapestries were unrolled before us—the salesmen being invisible behind them—silent as ghosts in their white robes. No one asked us to buy, or spoke a word; it was like a silent cinema. After a rug,

standing mysteriously erect, had thus been exhibited, it silently rolled itself up, and another took its place. Whether the silent appeal was the result of Oriental courtesy or French law, I cannot say; both, probably.

ON the Atlantic, August 29. Last night we left Casablanca. Now we are embarked on the "Sea of Darkness," bound for the New World. This morning I talked with Mrs. Mullinson. I could not resist asking her whether she kept the asphodel, the Flower of Death, in her stateroom. She replied, "Yes, I told you I meant to keep it. I'm not afraid of heathen superstitions! I'm pressing it to take home. I'll give you a piece as a souvenir of Sicily." This afternoon, what did she do but bring two sprays of the asphodel on deck, and present one to me and one to Mrs. Hinsley. So now the ill-omened Flower of Death is in all the staterooms!

August 30. First casualty of the voyage! I have lost all my "bobby-pins." After sitting in the wind all morning, I resemble an interesting composite of a Fiji Islander and the Wild Woman of Borneo. Something must be done. What? The only other women on board are Mrs. Hinsley and Mrs. Mullinson; and both have long hair, held in respectable bounds by several dozen hair-pins reinforced by double nets. No use to appeal to them. Must I, then, pass the next two weeks tied up in a head-scarf, like Mrs. Wilfer? Never! I resolve to make an honest confession to the Captain, and place my fate in his hands. Not that I have noticed him wearing bobby-pins, but he is very resourceful. I knock timidly on his door. He welcomes me with breezy cordiality. I state my case in my best English. He replies cheerfully, "I'll hunt around my cabin and see if I can find some. If there are any here it is best to get them out before we reach port!"

"Why?" I inquire innocently.

"So Gladys won't find them!" he replied. Then, in response to my shocked look, "Oh, it's all right—she's my wife"—proudly displaying a photograph of a pretty young woman. "She comes to New York to see me when we are in port, because I don't have time to go down home. One time she left one of her stockings in my cabin. The next time she came she found the stocking—but she wouldn't believe it was hers!"

Soon after he brought me three bobby-pins, remarking, "Saved!"

September 4. Mrs. Hinsley and Mr. Mullinson are both ill, very ill. As there is no doctor, nurse, or stewardess on this small freighter, the passengers take care of each other. Mrs. Hinsley is my charge, while Mrs. Mullinson and the Chief Steward devote themselves to Mr. Mullinson. For the life of me, I can't help thinking of the Flower of

Death. I ask Mrs. Hinsley whether she kept the spray Mrs. Mullinson gave her. She replies that she threw it out of the porthole when she became ill. My piece is still in my trunk. I shall leave it there, for I won't admit I am afraid of it!

*September 5.* Mr. Mullinson is much worse. The Captain has changed our course, now heading toward Bermuda, full speed. He also radioed to another ship, five hundred miles away, to see if a doctor were on board. A doctor radioed back, giving advice. Now the Captain, the Steward, and the First Officer are all working over Mr. Mullinson. His poor little wife says her rosary ceaselessly by his side; occasionally wiping away tears, but calm and peaceful. Have they not knelt at the Grotto of Lourdes?

*September 8.* About midnight, I woke with a start, and thought a hurricane was upon us! The wind shrieked like a demon, lightning nearly blinded me, and the rain dashed like a flood against my portholes. Suddenly a tall man in silk pajamas was in my stateroom. It was the Captain, locking my portholes. When I came on deck this morning, I could hardly stand against the wind. The calm blue sea of yesterday has given place to a raging ocean, green and white and hungry looking. This is the Gulf Stream. He is nearly always ill-tempered; but I never saw him so angry as he is today. In fact, he is so disagreeable I refuse to look at him! So I seek the seclusion that the cabin grants.

**SEPTEMBER 9.** Late yesterday afternoon the stateroom steward came to my door to ask me to come to Mrs. Mullinson, that her husband was dying. Dying! Leaving her alone in mid-Atlantic! For I knew she had no living relative anywhere. She had lived only for her husband these thirty years past. Was this Our Lady's answer to their prayers at Lourdes? Was this the reward of their long, hard journey? Strange, that a loving Mother should treat her faithful children so!

I snatched my prayerbook and hurried to the Mullinson's stateroom. There were the Captain, the First Officer, and the Chief Steward all bending over the dying man, working like mad to restore him. By the opposite berth crouched the slender form of the stricken wife, sharing the agony of the parting soul! Beside her knelt sweet Mrs. Hinsley, her arm around her, whispering to her. I knelt on the other side, and read aloud, from my *Manual of Prayers*, the "Recommendation of a Departing Soul." And so, while the wind and sea raged without, he passed into the Eternal Life.

Mrs. Mullinson moaned, "O Captain! Captain! Must he be buried in the ocean?" The Captain's voice trembled, as he answered, "Yes, it is the law. It must be at sunrise!"

I thought fearfully, "She will never live through that awful scene!" But then—a miracle! After that first burst of anguish, the delicate little woman rose—calm, composed. No rebellion, no hysteria. We all looked at her in amazement. Then I understood that *this* was the gift of Our Lady of Lourdes. Not physical health, but spiritual grace!

**T**HAT evening we gathered again in that stateroom. On the berth lay the still form, dressed for his solemn burial. In life he had been a plain man. In death he was beautiful! His face had not a trace of pain, but wore an indescribable look of peace and exaltation such as I never saw before. It thrilled us all. His wife exclaimed joyfully (yes, joyfully!)—"Why, he is happy! He is smiling!" At this, our big, strong young Captain burst into tears, and sobbed aloud!

Then the officers and the crew came in to take leave of their fellow voyager; for this is the custom at sea. They passed in single file, solemnly, reverently. After this we consulted to decide who was to watch that night with the bereaved wife. It was decided that the First Officer should stay until ten o'clock; then I would relieve him, and stay until midnight, when the Steward would return. Mrs. Hinsley was not well enough to help.

So I lay down on my berth, dressed as I was; and fell asleep. I woke suddenly, with a sense of grief and fear oppressing me. The howling of the wind, the lashing of the rain, the rolling and creaking of the ship were terrible. I felt afraid to get out of my berth. Then the thought flashed across my mind that Mrs. Mullinson was *alone* in the storm, sitting by the dead body of her husband! Oh, what a horrible position for a gentle little woman! "She may have collapsed from grief and terror," I thought; and hurried to her stateroom on the other side of the ship.

She sat there beside the still form—her eyes on the beloved face—saying her rosary in perfect composure. She looked up at me with a gentle smile when I said, "O Mrs. Mullinson! do forgive me for leaving you alone! I fell asleep." She replied, "I am never lonely, *because I pray!*"

She had not heard the storm. She did not think of the dreadful ordeal of the coming morning because she prayed.

I understood then that the gift of Our Lady of Lourdes was the gift of perfect faith. I understood her words to Saint Bernadette, "I do not promise you happiness in this world, but in the next."

I said, "Now I will pray by him, while you rest." She lay down on her berth and at once fell into a sleep almost as quiet as his. So I sat between those two bodies, both at rest—one in time, one in Eternity; and I read softly the Office of the Dead. After it was ended, I sat there

looking at those two quiet faces. It seemed to me that Our Lord was so near He must have rebuked the wind and the sea, for the storm was less boisterous. And I thought that death could not divide these two who had been joined by God, and had been so completely one for thirty years. I thought how great had been their happiness those thirty years; that rare happiness of a perfect marriage, granted to very, very few! How blessed and joyous would be the re-union on the Resurrection morning, when the sea shall give up its dead . . . . .

Then the Steward came in to relieve me; and I went to rest until the dawn broke over the stormy sea.

This morning at sunrise I led the little widow out on deck, to the two chairs set for us. I was the only woman to help her, for Mrs. Hinsley was not able to leave her berth. Mrs. Mullinson was as calm and serene as she had been the night before. Her rosary in her hand, she looked steadily at the sheeted form on the deck, while I read with faltering voice the sublime prayers of the Church for the Burial of the Dead.

The officers stood opposite us—those splendid men who had been so devoted and faithful to the dead man—the Captain, the First Mate, the Chief Engineer—God bless them! And behind them the stewards and the crew were lined up. The Captain, looking very handsome in his dress uniform, read the beautiful prayers of the Church of England, which is the official service on all English-speaking vessels. Then, when the cruel moment came at last—the poor wife gave a little sob—but that was all! I murmured to myself, "O Death! Where is thy sting?"

**SEPTEMBER 10.** A heavenly day. The sea and sky are as peaceful as that happy place where Mr. Mullinson is. Once more we are sitting on deck—three chairs instead of four! Only once today did the heroic little widow refer to the tragedy that has cut her life in half. Looking out over the boundless blue plain of water, she said, "My dear one is at the bottom of the ocean!" But then she added: "It is beautiful that he is buried in the sea, he always loved it so!"

*September 11.* At last we are nearing port—shall soon see the Nantucket Light Ship. In packing my clothes, I find the spray of the Flower of Death. Shall I throw it into the sea? No! I will be as brave as Mrs. Mullinson, and take it home with me.

*Anti-climax—New York, September 15.* I took the "Flower of Death" to one of the famous botanists at the Museum of Natural History. He says it is not the asphodel at all, but only a harmless weed that is very common on the hills of Southern Europe.

And thus passeth another pagan superstition!



# THE RUSSIAN CHARACTER

By Lord ffrench

THERE has been a spate of literature in regard to Bolshevism in Russia, but not a great deal, recently at least, about the kind of people the Russians are and how it was they consented or submitted to entrust the whole of their social, economic, and religious life to be moulded by the disciples of the Jew Karl Marx. Most people seem to think that the tyranny of the Czar's government was such that, when the revolt did come, the Russian people could not be satisfied with anything less than complete and overwhelming change.

At all events, they welcomed a solution which proclaimed itself as the dictatorship of the Proletariat, and which, as evidence that this was no pretense, made utter destruction of every class that could not be considered a Proletarian part of the program. The fallacy of supposing that the whole body of the people can be a sort of corporate dictator to themselves is perhaps dawning on the Russian masses. The downfall of those who were hated and envied, when once accomplished, may be a source of gratification, but the memory of this achievement will not necessarily prove a sufficient salve for a condition of hunger and misery.

There was a great excuse for the Russian people in wishing to get rid of the régime under which they lived. It would be false to attribute their actions solely to evil motives, such as envy and covetousness. There was also an outraged sense of justice very much accentuated by what was apparent in the lives and actions of those who occupied the position of the governing class. The corruption and injustice of officials, the selfish and evil use made of the great wealth in the hands of the large land-owners, rendered the whole system unstable and a crash inevitable.

AFTER the recognition of Christianity by the Roman Empire, in fact, after it had become the religion of the Empire, one of the trials the Church had to undergo was the attempt on the part of the Roman Emperors to treat religion as if it was subordinate to the State. Some of the Emperors tried to arrogate to themselves the right to make decisions on matters of doctrine. We know that the Church surmounted this difficulty, but the seeds of it remained imbedded in the seat of the Eastern Empire in Constantinople, and finally many of the

Churches of the East, under the leadership of Constantinople, broke away from the Catholic Church, to the extent finally, in the eleventh century, of creating a schism. The patriarchs of Constantinople claimed the right of independent decisions in regard to faith and morals apart from any submission to the Papacy. At the root of the schism was the fact that the patriarchs of Constantinople wanted to be independent of the Pope, but they were willing to be the puppets of the Emperors, and ultimately, extraordinary to relate, after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, the patriarchs submitted to nomination and appointment by the Sultan rather than in any way to submit to the Pope.

I HAVE mentioned all this because it is very often forgotten that Russia received the faith from Constantinople, and imbibed from that source a spirit of hatred for the Papacy. It also followed its Mother Church in permitting its bishops to become the puppets of the civil power.

We must remember that the Eastern Churches, including the Russian Church, did not ostensibly depart from the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Moreover, they retained the Sacrament of Holy Orders, so that their priests are admitted to be priests by the Catholic Church and, consequently, they have the Blessed Sacrament as we have, and they can offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. This schism was, of course, one of the great tragedies of Christendom.

The Russian Church, therefore, was the State Church completely under the domination of the Czar or whoever he might nominate or depute to act for him. It was administered by a Synod appointed by the Czar. It was regarded as a State Church and a National Church. The bishops were all appointed by the Government through the Synod, and the Church became an instrument of the State.

In spite of the schism and the interference of the State, there is no doubt that the faith permeated the minds and hearts of the Russian people, the vast body of them accepting it without question, and with piety. It is also true, however, that this faith and piety did not exercise the influence it ought to have done upon the morals of the people. The Eastern Churches never

had the discipline of the Catholic Church or, at least, they did not develop in discipline as the Catholic Church has done. The evils and slackness in the administration and amongst the higher clergy in the Catholic Church which caused the revolt of the sixteenth century were effectively and drastically remedied by the Council of Trent.

The Eastern Church, but more especially the Russian Church, had not this spirit of regeneration within itself. Cut off from the Divine source of strength inherent in the Catholic Church by the promises of Christ, the salt of Christianity in these Eastern Churches had lost its savor. With very deplorable results the Russian, therefore, was not a disciplined man. Many individuals, it is true, were capable of asceticism and practised it in a heroic degree, but in reality there was no discipline of the mind or spirit. The Russian Church was incapable of producing a Saint Dominic or a Saint Ignatius, to mention only two of the great instruments inspired by God, who appeared at periods when the Church was in danger and its members required a revival of discipline.

THE Russian Church, being a State institution, did nothing to modify the tyranny and cruelty frequently in evidence in the Government of the Czars, neither did it curb or denounce the wickedness of many of the large land-owners and rich men. A Russian friend of mine, author of that very interesting book *Seed and Harvest*, writes concerning the Russian Church as follows:

"On the one hand the Russian character has a tendency towards anarchism and instinctively resists any hard-and-fast rules, while on the other hand the clergy, which ought to have guided the people, had become an *'instrumentum regni'* (instrument of the Kingdom) in the Russian Empire, an aid to ruling in the hands of the Tsarist government. It had already come to this position in the days of Peter the Great when he dissolved the Institute of the Patriarch and replaced it by an obedient Synod. The result of this action was the general deterioration of the priesthood. Life among the half-savage, illiterate mass of the Russian people, combined with their material dependence on this very people, dragged the clergy down lower and

lower. The very greatest stress was laid on the ritual side of religion, while its spirit was more and more ignored till at length it hardly existed at all; the priests and higher clergy were nothing more nor less than obedient Tsarist officials."

TO get an idea of the type of Russians who have welcomed the advent of the Marxian philosophy of life it is only necessary to read *The Possessed* by Dostoevsky, written in 1873. It is most illuminating. In fact, most Russian delineation of character in novels and plays gives one the impression of being records of people of distorted mentality or, at all events, with very peculiar perceptions of right and wrong. Nothing short of the sanity of direction inherent in the Catholic Church could have moulded such people into a civilized State. This, alas, Russia never had but she may yet attain sanity by seeking salvation where alone it is to be found.

There is one characteristic of the Russian people that is very remarkable. They are not hypocrites. A Russian will not try to disguise from you his conduct, even though he may be ashamed of it. In his quarrel with the Ten Commandments, a Russian does not seek a philosophy of life with the object of justifying himself to himself.

At the same time a sort of spirit of naturalism was prevalent amongst the Russian people, the idea being that in following his instincts a man is really fulfilling the object of his existence and developing his character and experience on the lines most suited to his individuality. I am not aware that this took the form of defined and expounded philosophy in Russian thought, but the idea existed, and was, I think, rather prevalent. The vast mass of the people did not think much and were mostly illiterate and uninstructed—a condition which the Government did not make much effort to improve.

They were, however, as I said before, undoubtedly pious. It was manifest to anybody travelling in Russia that religious ideas pervaded the life of the people. One saw Icons (as holy pictures were called) in all sorts of places—in railway stations and railway cars. In every town there were little shrines in a great many streets, where passers-by stood bare-headed and crossed themselves, many of them delaying to say some prayers. But those same people could be persistently immoral and drunk and capable of indulging in cruelty for its own sake.

It is an extraordinary thing that this bent for cruelty should exist in human nature as much as it has done in the past, and as it does at present in many quarters. It is hard to understand what pleasure the witnessing of the tortures

of another person can give to anybody, and yet we know that in ancient Roman civilization, the witnessing of deeds of blood and cruelty in vast amphitheatres arranged for the purpose, was the great pastime of the period. Eastern races are supposed to be very cruel, but the study of Chinese civilization shows that whatever cruelty was exercised, claimed as its motive a desire to inflict just punishment or to extract information from unwilling or untruthful witnesses.

The Tartars were, however, undoubtedly a cruel race. They were not satisfied to massacre, wholesale, the races they conquered, but they also tortured whoever opposed them. It must be remembered that the Russians were under Tartar domination for hundreds of years. We have all heard the saying "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." There is a great intermixture of Tartar blood amongst the Russians and it has curious effects. Anyone who has had to deal with Far Eastern people of Mongol origin and also with Russians must, I think, have found strains of similar mentality. I know I did, and found it very remarkable.

The Russian is supposed to be a very good-natured man, and many writers applaud the Russians for their charitable outlook, that is, a Russian is supposed, and in fact is, very tolerant of other people's failings, and even of their crimes. In pre-revolution days sympathy was always with the criminal, and observers attributed this attitude to charity of mind. I have often wondered whether it was not really due to an innate sympathy with crime and moral evil. In modern Europe such things as torturing a man or flogging him to death would be regarded with horror, but amongst Russians this was not so. At all events, whatever the reason, the Russian, when he gets into power and has the whip hand, is capable of cruelty in extreme form.

THE Government of the Czar absolutely controlled unquestioned all departments of administration. Its great instrument was the Secret Police. Their agents were everywhere. The activities of the Secret Police were inspired by dread of revolution. They were not police for the purpose of discovering and punishing ordinary crime, their main object of existence was to detect and report on political activity, or signs of incipient revolt. They were an evil and corrupt body. I have been told, and I can believe it to be true, that the Secret Police in many cases attempted to stifle incipient movement towards revolution amongst the student class, by encouraging them, or seeing that they were encouraged, to lead lives of debauchery, this by way of depriving them of ideals or any capacity for

leadership. Another practice of the Secret Police was to excite the peasants against the Jews, who were very often small shop-keepers and money lenders in the villages. This meant that the peasants were made aware that they might attack the Jews, rob them of their goods, and murder and torture them, and do whatever they liked, without running any risk of being called to account by the authorities. These performances were called pogroms. They diverted the peasants from their own troubles.

AFTER the Russian Japanese War, a revolution broke out. It was sternly put down. The man who put it down was Stolypin, but though Stolypin could be and was extremely ruthless and brutal in suppressing the revolution, he maintained that, once that was done, reforms should be introduced which would do away with any just cause for unrest. He had designed, and was carrying out, land acts and various far-reaching reforms, but his action in this direction did not meet with approval from the old Die-hards, who in Russia, were known under the name of the "Black hundred," so Stolypin was doomed and was assassinated by the Secret Police.

It is one of the great debates in Europe as to what part Russia really played in bringing on the great War; was she dragged into it unwillingly, or did people in high position in Russia look on the advent of war as a way out of internal difficulties? A friend of mine who was highly placed in the Foreign Office in Russia at the commencement of the War has given me to understand that the Czar's Government was largely responsible, but then he was one of those in sympathy with revolution in Russia, and inclined to attribute every misfortune to the Czar's Government. He never was, however, a supporter of the Bolshevik régime, and regards it as an institution carrying on the worst features of the old form of Government with the aid of the same old instrument, an all powerful Secret Police. On the other hand, Sazonoff, who was Foreign Minister at the time, constantly maintained that the War would have been postponed if the English Government had declared at an early stage that Great Britain would not be neutral if any attack was made through Belgium.

My own opinion is that the powers that ruled in Germany were determined to have war in order to establish a complete preëminence of the German Empire in Europe and, subsequently, in the whole world. However that may be, the Russians entered into war full of fervor. It was, I think, welcomed by many of the people who wished to see revolutionary changes in the Govern-

ment. They seemed to have an idea that in some way it would result in the establishment of constitutional Government in Russia. Many of the extreme Conservatives also, I think, welcomed the War, and after Turkey came in on the side of Germany, they were filled with the vision of Russia established at Constantinople reviving the Byzantine empire and controlling the Eastern Coast of the Mediterranean. This idea had immense attraction for this class inasmuch as it would mean the domination of the Greek Church and the nomination of the Patriarchs of Constantinople by the Czar.

**I** WAS in Russia in 1915 and I could see as months went on that the first fervor had died out. The Russian casualties at the front were appalling. The utter ruthlessness which frequently appears in the Russian character was not absent from some of the Generals in command. They did not hesitate to hurl bodies of troops against positions impossible to take, quite regardless of the number who might be killed. I remember, when I was in Moscow, speaking to the General who was in command there of an immense camp full of conscripts training for the front. I had known him before. I told him that it seemed to me that the casualties at the front were very terrible. He simply said, "What does it matter, we have millions and millions to draw upon." I did not say anything more, but I felt that there was something very wrong.

I had some contact with the people in power in Petrograd in those days, sufficient to show me how utterly corrupt many of the responsible officials were. At the same time I had contact also with men who were looked upon as revolutionaries, but who in reality were people seeking a rather modified form of constitutional Government, but outside those two classes there was strong evidence, even in those days, of underground movement, forerunner of the mighty earthquake that eventually happened.

It is well known that whole regiments of men were sometimes hurled against Austrian and German positions unarmed. The money that should have supplied the rifles had been misappropriated and gone into the pockets of highly placed individuals in Petrograd. In a hospital in Petrograd, a wounded soldier told me that he had only a stick when he charged the enemy. He naively said, "A stick may be all right for an Austrian, but for Germans you must have a gun." And so it went on until the Revolution in March, 1917. Even then the Foreign Ministers in Petrograd did not realize the havoc that had been played in the Army by the recklessness of those in command.

I have heard experienced military men say that there is a percentage of casualties beyond which no troops, however well trained, can be depended upon to stand firm. The Russian Army had reached that stage. Millions of men wanted to stop fighting. The Foreign Ministers kept pressing Kerensky's Government to keep active on the front—madness on their part and a greater madness on the part of Kerensky to have listened to them. And then Lenin and Trotsky arrived—their keen Jewish brains (for Lenin was half a Jew) saw that the time had come. They had the gospel ready in the ideas laid down by their fellow Jew, Karl Marx. They made peace with Germany when they seized the power from Kerensky's hands. The army, released from the strain of war, was also released from all discipline and so you had Russia utterly disorganized, utterly unbalanced by the strain it had gone through, completely loosened from old concepts and unrestrained by a religion in which emotional piety replaced stern principles of morality.

Russia is chiefly a country of peasants. Peasant characteristics are well known. Their hard fight to win what they get against nature makes them thrifty. They also have a hunger for more land. The Bolshevik rulers knew this well, and soldiers at the front therefore, who were now disbanded and who were nearly all of the peasant class, were told that there would be a division of the land still in the hands of the great land owners. They hurried back to get some of it. Soviet committees were formed in every village. The local landlords were murdered or arrested, their houses burned and then arrangements for dividing the land commenced. It would be quite untrue to suppose that the landlord class in Russia were all cruel and impossible local tyrants. The majority of them were nothing of the kind; but there were a great number who left the management of their properties in the hands of managers who attended to everything and controlled the whole administration, while the owners lived extravagant lives away from their estates.

**I** FIND that it is a common misapprehension in Ireland to think of class relations in other countries in terms of our own experience. There is a vast difference between an alien class of ruling landlords imposed on a country by conquest and using their power to persecute the religion of the conquered, and a ruling class of the same blood as the people themselves and of the same religion. In the latter case, which was that of Russia, the two classes understand each other and have much in common. The revolution in Russia, however, broke down all the bonds of society. Forces of greed were

let loose so that the landlords, good and bad, were all swept away. They and their families were murdered wholesale and their houses burned.

**T**HESE forces of anarchy and destruction having been let loose, it remained for Lenin, Trotsky and their following to see how they could ride the storm and establish a domination which would enable them to bring into existence the godless Communism, designed by the Jew Karl Marx. To do this, they had in fact to establish a new Czarism, absolutely ruthless and all powerful. They did this under the alluring title of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. The methods of the dethroned Government appealed to them as suitable enough, a loyal army and a universal Secret Police. They very quickly organized these two instruments and the rest was easy. They showed no weakness whatever, and no sentiment. They did not hesitate to make it quite clear that those classes who could not be considered as proletarian were to be ruthlessly exterminated, and as they very quickly established a law that nobody could buy anything without possessing cards issued by the Government entitling them to do so, it was very easy to eliminate such of the bourgeoisie as had not been massacred.

In the wholesale butchery which took place there was a great deal of cruelty practised. I will not harrow my readers' feelings by recounting numerous instances which I have good evidence for knowing to be true. I can vouch for the following fact however, I had a friend, an Englishman, who had spent the most of his life in Russia. He had started life as a working man in cotton mills in Lancashire and from there he had gone to Russia to work in Russian cotton mills. He had learned Russian and spoke it just like a Russian. He had also learned German and spoke it fluently. He had got on and finally became the manager of a cotton mill, but he retired when he was about fifty-five, and when the Bolsheviks obtained power he was just sixty years of age. He had come back with me to England during the War. After Lenin and Trotsky obtained power in Russia he told me he was going back there. I begged of him not to do so, but he said that he knew the Russians and liked them, and that he had great sympathy with the Revolution and thought he might be useful to the new Government. He got to Petrograd and was appointed as one of the Soviet Commissaries. He did not, however, approve of the cruelties practised and he tried to alleviate the sorrow and misery of some of the victims. For doing this he was accused of treachery and killed.

A certain number of people who have recently been to Russia claim that happiness and contentment are prevalent. I



have also had information from people who have been in Russia recently and whose knowledge of the true state of affairs can, in my opinion, be relied upon. They reported that there was undoubtedly a certain number of enthusiasts in the large towns who rejoiced at the establishment of the Marxian philosophy of life, but that the main body of the people were very unhappy. From one source, which can, I think, be relied on, I received the information that in the Ukraine, which is one of the richest parts of Russia, and produces most of the wheat, the inhabitants had killed twenty thousand Soviet officials within the last ten years. That doesn't look as if they appreciated the new régime.

If there is to be a revolt against the present régime in Russia it will probably commence in the Ukraine. After

the union of Lithuania and Poland and up to the middle of the seventeenth century, the Ukraine with its capital, Kief, was incorporated in the Polish Commonwealth. In 1648 the Cossacks, under their leader, Hmelnitski, revolted from Polish rule. They were joined by the Tartars from the Crimea. After they had driven the Poles out of the Ukraine they met with overwhelming defeat from the forces of the Commonwealth at the battle of Berestcheko. At this time Prussia was a dependency of Poland. In 1655, the Swedes invaded Poland and had the treacherous aid of the Prussians. The Swedes overran the country and, though they were finally driven out, Poland was so weakened that she was unable to cope with a renewed revolt in the Ukraine. The Ukraine became independent and it was not till the reign of Catherine the Great that

it was fully absorbed into the Russian Empire.

It is interesting to note that when the Czar abdicated, the Ukraine declared its independence. It reverted to its old system of personal government. Skoropadski was made Hetman, but finally the Bolsheviks, working on the greed of the peasants, drove out the Hetman and today the Ukraine, the great grain producing part of Russia, is under Soviet control.

In conclusion, therefore, I will confine myself to stating that the Bolshevik régime will continue in Russia as long as the small body who carry it out can command the loyalty of the Red Army and of the Secret Police. If these two forces should fail them or turn against them, then there would be renewed revolution in Russia, with what result one cannot prophesy.

# Romance *and* Reality

By Charles F. Ferguson

"A BEAUTIFUL fairy story!" says the Modern Critic, laying down the New Testament with a sigh. He describes the legend therein related of an Incarnate and wonder-working God Who rose from the dead, as fitted for the world's childhood, but as being now rendered incredible by the advance of scientific thought. For over a century the critics have been busy pulling the Gospels to pieces, emphasizing the part played in their composition by the myth-making instinct, declaring that such-and-such passages were interpolations by a later hand, giving natural explanations of incidents reported as supernatural—all this under the dogmatic assumption that "miracles do not happen" and that, therefore, when they are chronicled, some way must be found of discrediting the narrative.

Of course, the result is fatal to the beauty of the story. The glamor of the Galilean hills vanishes and there is left only a somewhat extraordinary Jewish prophet with what the Protestant Bishop Barnes called "a flair for spiritual truth." The aura of mystery which has enveloped His Person fades into the light of common day. The wonders He was said to perform were due in reality—it would seem—to the wonderful powers of suggestion He possessed. As a matter of fact, He was nothing more, it is said, than an itinerant preacher Who, at a critical time in the world's history, caught the imagination of a few ignorant peasants and was transfigured by them into a Divine Being.

When we complain to the critics that

they have robbed us of the most consoling Figure in history they reply that that is the price we have to pay for truth. "As the child grows up," they tell us, "he loses belief in Santa Claus but this is more than made up for by the wider experience of actuality that he has gained. So it is in religion. We learn to give up the myths which charmed earlier generations but if, in consequence, the world seems duller, our view of it is at least more accurate. Poetry must give way to the prose of fact, romance must submit to reality." This counsel leaves us with a picture of the common daylight gradually dispersing the misty turrets of our dreams and leaving us only the familiar world of every day. The continuance of scientific exploration, it would seem, will finally explain away all the mysteries of life. The conquests of the laboratory will leave no secrets unsolved. The generations to come will have to be sadly resigned to a disenchanted earth.

Yet, if we give a little attention to the subject we shall find that the advance of knowledge is by no means having this effect. True, it is ridding us of many superstitions. A whole host of gnomes, witches, hobgoblins and ghosts have already disappeared. But the strange thing is that, the more we know, the greater become the ultimate mysteries. Science and criticism, so far from abolishing these, reveal them more clearly.

Take, for instance, the subject mentioned already—the Story of Jesus. Recently there has been published a book called *Who Moved the Stone?* It deals

with the narrative of Christ's Resurrection. Frank Morison, the author, started out to study the subject with all the pre-suppositions I have named. He was ultra-modern in his views and intended to write a book disproving the traditional conception of what took place on the first Easter. But as he progressed, he became uneasy. A scrupulously careful sifting of the evidence made it clear to him that there was more in the Evangelists' account than he had imagined. Here are his own words: "Things emerged from that old-world story which previously I should have thought impossible. Slowly but very definitely the conviction grew that the drama of those unforgettable weeks of human history was stranger and deeper than it seemed. It was the *strangeness* of many notable things in the story which first arrested and held my interest. It was only later that the irresistible logic of their meaning came to view."

THE point lies in the fact that the book which he eventually wrote is by far the strongest case for the historical truth of the New Testament account of the Resurrection I have seen. The almost microscopic scrutiny which this writer has given every shred of evidence bearing on the matter has deepened the mystery. He makes it as certain as such things can be that it was an empty tomb which the women of the Gospels found, and that there is no explanation of its emptiness save the physical character of Christ's rising. The critics' weapons have been turned against

themselves. Hitherto, defenders of tradition have depended largely on the authority which lay behind the Gospels. Frank Morison does nothing of the kind. He writes as a scientific historian and it is as such that he comes to his startling conclusion. That is the significance of his work.

Let us take another instance! There is no doubt that observers in previous ages were more credulous as regards the supernatural than we are today. They lacked the scientific means for exact investigation. Their minds were not trained as are those of our own generation to the faithful recording of phenomena. In the absence of the critical spirit they admitted evidence which would be rejected by us. If accounts of miracles, therefore, rested solely on their testimony, it would go hard, from the scientific point of view, with belief in the supernatural. It would be easy for the skeptic to say that the wonders attributed to the Saints would have been disproved if the contemporary witnesses had been trained to observation by Twentieth Century methods. That would have been a plausible argument and one against which faith would have had to fight desperately.

**F**ORTUNATELY, modern science has had the opportunity of testing, by all means in its power, contemporary miracles. At Lourdes the most minute medical examination is given to every case of reported cure and only those which, after the doctors have declared that no natural explanation suffices to account for the patient's restoration to health, is the cure admitted as genuinely supernatural. Every resource known to medical science is employed to find an alternative to this conclusion. When it is reached, therefore, the miracle is established far more strongly than it could have been under medieval conditions. Knowledge, so far from lessening the marvel of such contemporary happenings, increases their credibility. Quite apart from faith, Lourdes presents an obstinate stumbling-block to skepticism. The stronger the light that bears upon what takes place there, the more apparent does it become that we are here face to face, right now in the Twentieth Century, with the inexplicable working of Divine Power.

Herbert Spencer, the Agnostic philosopher, had a saying that the more our circle of knowledge extended, the wider was the area of ignorance that it touched. In other words, the more we discover, the more we find there is to be discovered. This is particularly true of psychology, that science which professes to give us an account of the working of our own minds. When we look back at the bald statements of those who, writing under the influence of the rationalistic era, essayed to catalog our mental interiors, we are amused at their crudeness. It is as if one should describe a cathedral by saying that it consisted of four walls and a roof. It is certainly a fact that, the more our psychological knowledge

has grown, the more mysterious human nature has become. In fact, we have swung to the other extreme and find all sorts of hobgoblins lurking in the subconscious mind of which our forefathers were unaware. Hypnotism, the power of suggestion, telepathy, the significance of dreams, apparitions and a score of other things, accounts of which were previously set down to superstition, are now gravely (in some cases, too gravely) discussed by the pundits of this science.

Man, from the scientific point of view, is more than ever a mystery to himself. And the further he explores the caverns of his being, the more are they seen to constitute an endlessly complex maze. Four walls and a roof! What about the shadowy vistas glimpsed between the pillars, and the unexpected side-chapels on which you stumble, and the towering pinnacle on which soars the cross, and the crypt that lies beneath it all? And, most of all, what about that mysterious realm which may be fitly termed the Tabernacle, wherein God dwells with His creature?

The more the physicists explore their own domain, the more mystified they become. The day before yesterday the atom was supposed to be the unit of matter; yesterday the atom was split up into molecules, but today the whole phenomenon seems to be nothing else but force. The dust beneath our feet hides secrets which baffle the wisest. Life itself, which was casually defined as a property of protoplasm and the chemical conditions of which were regarded as all-sufficient by the materialistic scientists of the last century, retreats further and further from the microscope and we have to confess our ignorance, even though we can tag all the letters of the alphabet after our names, of what makes the humblest plant grow. All the learning of our enlightened age has but deepened the mystery of the physical universe. As the circle of our knowledge

has spread outwards, at every point it has touched a new area of ignorance. We know more than our fathers, yet, strange to say, we have also more problems to solve than they. We ask questions they never thought of asking. Things they took for granted have become the occasion of head-shaking. We are far more perplexed than ever they were.

**A**T the outset of this article I drew a picture of a gradually encroaching science limiting more and more the area of our ignorance. We faced the appalling prospect of a world from which the last shadow had been driven, in which all the nooks and crannies had been explored, where all was known and tabulated and there remained no hidden phantoms to molest our complacent security. I have called this prospect appalling; and so it is. For a humanity so conditioned would soon lose interest in a universe thus completely understood. Mystery is the lure of life. The romance that lurks still, despite Eugenists' and Bolsheviks' efforts to suppress it, in human relationships is the main spring of social existence. Without that poetry which science and experience are always threatening to turn into prose, yet never do, we should become dull, uninteresting and mechanically-minded. Disillusioned by the tameness of an existence that held no mystic significance to tempt our hopes, we should end the human story by an act of universal suicide.

But that "appalling prospect" will not be realized. The elusive Mystery that everywhere meets us is unconquerable. As we advance it will grow deeper. But we need not fear it. Superstition begets a servile dread, but the Mystery of which we speak is the mystery of holiness and love. It is the mystery of the God and Father of Jesus Christ. And when we bow before it in befitting reverence, fear departs and our hearts are filled with an adoring devotion.

## Passion Pastels

By A. Page

*"And when supper was done (the devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon, to betray Him)...."—JOHN 13: 2.*

**O** JESU, at that moment when Thy heart,  
Would set aside all bounds of space and time,  
And show us once for all that Love Divine  
Could never bear from our poor flesh to part,  
Lo! there sat one with Thee—whose soul a mart  
Had grown to be, where thieves might ply their trade,  
And now a bargain by their prince is made  
That leaves within Thy soul a silver dart.

And men e'er since have shuddered as they thought  
Of his perfidity—the foolish price  
That Hatred set, and Avarice did take,  
And yet e'en still the self-same trade is sought—  
And still the souls of men will sacrifice  
The Gold of Love Divine for silver's sake!

# THE THIRD FALL

## *The Eleventh of a Series of Devotional Papers on the Stations of the Cross*

By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D.

IN some of the ancient methods of commemorating the Passion of Our Lord by making the dolorous way there are mentioned no less than thirty-two different falls. Some of these are, of course, connected with other incidents mentioned by the Evangelists, as, for instance, the scourging. But other Stations mention a fall of Jesus without reference to any other event. Thus in our present accepted list of Stations there are three falls, unconnected with any other mystery, which are presented for meditation.

Now these three distinct falls surely were not chosen at random in order to round out the number of Stations, for, as we have seen, there was for a long time no specially approved number. Then, too, there were many other mysteries of the Passion, as the scourging, the crowning with thorns, which would have served for meditation in a Way of the Cross, and which in fact did so figure in some of the earliest selection of incidents.

If the three falls were considered worthy of note without any other qualification—three falls to be meditated upon out of the total fourteen Stations—it must have been due to the importance which the Church attributed to the fact of those falls. It is also very significant that the immediate antecedent to which we trace our present approved Way of the Cross was called "The Seven Falls." There was a great lesson in that fact, a great mystery, that the Way of the Cross was regarded as a Way of Falls.

Looked at the matter mystically, we can see how the idea of fall would color the whole mystery of the Passion. The fall of man—that was the reason for the Incarnation and Redemption. Man fell. All along the road of life he had gone stumbling and falling. And in atoning for that way of falls of man it was meet that Jesus be mindful of it all the length of the road of pain, and make that road the Way of Falls.



JESUS FALLS UNDER HIS CROSS THE THIRD TIME

The second fall of Jesus, noted as the Seventh Station, we were pleased to associate with the mental agony He endured as He left the city of Jerusalem for the last time—an Exile—and thought of the coming destruction when Jerusalem would fall crashing to the depths. He had fallen prone as the city was to fall. But there was yet another fall to be noted, a more tremendous fall, a fall not of Jerusalem alone but of the whole world.

So Our Lord plodded on after His words of prophecy to the sympathetic women. From the Judicial Gate the procession had veered to the south. Now it took a turn to the west to approach the ascent to Calvary. From the square where He had stopped for a moment to utter His words of warning to the women, it was about four hundred feet to the foot of the hill. It was a long stretch of road. The way was hard. The rough

stones were still a torture to His feet. They were numbed with pain, as if He had trodden over the ploughshares.

He had received no ease since the little bit of comfort Veronica had given Him with the veil that had wiped the blood and dirt from His face. That was ages ago. The winds from the hills had swooped down on Him again, lifting up the dust and driving it into His face, filling His eyes again almost to blindness and clotting the trickling blood that never ceased to ooze forth.

That was agony enough. That alone would send Him falling to the stones. And with that was the mental anguish that cut through His heart and brain as He realized that He had at last come to the foot of Calvary. Calvary and all that it stood for! For the one thought that stood out was the reason of its existence. Every scrap of stone, every grain of sand that went to make up



Calvary represented a fall of man. Countless as were the pebbles and the grains of sand, countless so were the sins of men that went piling up the heap of iniquity which the Son of God took upon His back. There at the bottom of the hill there rolled before His eyes the panorama of the past, the crimes of men from Adam to Judas. Man had fallen from the heights of heaven. Man had begun to fall and had never stopped falling.

The panorama of the past was done, but the falling did not stop. There it went on and on into the future, one fall after another till all mankind seemed to crash downward like a Niagara of falling Souls. Men fell, men are falling, men will fall, till all Creation seems but a Way of Falls. Sight of the past, sight of the future, and to Jesus it is more than He can endure. And in the moment, as all the world seems to fall upon His head, Jesus in atonement sinks from the physical and mental weakness and crashes to the stone for the last time. It is the most agonizing fall of all, there at the foot of Calvary.

**S**OME who make the tradition of the third fall of Jesus place it not at the foot but at the summit of the hill. In one way it makes little difference. The chances are that He fell at both places. We learn from the revelations of St. Bridget and other Saints that He fell many times on the way. But whether at the foot or at the top of the hill we may call it the Calvary fall, the fall at the end of the Way. I like to think of that third fall as the fall of the last hope of Jesus. It is a humiliating thought to me. I feel that somehow I could have prevented a great deal of that tragedy. And so that Ninth Station is a favorite of mine because I know that in a special manner I was there and had a lot to do with making Jesus fall to the ground. All along the Way of the Cross I burned with indignation at the malice of the Jews, at the weakness of Pilate, at the blindness of the priests, until I came to the foot of Calvary and the fall of Jesus there, and then I knew that I was at the bottom of it all, that my own sins were the last straw to make the load overpowering, that I could have reached out my hand to sustain Him, but that on the contrary I gave Him the push that sent Him reeling to the stones. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not."

Jesus had reached Calvary at last, and as He fell against that hill I like to think He kissed the sand as the Discoverer of a new world, soon to be the refuge of every bruised and bleeding heart.

The real meaning of Golgotha or Calvary, discussed from time immemorial has never been absolutely decided, perhaps never will be. The Hebrew word Golgotha, or Gulgoletha, means *skull*,

or in Latin *calva*, hence Calvary may be translated as the place of a skull. Now how it got that name, it is impossible to say. There have been all sorts of explanations but none of them is decisive.

Some say it is due to the fact that the hill was shaped like a skull, and was a rocky mound upon which nothing could grow. Others affect to see in it an indication that the name came from the number of skulls of criminals who had been put to death there. But there is no ground for that derivation. The Jews had no set or permanent place for executions, but chose any place that chanced to be convenient, so long as it was public enough for the people to notice it, and thus get the lesson of warning from the punishment inflicted. A public execution was not only for punishment of the malefactor but also to strike terror into the observers and so act as a preventive of crime. The Jews had a horror of dead bodies and bones and they would hardly allow so many skulls to be exposed in a public place.

Whatever the original derivation of the name, it is plain that it had been used for some time, perhaps for ages. There is an old tradition that Adam was buried at the foot of the hill, and that consequently the name Golgotha had reference to that fact, and meant—the place of the skull of Adam. So Tertullian writes: "Our forefathers told us that a

large skull was found here; we received a tradition that the first man was buried here." So also with Origen: "It has come to me by tradition that the body of the first man, Adam, was buried where Christ was crucified." And, indeed, all the Fathers accept that tradition. Now whether the tradition be true or only a legend, it makes little difference in regard to the use of the name. The Jews called the hill Golgotha and believed that Adam was buried there, and it was the name given to the place long before the time of Jesus.

But we gladly accept the tradition. It is at least a beautiful bit of mystic poetry and it bears out the meaning attached to the third fall of Jesus. Here on Calvary were the old Adam and the new Adam. Here at the foot of the Cross was the skull of the first man. On some crucifixes we see, below the feet of Jesus, the skull and cross-bones, representing Adam buried at Calvary. The blood of Jesus flows down the cross upon the head of him who had brought sin into the world.

And so with that thought in mind it is thrilling to contemplate the third fall of Jesus. Prone He fell upon the very grave of Adam. There was Adam fallen, there was man fallen, there was I fallen, there was all the world fallen, and the vision of all those falls made Jesus go down in the most painful and heart-breaking of all the falls of that Way of Falls.

## The Fifth Station

By Matthew Richardson

**S**IMON is forced to aid Him. "You, yes you; Jump to it, you Libyan! Time for talking, when Your nigger brood is round you. You a Jew? This is the King o' the Jews, man! Bear His train!" He buckles-to; so near, he looks upon Each weal, can time the flinching muscle, and call *Change shoulder!* And the beam throbs at every groan. He thinks he has no part in them at all.

**O** FOR the light of Thy love, to dispel  
All my refusals, all my repinings!  
This is my Cross unbearable:  
Still to bear, and still rebel.

O for the love of Thy Passion, to tear  
All self-will from my heart as a burden!  
So should my Cross be Simon's share:  
Only to help, while Thou dost bear.

**L**ORD, make them understand,  
The heirs of those who placed  
Thy Word in every simple Simon's hand,  
That truth is not a kind of taste.  
*How then? My truth must shame  
To a pure life, that cries it  
Against all bastard cults who forge My Name  
Till the poor simple man denies it.*

# THE FIGURE THAT TURNED

By Cecily Hallack

AT the end of April last year, I was staying in Fiesole, Italy, at the convent of the Blue Nuns, which hangs on the hillside in a net of wisteria. It was once the Hermitage of the Jerolymites—a vanished Order; and it is still a stronghold of Heaven. You may sleep in what was once a hermit's cell, and is now a white guest-room, with central heating and electric light installed, with none of the ancient peace taken away which a Saint left behind. From the window, across the lemon-trees, where the nightingale sings on into the morning, may be seen the whole valley of the Arno and the City of Florence. Above the convent is the Church of San Francesco, one of the dearest of Franciscan places, with St. Bernardine's cell still to be seen in the little monastery. And on the other side is the cathedral where St. Andrew Corsini sleeps.

No celestial event would seem out of place or very surprising in April at Fiesole, among the lilac and iris, the roses and carnations. Only the practical kindness of the nuns keeps that house in this world at all. (They go about, blue veils flying, to answer the telephone or bring a cup of coffee, because you ate no breakfast and that typewriter was going. . . . "Mother, last night, the stars and the nightingale . . . and this morning early, the bells . . .") "Yes, darling, but don't fall out of the window." The nuns are accustomed to babblers, drunken with beauty; accustomed to reminding them to eat and wear a hat in the sun, until they come to their senses.)

BUT it was not there that this thing happened. It was at a business house in a busy street in Florence. One golden morning I went down from Fiesole—the bearer of messages from a friend in England to her cousin who works with a well-known antiquary. After I had given them to Signora Craffo, she took me through rooms that were very pleasantly dark and cool after the streets, along which my little cab had rattled, and showed me the furniture and valuables set out there. She knew I could spend nothing but admiration, but she added Italian kindness to her English welcome, and although the firm was very busy just then, she had arranged to be free to show me anything in the house or the city. Nobody could have hurried through

those rooms. Every piece was enviable. Often there was a story to be told about a picture or chair whose history was known; about other things, one could only imagine and guess.

We were just leaving one room, when Signora Craffo turned back and pointed

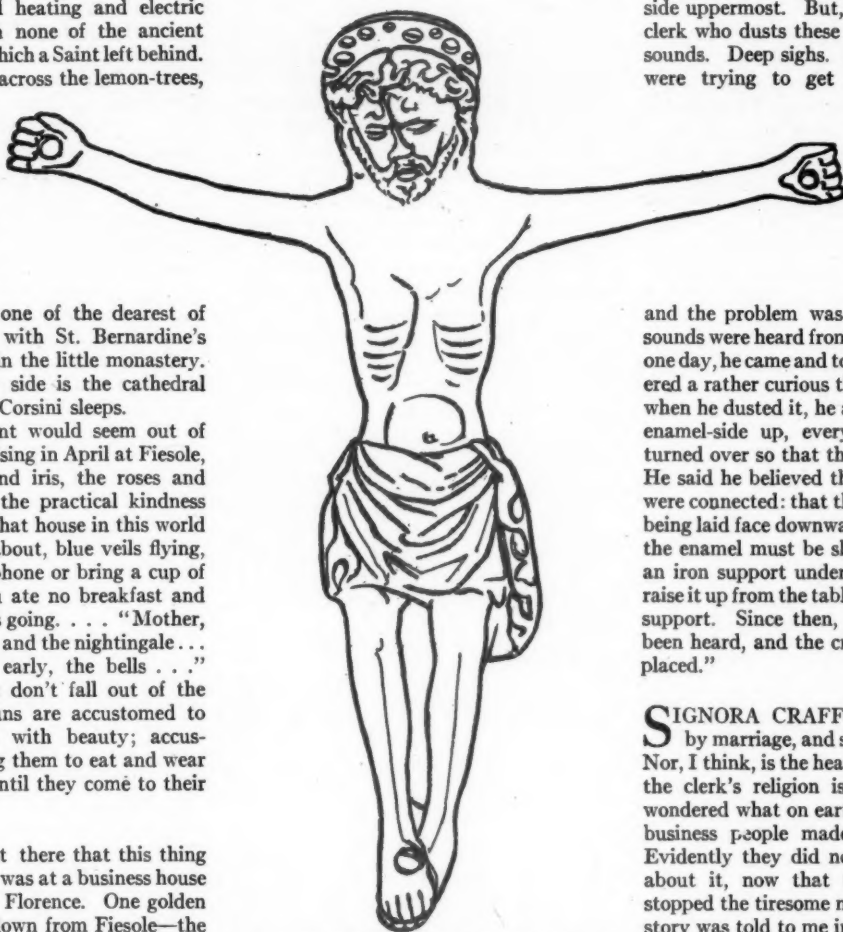
against which the head of the cross was propped. "There is a rather curious story about that. You see," she went on, turning the cross over to display a small and rather ugly brass figure on the other side, "this figure is of a later period than the cross, and it is the enamel-work which is so valuable; so, of course, we put the valuable side uppermost. But, some time ago, the clerk who dusts these rooms kept hearing sounds. Deep sighs. As though someone were trying to get his breath. Each

time, he searched the whole of this floor, fearing that one of us had been taken ill up here. But there was nobody to be found. None of us could explain it,

and the problem was unsolved, and the sounds were heard from time to time. Then one day, he came and told me he had discovered a rather curious thing: that although, when he dusted it, he always left the cross enamel-side up, every day he found it turned over so that the figure was on top. He said he believed the two strange facts were connected: that the figure did not like being laid face downwards on the table. If the enamel must be shown, he would put an iron support under the cross, so as to raise it up from the table. We gave him the support. Since then, the sighs have not been heard, and the cross remains as it is placed."

SIGNORA CRAFFO is only an Italian by marriage, and she is not a Catholic. Nor, I think, is the head of the firm. What the clerk's religion is, I don't know. I wondered what on earth those two English business people made of such a story. Evidently they did not think very much about it, now that the dumb-bell had stopped the tiresome manifestations. The story was told to me in just the same way that dates and origins were mentioned in connection with furniture and fountains and vases. I was not at all sure what I thought about it, and I took the rest of that day—in which the Signora took me to see the Carthusian monastery and to have tea in what had once been a palace—to make up my mind.

What was the point of such a manifestation, theologically? Do not ask a Catholic to believe that a brass crucifix-figure requires air. Nor would any complicated scientific possibility of metal expanding in the heat of the day or shrink-



A LIKENESS OF THE FIGURE, ACCURATELY DRAWN BY A BENEDICTINE AS ARTIST, SHOWING THE UNEVENNESS OF THE CASTING

to a processional cross that was displayed on a table, asking,

"Did you notice that?"

I went back to have another look at the enamel-work which covered it. It was an extraordinarily beautiful and valuable thing.

"You see it is not laid flat on the table?" she said, pointing to a kind of dumb-bell

ing in winter cold, meet the case, because, even if there could be some such explanation of a sound, it would not also explain the turning over of a very heavy processional cross, or the cessation of both phenomena at the same time. Visitors would not be the explanation of the turning over, because visitors do not go unescorted through that treasure-house, and, in any case, it would be the enamel they would want to see, not the ugly little brass figure. Nor, even if I had not known Signora Craffo, would I think that the story had been invented to add to the interest of the cross. It was not the right kind of story—too pointless, somehow. Besides, English gentle-folk do not think pious stories are a business asset.

NO, psychologically it was all wrong when you thought of it as an invention. As for the clerk, he had nothing to gain by such a story. I saw him, a busy man at his ledger, who looked as English as those who had employed him for many years and knew him as trustworthy in every way. Besides, why make a story about that unattractive figure, when there were ancient statues of saints of considerable beauty, jewel-studded chalices and far more interesting things to weave a story round, if you had imagination?

No, the only conclusion which made any sense at all was that, for some reason, the crucifix-figure had called attention to itself. And the reason must be that such a figure is made for the devotion of Christians—not to be bought and turned to the wall in some collector's room where only the enamel-work will be considered.

So, at tea, I suddenly asked Signora Craffo if she would do me a great kindness. Would she, as soon as possible, find another figure for the cross, one perhaps of the same period as the enamel-work and more suitable, have that put on instead and allow me to pay for it, sending me the other figure in exchange? Meanwhile, if any offer was made for the cross before the figure had been changed, would she offer the head of the firm anything up to ten pounds to delay the bargain until this had been done? I was leaving for Rome next day, and so I must entrust the whole matter to her, but I begged her not to let the figure be sold to any one else.

I hope you have had a very skeptical thought about this—thinking ten pounds a fine offer to land for a little brass figure. You will have another thought of the same kind when I say that nothing could have been kinder than the way in which Signora Craffo promised to see that the figure was not sold to anyone else, and to take my message to the head of the firm. And (of course, you say) his reply was that he would set about replacing it at once, and that nobody else should have it. I am sorry to add that he said the cost of the replacing would be nothing like the sum I offered.

But it is not an easy business to find a

figure of the right size and period for a job like that. Weeks and months of wondering about it, and hoping for it, had gone by, when a letter came saying that the figure was ready for me, and—down go those skittles of the skeptics—that the head of the firm wished to make me a present of it. The only difficulty was: if it were sent by post, the custom-officers seeing from whom it came, would probably charge a high duty, not having any means of assessing its value and meaning to err on the right side. Did I know of anyone who would bring it to England in their luggage?

I wrote to the practical Blue Nuns at Fiesole. And, of course, by dint of telephoning, they got the figure to the convent in time to hand it over to an English priest who was leaving at once for home.

It came on a Friday, July 28. It lies on my desk, weighing down the pages I have already written, waiting for the cross I have asked the English Carthusians to make for it, not knowing holier hands.

Here is a likeness of it, accurately drawn by a Benedictine artist, showing the slight unevenness of the casting, and, if you look carefully, the expression of interior anguish blent with interior contentment which is almost a smile. Sometimes those who see the figure notice the anguish first, sometimes they comment on the contentment.

I told the story, the other day, to a Jesuit Father.

"A curious little story, isn't it?"

"I am not surprised by what you tell me," was the gist of his comment, "considering that it is Holy Year. Remember that it is part of Holy Year devotion that special attention shall be paid to relics and images of the Passion. Heaven may do some of the calling attention to such things. From all I hear, I am convinced that there have been other instances of this."

"And what is the point, exactly and definitely?"

"The point is the result. What was the result of attention drawn, by those manifestations, to this figure? Nothing but acts of kindness and generosity. The point is Love. Of course. Was there ever any point to anything He ever did, but Love?"

I LIKE to see, now, how true that is. People come into my study and see that little dark piece of brass, less than five inches long, lying on a cushion for safety, waiting for its proper cross.

Some give it a glance, and then another. None but contains an unconscious act of pity. Others look away after one glance, but there is an act of pity in that, too. Catholics, perhaps, become accustomed to the sight of a crucifix; non-Catholics, I think, never do. And they look away, it seems to me, because they know Christ was crucified for us, not because they do not believe. If it did not matter to them, they would look at it because it is an interesting piece of brass, and a few hundred years old. Does not the Church teach that

a blessing comes from even a look at a crucifix, if there is *any* homage in that look? The refusal of that second look can be as true homage as the kiss which a Catholic can give quite naturally. No one disregards it.

"It frightens me," said a man who is a Catholic and has seen terrible things during the War and in Russia and the East.

Two Catholic women who serve God every moment of their devout lives only looked at it affectionately, murmuring that it was a beautiful story. But He was familiar to them, and not strange.

The girl who was just going off to fly a new type of airplane took it in her hands and looked at it well, telling me, when I asked what she thought the expression was, what mystics down the ages have told of the predominance of His mental over His physical suffering, and that He was content to bear it, since it was our redemption. She is not a Catholic.

The stockbroker, who is not one either, picked it up very gently and looked at it with awe. "I nearly knocked it," he said, anxiously.

I have in one of my commonplace books a paragraph from Professor Rahilly's beautiful life of Father William Doyle, S.J. It contains these words: ". . . As His blood-clotted Eyes looked down on a sea of mocking, hardened faces, did He not feel the stream of adoring love which down the centuries was to converge on the Crucified?"

ON my way back from Italy, I stayed a night at Annecy, and at the Convent of the Visitation there bought the life of that rough-diamond of a little saint, Sister Marie-Marthe Chambon, through whom Our Lord made known His wish for renewed devotion to the Holy Wounds, teaching her that rosary which anyone may say in a few minutes—on the large beads, "Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Wounds of Our Lord Jesus Christ to heal those of our souls"; and on the small beads, "My Jesus, pardon and mercy through the merits of Thy Sacred Wounds." Thinking of the crucifix, this devotion seemed becoming to it. So does that ejaculation—is it St. Augustine's?—"O immense Passion! O profound Wounds, O effusion of Blood, O Sweetness above all sweetness, be to me eternal life!" But most of all, the words which Juliana of Norwich heard in her vision: "Art thou well content that I suffered for thee? If thou art content, I am content. It is a joy and endless liking to Me that ever I suffered Passion for thee; and if I might have suffered more, I would have suffered more. . . . Lo, how I love thee!"

Facts soon get lost as time passes. I hope that there is, at this moment, in the post the document I have asked for as a final kindness from Florence—this story written down, signed and witnessed by members of that firm, who heard and saw what happened.



# PRIESTS *and* CALENDAR REFORM

By Edward S. Schwegler

THE NRA, so they have been saying, may produce a more insistent demand for calendar reform. Control of industry requires exact and reliable statistics, and a fixed calendar would assure such statistics much more definitely and accurately than the present illogical arrangement of weeks and months.

Upon receipt of this innocent news item certain good people, including some Catholics, hasten to don once again the armor of orthodoxy and sally forth to do battle against the foes of tradition. They are convinced that calendar reform is essentially anti-Christian: that there lurks behind the program of the reformers a sinister plot against Christ and His Church.

Is there any basis for such a supposition? Hardly, in the face of a very simple but little known fact. Many advocates of calendar reform were and are priests. Even more: the fundamental idea of the whole modern reform movement was first conceived by a priest. And the present year, 1934, marks the centennial of the book in which he gave the idea to the world.

BEFORE we go into that, let us advert to what this modern reform movement consists in. Everybody knows the faults of our present calendar: its unequal months, quarters and halves; its constantly changing days of the week for given dates; its wandering Easter. The reformers propose, in the first place, a stable calendar that will be the same in day and date year after year. To bring this about, they take one day from the 365 days that go to make up the ordinary year and simply set it aside, calling it neither Sunday, nor Tuesday, nor Friday, nor any other day of the week. This day, known as the "extra-calendrical" or "blank" day, is made an international holiday and follows December 31. As a result of such an arrangement, you count only 364 days in a year. There are still 365, of course, but you just forget about one when you count, and consider that one as being simply outside the calendar. Since 364 is divided evenly by 7, you get the same succession of dates and days year in and year out: January 1 is always Sunday, December 31 always Saturday, etc. In leap years, when there are 366 days, you repeat this operation: the other extra day, our present February 29, is turned into another "blank" day placed

IT IS true that the Church has not as yet looked with much official favor upon proposals to reform the calendar, especially as they touch upon the Easter question. But this should simply spur on Catholic proponents of reform to new activity, for the Church will naturally not change her traditional attitude if the demand for such change is not insistent. Nor, we may be sure, will she approve of any plan that is too radical and too subversive of our heritage from the past. For this reason it seems more preferable by far for Catholics to advocate the 12-month, equal-quarters plan rather than the 13-month scheme. The former is more conservative, it is more conformed to the traditional pattern, it would fit in better with the ecclesiastical calendar, and it has some very solid and intrinsic merits of its own.

after June 31. The result, again, is 364 days and permanence.

Quite a clever little trick, isn't it? And practically all modern calendar reformers are agreed on this "blank" day principle, while the League of Nations has advocated it in its recommendations on the subject. It is beyond doubt the simplest and easiest way of stabilizing the calendar. However, as to the picture that the calendar is to present when stabilized, there is not quite so much agreement. In fact, there is decided disagreement. One camp wants 13 months of 28 days each. Another wants 12 months divided into four equal quarters of 91 days each, the months of every quarter to come in the permanent succession of 30-30-31 days. The former plan is known in this country as the *International Fixed Calendar*; the latter as the *World Calendar*.

Concerning the respective merits of these two schemes we are not here concerned: that angle of our subject has been presented innumerable times, and the results are available in any public library. At the moment we are just getting a general conspectus of the whole matter before finding out in particular what priests had to do with it.

In this general conspectus we must not omit the other cardinal proposal of modern calendar reform, *viz.*, a fixed Easter. That pivotal feast, as we know,

now wanders in date through a period of 35 days: March 22 to April 25. Calendar reformers would fix it to one definite Sunday in the year and so have it wander in date only within the limits of a week: or they would like better still to stabilize the calendar first, and then make Easter permanent both in day and in date, so that you could say, for example, "Easter Sunday is April 8," and then have done with the thing for all time to come. Perhaps it's too simple, and too Utopian, ever to come true. It should be well noted, though, that stabilizing the calendar and stabilizing Easter are two separate things. Within the limits demanded by the Sunday tradition, Easter could be stabilized without fixing the calendar, and vice versa.

So there you are in a few hundred words—the whole program of calendar reform that you hear so much about. Now what have priests had to do with that program?

In the first place, priests were advocating a fixed Easter long before modern calendar reform was in its cradle, squawking about the brevity of February. Already in the second century there were not only priests, but whole ecclesiastical provinces that wanted, and had, a fixed date for Easter—like March 5, for example, or April 7. In fact, so great was the diversity of discipline in the Easter question that a great Council, Nice, had to step in and legislate one method of calculation for all parts of the world. The method ultimately chosen was the Roman one, which Catholics have had ever since: Easter is the Sunday after the first full moon following upon the vernal equinox. This method was subsequently sanctioned by various Councils and was reaffirmed in the Gregorian reform of the calendar (1582). But also after the time of the latter a fixed Easter has been advocated by priests. Thus, René Ouvrard, canon of Tours, published at Paris in 1682 a *Calendarium novum, perpetuum et irrevocabile*, in which a stabilized Easter was a prominent feature. A Father Nau, S. J., followed up his ideas some years later.

BUT it is not fixing Easter so much as stabilizing the calendar itself that many people think quite new, unheard of and possibly anti-clerical. (N. B. in what follows it should be remembered that the proposal to stabilize

the calendar invariably includes a proposal to fix the date of Easter, though, as already noted, the two proposals are by no means identical or reciprocal in themselves.) The "blank" day principle especially has aroused much opposition—not so much from Catholics, though, as from Jews, Seventh Day Adventists and other Sabbatarians. The great argument of these latter is that the seven-day week was Divinely ordained by God, and that therefore to break up the regular succession of the Sabbaths would be impious. And this the "blank" day would do: for it would produce one or two weeks per year really consisting of eight days—a direct defiance of the Divine Will in the eyes of these critics.

**B**UT it is not so clear that the Creator established the seven-day week. It cannot be maintained that He did so at the creation, for no one knows just how long each of those seven "days" of creation we read of in Genesis lasted. Nor can we say that He established the week in the times of Moses, since the first mention of the Sabbath (in connection with the fall of manna—*Ex. 16, 22 sqq.*) implies that the day was even then a custom long familiar to the Israelites. That God sanctioned the Sabbath as the day of rest and worship is quite true; but this presents no difficulty to the Catholic, who knows that the Church of Christ made holy the first day of the week instead of the seventh, and who believed that the Church has received authority from God to institute changes and regulations of this kind in matters of discipline.

Yet, whatever one may think of these doctrinal considerations, the fact is that many Catholic priests have advocated the "blank" day principle without being either excommunicated, suspended or even "viewed with dismay." More surprising still, the "blank" day principle was first formulated by a Catholic priest. Credit for originating this extremely clever and simple device is often given to the Frenchman, Auguste Comte, who in 1849 proposed a permanent calendar with thirteen months of 28 days each; also to an unknown Marylander who wrote in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1845. But the fact is that already in 1834 an Italian priest, Marco Mastrofini, published at Rome a book entitled *Amplissimi frutti da raccogliersi sul calendario gregoriano perpetuo*. (1834 is the correct date for this publication, as a direct perusal of an original copy at the Vatican Observatory will demonstrate. Vol. VI, No. 4 of *The Reference Shelf*, subtitle *Thirteen-Month Calendar*, published by Wilson, N. Y., 1929, incorrectly gives 1835; whilst Chauve-Bertrand, *La Question du Calendrier*, Paris, 1920, gives 1837.) This book of Mastrofini was fortified by three *Nihil Obstat's* and two *Imprimatur's*. It proposed the following: a year of 364 days, beginning on

Sunday, Jan. 1, and ending with a 365th, extra-calendrical day, to be called, if the Church so decided, *feria octava*. In leap years the other extra day would be placed either after February, as in the Gregorian calendar, or after the *feria octava*; and this day would be called simply the *intercalary day*. Easter by this arrangement was automatically limited to five Sundays of definite date—on one of which it might eventually be fixed permanently.

The only detail in which Mastrofini did not anticipate schemes like the modern *World Calendar* was in regularizing the length of the months and making the quarters equal. But these are, after all, lesser details. Mastrofini originated the basic idea of all modern reform, the "blank" day. For this momentous pioneer proposal he has not been adequately honored by the calendar reformers nor sufficiently execrated by the Jews, Sabbatarians and others. The former should canonize him, and the latter burn him in effigy every so often.

The plan of Mastrofini was later advocated by two other ecclesiastics: in 1882 by Msgr. Nicora, Bishop of Como, and in 1894 by the Franciscan Father Castelli, who published a pamphlet entitled *Cinque Pasque sole*.

In 1884 a French priest, the Abbé Croze, chaplain of La Roquette in Paris, went to Rome charged with a mission (presumably by some private group) that had to do principally with the fixing of the Easter date. He was told that first the astronomers would have to come to an accord concerning a civil calendar, and was advised to consult the Institute of France.

In 1888 a Barnabite, Father Tondini de Quarenghi, took up the idea of calendar reform and propagated it especially among the Slavs, in whose languages he was well versed.

In 1912 Father Gabriel Nahapetian, a Mechitarist of Venice, published in several Italian magazines a proposal for a fixed, 12-month calendar with supplementary days and a stabilized Easter; and in 1913 the Armenian Press at S. Lazzaro, Venice, where these Armenian monks have their headquarters, published a pamphlet by the same writer in which a 13-month calendar with supplementary days and a fixed Easter was explained.

**I**N the 12-month calendar of Father Nahapetian the year begins on Sunday, January 1; there are four quarters consisting each of 30-30-31 days. The yearly "blank" day comes in at the end of August; the supplementary day of leap year is inserted after February. This scheme, it will seen, with the quite accidental exception of the location of "blank" days, is identical with the *World Calendar* now widely advocated in the United States and in other countries, under different names.

In his 13-month calendar Father Nahapetian introduces his yearly supplementary day after December, and his leap day (called "Bissextile Day") after the thirteenth month (called "Ararat"), which he interposes between August and September. In essence this is the same as the *International Fixed Calendar*, of which Mr. George Eastman was so sturdy a supporter.

**N**OW, it is interesting to note that Father Nahapetian claims to be the originator of both these schemes. He says, in an introduction to a pamphlet published at S. Lazzaro in 1923: "We insist only upon the priority of our publications without declaring that others have plagiarized from us, and we desire only to bring it to the notice of those called upon to pass judgment." However, it is doubtful whether the good Father can insist on such priority of publication. The "blank" day principle surely originated with Father Mastrofini's book of 1834. Further, a 12-month, equal-quarters plan with supplementary days was formed by a M. Armelin already in 1887, when it took first prize in a competition fostered by the Astronomical Society of France. It differed from Father Nahapetian's plan only in such incidental details as the day on which the year begins, or the location of the extra-calendrical days. Similarly, a 13-month calendar with supplementary days was formulated, as already mentioned, by Auguste Comte in 1849. It is therefore hard to see how Father Nahapetian can lay any claim to priority in the matter.

In 1920 a French priest, the Abbé Chauve-Bertrand, published at Paris, with a *Nihil Obstat* and an *Imprimatur* from the episcopal chancery at Nevers the book already referred to: *La Question du Calendrier*. The abbé had published various articles on the subject before this, and had taken part in the international congress that considered calendar matters at Liège in 1914. In 1922 he took part in the sittings of the Commission on the Reform of the Calendar established by the International Astronomical Union. In his invaluable little book M. Chauve-Bertrand gives a thorough review of his subject, and expresses a preference for the 12-month, equal-quarters plan with a fixed Easter.

Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, was much interested in the question of calendar reform. In 1922 at Paris he presided over the commission mentioned in the previous chapter. Later, however, the Cardinal retired from this presidential position because he did not feel himself sufficiently well grounded in astronomical matters to be of much use to the astronomers.

In 1923 the Italian Jesuit, Father G. Gianfranceschi, professor of physics and astronomy at the Gregorian University,

Rome, began to represent the Holy See in a semi-official capacity at the discussions of calendar reform inaugurated by the League of Nations. In the following year the Holy See made an official answer to the League of Nations queries through the Apostolic Nuncio at Berne, to the effect that the Church saw no good reason for changing the present state of affairs, but that there was no dogmatic difficulty about a modification of the calendar, and if this were shown to be of sufficient importance to the general good, the Holy See would refer the matter to an ecumenical council. In speaking of this statement afterwards, Father Gianfranceschi said that "the Church of Rome would never hold aloof from anything which concerned the welfare of humanity."

THE names of many other clerics have been identified with calendar reform. Still remaining on the other side of the water, we find, for example, the Abbé Th. Moreux, director of the Observatory of Bourges, France, who was mentioned at the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce, held at Prague in 1908, as an outstanding authority on calendar studies; the Abbot of Farnborough, Dom Cabrol, who in 1912 discussed the whole question very thoroughly in *The Tablet* (London); and the Rev. Luchesius Semler, O. F. M., of Holland, who has written emphatically in favor of calendar reform.

Coming now closer to home, we find that American priests have also taken a great interest in proposals to reform the calendar. In 1905 the Rev. George M. Searle, of the Paulists, described a scheme of reform in *The Catholic World*. His plan depended essentially on the intercalated week: normal years would contain 52 weeks or 364 days, whilst each fifth year (with certain modifications) would have an extra week, and therefore consist of 371 days. The modifications so curtailed the intercalation of the fifty-third week that in 400 years the week would occur nine times less than it should according to rule. More specifically, all years ending in 5 or 0 had the extra week, except those ending in 00, 50, and the last year of each 400 period ending in 75. The net result is 20,871 weeks every 400 years, and exactly that many weeks are produced in 400 years by the Gregorian calendar with the present leap day intercalation.

Father Searle's scheme is quite original and felicitous, of course, in one way; but from other angles the intercalated week offers many obstacles, one of which is that the equinoxes are continually wandering over periods of several days.

In 1912 the Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt. D., of Overbrook Seminary, Pa., wrote several articles on calendar reform for *The Ecclesiastical Review*, a publication designed solely for priests. After re-

viewing the subject very completely, Dr. Henry concluded (Dec. 1912, p. 732): "Altogether, the agitation (for calendar reform) does appear to be one made, not against any religious tradition or conviction, but in favor of a civil or commercial reform of the calendar. Throughout the discussion of the subject, the commercial and civil betterments sought have been exclusively emphasized; and the religious side of the question—one which could not be ignored came into the discussion, not as its prime motive, but rather as a circumstance demanding most careful consideration. Into the hidden motives of men it is not easy, at all times, to pierce. But the outward, superficial activities appear to be, in this matter of calendar reform, sufficiently innocent of malicious purpose."

With this conclusion of Dr. Henry, applied also to the state of affairs today, the present writer is in thorough agreement. He has had occasion to deal with the most authoritative proponents of calendar reform in the United States; and all such dealings have been signalized by the utmost courtesy, helpfulness and consideration, together with an evident anxiety to respect the opinions and standpoints of religious groups, and especially of the Catholic Church.

The priesthood in Canada has also made a contribution to calendar reform studies. In 1913 the Abbé H. Jeanotte published at Montreal *La Réforme du Calendrier*, which favored retention of the present calendar along with the introduction of an auxiliary reformed calendar for economic purposes.

In the last few years the Rev. James A. Colligan, S. J., of the University of San Francisco, has published several brochures on calendar reform. The plans, whether for 12 or 13 months, to which Father Colligan gives his preference, agree substantially with the intercalated week as proposed by Father Searle. The intercalation is merely on a different plan: an extra week is added to "every year having its last or its last two numbers divisible by 6," and also to every year ending in 99 and to every centennial year not divisible by 400.

In 1929 the late Father Tondorf, S. J., published in *The Ecclesiastical Review* a general survey of calendar reform matters, especially in their application to the Easter date.

DOUBTLESS more names of priests might be mentioned in relation to calendar reform; but those here set down are the most prominent. It is needless to state, naturally, that not all priests approve of the new proposals. It is also characteristic that, when they do so approve, they tend towards the conservative, either supporting a scheme that does not break the continuity of the Sabbath, or else, for the most part, accepting the "blank" day principle in a plan that keeps,

as much as possible, the calendar to which we are accustomed. In this latter connection it is interesting to note that a number of prominent priests and bishops have voluntarily sent in their names to the *World Calendar Association*, which, we have seen, advocates a 12-month, equal quarters plan with supplementary days. Such action need not of necessity show outright advocacy of calendar reform; but it does demonstrate a live interest in the question and a conviction that the proposals for reform contain nothing objectionable from a dogmatic standpoint. Among these names, a list of which is published in each issue of the *Journal of Calendar Reform*, are the following: Paul A. McNally, S. J., Director, Georgetown College Observatory; Most Rev. Karl J. Alter, Bishop of Toledo; Rev. A. M. Guenther, S. J., Principal, Fordham Preparatory School; Rev. Edward Lodge Curran, President International Catholic Truth Society; Rev. Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., President, St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.; Hugh M. Duce, S. J., President, Loyola University, Los Angeles; Very Rev. Mathias Faust, O. F. M., Provincial, New York; Most Rev. Thomas K. Gorman, Bishop of Reno; Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of Cincinnati, etc.

WHAT, then, does all the foregoing prove? That the majority of priests want a new calendar? Not at all. That the Church wants to reform the calendar? Still less. But it does mean that numerous men, well grounded in Catholic theology and outstanding for ability and scholarship, have not only been interested in, but have approved of and even ardently advocated, a reform of the calendar. And it therefore means that Catholics may publicly discuss the question and may give their adherence to one or other current schemes at least until such time as the Church shall forbid them to do so or definitely produces a program of her own.

It is true that the Church has not as yet looked with much official favor upon proposals to reform the calendar, especially as they touch upon the Easter question. But this should simply spur on Catholic proponents of reform to new activity, for the Church will naturally not change her traditional attitude if the demand for such change is not insistent. Nor, we may be sure, will she approve of any plan that is too radical and too subversive of our heritage from the past. For this reason it seems more preferable by far for Catholics to advocate the 12-month, equal quarters plan rather than the 13-month scheme. The former is more conservative, it is more conformed to the traditional pattern, it would fit in better with the ecclesiastical calendar, and it has some very solid, intrinsic merits of its own.



# The Christ Whom Men Saw

## *Suggestions Towards a Fuller Portrait*

By W. J. Blyton

**I**T is a very great shame, yet it is a fact that, speaking generally, the reading public of the world have a fainter and poorer mental picture of Our Lord in His wholeness and strongly marked characteristics than they have of the less complex and significant Caesar, Napoleon, Washington and other historical beings. There is, of course, infinitely more in Him; but that is not the sole reason. The reason perhaps is that men in the bulk are content to hear of Him in short Gospel readings week by week, an incident at a time, and do not follow up the clue by a continuous reading—as, by the way, they do the novel or biography which is engaging their attention at the time.

Or (Is this an explanation?) they look only for the features which childhood's or youth's tuition has suggested they should look for; and accordingly miss whole surprising tracts of personality. Again, we are all unduly influenced and restricted by the conventional colored glass representation by old-time ecclesiastical artists. Imaginative interpretation does not get free play straight on to the marvelous subject, with many of us. We are timid of trusting our human intuitions and stronger native impressions. It is a tragic pity; for no spiritual fact that ever entered history invites and demands more of "the shaping spirit of imagination."

**I**T was when talking with Epstein, the sculptor, at his home, on the topic of his statue of Christ, that this train of thought was begun. Epstein told me he was grieved at the docile borrowing of tenth and twelfth century pictorial versions of Christ: why should several painters of that period set the note?—especially as it was probably, in externals, not as near the facts as we can get now with our knowledge of race, climate, physiology and the Gospels. I could not agree that his carving of the greatest Figure of all time was my ideal; but undeniably it had force, and Christ indubitably had that; it had a lean virility and self-forgetting honesty and fearlessness that were, so far, very true to the Original. G. K. Chesterton, in his *Everlasting Man*, strives to bring out, in words, the utter unexpectedness and (to use a German word) the uninventedness of Jesus: He is a continual surprise (this is the point) to the wide-awake reader and watcher. His ways and thoughts, up to a point, are utterly human and what ours should be: and then, suddenly, they are mysteriously and fascinatingly unlike—

they are those of a higher mode of being, living from another far-off Centre.

Thus, with His instant love of simple people and callings, of children, of the poor and penitent, of country sounds and sights, and the plain goods of existence—with all His poise and composure of judgment and deep, wise common sense—the Son of Man did not flinch ever from "hard sayings" (which some try to soften away), from truths which sounded like paradoxes merely because men had forgotten them; from scorching rebukes—to the powerful, notice, never to the weak; and these expressions of moral anger, it has been said, "like storms above our atmosphere, do not seem to break out exactly where we should expect them, but to follow some higher weather-chart of their own."

**T**HE fact is, the evangelists had no option—it is plain—but to record just what they saw. It is obvious they did not yet fully understand what they saw and heard. So they give the wonderful contrasts and antitheses without comment. Their Subject was too unique, too strongly characteristic, for them to vary by a single decoration or theory of their own. Every candid mind feels and knows this when reading the New Testament. It was, we may say truly, the powerful Personality of the Master which really wrote the Gospels some years after. Reading in them we find He is "His own interpreter." We feel the impact of Himself, and simply don't see the reporters at all: they are as unobtrusive and transparent as glass. This could be their only attitude when concerned with Him. To have walked with Christ would wither up one's vanity of "literary style," and make one take refuge in a plain chronicle.

For He escapes all easy classification and adjective. The facts about Him have to grow in one's consciousness by their own force. The range of color in that spectrum, so to speak, is vaster than in any character known to men. Profound power used with amazing restraint, mystical authority over disease and spirits exorcised with calm prosaic care of the bodies of the healed ("Give her to eat," said He of the girl raised from death); superhumanly wise, yet bearing with bickering ignorance; immaculate, but heartening and redeeming the impure; the contrasts so winningly united in Him and in none else but saints who have struggled to copy Him—could be cataloged at length. But let us with proper reverence glance at the striking

bodily characteristics of Our Lord. After all, they are recorded there implicitly in the inspired Scriptures. They signify a good deal.

First then, Jesus of Nazareth was most certainly perfectly endowed physically. He gave of His strength so unsparingly that it must have been very great. Many times, it is recorded, after communing nearly all night with God, He would come down from His hill fastness and take His disciples scores of miles (over precipitous hills, in some cases) under a glaring sun from one town to another, to be met by groups or crowds of the afflicted, speak of the Kingdom to them also, heal them, answer His gainsayers who baited Him with argumentative traps, and be up on the morrow for a fresh journey. Has it struck us what astonishing endurance was His? I mean, here, physical and nervous endurance, no less than moral. Into a day He often compressed as much curative action, teaching, walking and reply as comes the way of many notable Saints and wandering Doctors of the Church in a month.

Granted that Divinity worked the miracles, when "virtue went forth from Him"; that Divinity "threatened the devils"—still the human body and nature which was the channel for Power must also, and obviously, have been utterly sound. It was a strong Man, indeed, Who bound the knotted cord and drove the vested interests in fright from the profaned temple. A strong Man Who moved amid pressing crowds, Himself calm and reassuring; Who amid a storm which panicked His sailor disciples slept the deep, natural sleep of the active open-air man, and woke instantly at a touch and a word to the serene possession of the highest faculties (a sure sign of fitness); strong He must be Who can carry on through a night in the hill cold without sleep and face a busy dramatic next day easily; knowing too that the narrowing circle of His enemies was closing round and what the end must be.

**A**SSUREDLY the physical endowment of Our Lord must have been as remarkable as anything else about Him: the perfect organ of the spirit. And when He came to the Passion, a long drawn out miscarriage of justice, sleepless nights, scourging, hunger, thirst, and the carriage of heavy load, the public humiliation, the vigorous maltreatment of a licentious soldiery—we dimly realize what the reserves of bodily force must have been. Never was a more

robust, tenacious son of the people born for open air and the resistances and trials of life.

Whence those physical reserves? There is that long stretch of thirty years in the fields, hills and workshop of Nazareth making yokes and ploughs, tables and boat-decks, and doors for synagogue or temple or house. Hardened, bronzed and breathed by that skilled yet athletic toil; rested by prayer, home life with Joseph and Mary; freshened by evening walks by furrow and olive yard or up the stony valleys filled with sunset and the welcome chill of the night wind; instructed by His own thoughts, the Law and the Prophets, and His parents—such a régime, deeply planted in God's Will and in nature, breeds hardy natures. The silence, pure air, regularity, spare and wholesome diet, the peace, the honest toil and muscular exertion, the absolutely clean bill of health on His Mother's side whence He drew Manhood—these deserve a thought, albeit they may not explain all. It is astounding what plain living and high thinking can do for physique and life-long resilience; but Jesus "grew in grace," and grace is potent upon the whole man, body included. Says the invocation to the Holy Spirit: "With Thy strength which ne'er decays confirm our mortal frame." That also deserves attention.

**D**ELIBERATELY Jesus, Who could have repeatedly arranged matters otherwise, chose to take His chance in regard to eating and lodging. He not only told His followers to take no anxious thought for the morrow's ways and means—knowing that all life is fluid and uncertain, for good as well as ill—but He in practice waited on Providence: plucked the ears of corn to stay hunger, came to the wild fig-tree and found it barren, stayed Himself on a loaf and fish, or a piece of honeycomb; taking what came, in a poor house or elsewhere. As for dwelling, He often "had not where to lay His Head," and slept in a fisher's hut, in the home in Bethany, in a new-found follower's house; and passed on to the supreme errand. Yet always He knew the need and place of these things; no fanatic or ascetic forcing the like on others, but seeing the sacredness of the home and the family. Far more than any wise or sturdy peasant, He had in highest form the countryman's and traveler's superiority to little comforts and time tables. Love makes light of hardships. The idea gives strength. "He rides easily whom the grace of God carries." The bodily training must have gone on from birth and childhood.

No wonder this peasant Family thought nothing unusual of an immense journey, on foot and by caravan, to the census at Jerusalem every twelve years; nor that the Son was given great independence of movement away from home. It was not neglect by His parents when He was temporarily missed near Jerusalem. On the contrary,

He must have long been accepted as a Boy of great spirit and judgment, with His wits all about Him, "able to look after Himself" in those big mixed caravan parties, a Boy of discernment and personal force and instinctive dignity Whom no one would dream of decoying or harming; Who cared little whether He was trudging it or on a camel's back. The vigorous, tanned, hardy child of plain folk—then as now—takes, and is tacitly given, great freedoms which would alarm the genteel parents of sheltered children, in modern urban hot-houses especially. The sky was His roof except for eight hours in the night. Supple, wind-blown, rained-on, sun-colored, I see the young Son of Man before the full day of strenuous manhood.

And, Mary, though she had been told things twelve years before by an angel, things she "pondered in her heart" often, must as often have seen how competent her virile, sensible, manly Son was to take care of Himself and to address either peasant or Temple doctors. It was only instinctive maternal solicitude suddenly asserting itself when that longest absence so far sent her back looking for Him; to be answered by the filial, gentle reminder, "Wist ye not, I was about My Father's business?"—His, of Whom you and I have so often spoken together? It was the strong spirit of the years to come, taking voice. He is growing, she thought, as many mothers have thought when a man's note creeps into their lad's voice. Then, in swift compunction and chivalry, as good sons feel, He determined her mother's heart should not be tested again; "and He was subject to them."

His first big (recorded) act of self-abnegation. It probably meant much to the young developing Jesus. Then fell a long silence; a willing discipline of obscurity. Of all silences, it is the most impressive. Utterly unlike what any one would or could invent by way of hero-worship, utterly opposed to fables of precocity or brilliance. Strange, that He Who of all humanity needed least preparation seems to have had most! Chesterton says: "Whether it was some mode of the Divine humility, or some truth of which we see the shadow in the longer domestic tutelage of the higher creatures of the earth, I do not propose to speculate." Many years beyond the worldly "coming of age" was necessary to so profound a result. In a Divine secrecy and quietude, intense and long, was the Christ of God nurtured and prepared.

**W**E now see (after the event) that this fashioning was the best. It takes time, even for God, to rear perfection—the complete Man. It is as gradual as His work in nature. It has some bearing, surely upon the calming effect of the Savior's touch, presence, and contacts with men and women. There are some men whose hand touch is confidence-inspiring; and I think of the human and visible side of Our Lord

almost as one thinks of a certain few wholesome types one has met—killed peasants whose fingers even seem to speak wise things, who have the gift of natural manners, inborn tact, intuitive knowledge; "nature's gentlemen," at home with kings or publicans; who know only one "class"—humanity; and only one beauty or value—God; who see beyond the obvious beauties of nature to the meaning, as if everything were a parable of a finer unseen; who have time for you and are never hurried nor harried; men whom rulers and famous people of the world tacitly revere, trust and consult in private hours. Thinking of such in the din, you "find rest to your souls," such is their health, normality, and balance.

**S**URELY these facts help to put line, feature, shading and definition into our mental image of Our Lord? We must not forget the rich content of His earthly life and appearance and character. The Incarnation is a varied and attractive fact of nature and history, not a theological dogma only. It is to be contemplated in detail, as we would a face; not defined merely in relation to ourselves. Christ is a life and a friendship as well as the means of salvation; and to realize Him as the one should help to realize Him as the other. After all, it was God Himself Who conceived the wonderful idea of a real human Christ: when He made the Word flesh and Jesus a Man, He made a Man, and it is just because He carried out the purpose so perfectly that "humanitarian" theories of Our Lord are possible. Let us not minimize the humanity.

It is well for us also to remember the Master's daily environment; for in the eternal counsels of Providence it cannot have been chosen haphazard. His surroundings were agricultural—sheep and oxen and sowers came with parables—and fishing folk by lake and seashore, with a sprinkling of mountaineers, and a continual coming and going of Romans and men of other nations. It was as varied a panorama of mankind as it has ever been possible to see in small compass; yet it was not hyper-civilized, mechanized nor prevailingly urban. Above all, it was not standardized in ideas. And suffering was not hidden away in hospitals, homes and asylums; it cried out in public places. Eye and ear were obliged to notice the contrasts in the human lot. That world was in political ferment and waited also wistfully for religious authority and guidance. On one side were hairsplitting scribes of the Law, on the other false prophets throughout Arabia.

To Our Lord came, at the threshold of His public career, the suggestion that He should employ outward glory and force to establish, as the Messiah, His Kingdom: it came with the showing of His supernatural power. Characteristic of the Lamb of God was His resistance to it. It is another of the notes of His absolute originality. He

determined to found His empire upon the consent of men, not upon force; "to trust His royal claims and terrible purity and superiority, defenceless among mankind," as Seely says in *Ecce Homo*, "and however bitterly their envy may persecute him, to use His supernatural powers only in doing them good. By doing so He raised Himself to a throne on which He has been seated for nigh two thousand years, and gained an authority over men greater far than they have allowed to any legislator, greater than prophecy had ever attributed to the Messiah Himself."

HE did not take the easy, expected course with the waiting nation and world. Their heads were full of the languid dreams of commentators, living in the dead past or a cloudy political future. He was grappling with the facts of the age and of eternity, in the strength of an inspiration to which no truth was hidden and no enterprise impossible. Instead of exploiting their mood, He confounded their expectations, and revived the theocracy, but in a form not only unlike the system of David but utterly new and unprecedented. Indeed, anybody of fresh mind reading the great story must perceive how completely it transcends all human invention—in its profound surprises, its unique quality, its newness to this day. "Our only direct sources of information of Jesus," H. G. Wells timely reminds us in his world history, "are the four Gospels. All four agree in giving us a picture of a very definite personality. One is obliged to say, 'Here was a man. This could not have been invented.'"

Yet, he continues with partial truth, "One feels that the lean and strenuous personality of Jesus has been wronged by the unreality and conventionality that a mistaken reverence has imposed upon His

figure in some Christian art. Jesus was a moneyless teacher Who walked the dusty sunbitten country of Judea living upon gifts of food: yet He is represented clean, combed and sleek, in spotless raiment. We are left, if we strip the record of these accessories, with a Being earnest and passionate and dynamic, capable of swift anger, teaching a new and profound doctrine—the Fatherhood of God and the coming of the Kingdom of God. He was clearly of intense personal magnetism. He attracted followers and filled them with courage and love: weak and ailing people were heartened and healed by Him. His was certainly one of the most revolutionary doctrines that ever stirred and changed human thought. It is small wonder that the world of that time failed to grasp its full significance and recoiled in dismay from its tremendous challenges. It was a demand for an utter cleansing without and within. To the Gospels the reader must go for this tremendous teaching.

"In view of what He plainly said, is it any wonder that all who were rich and prosperous felt a horror of strange things, a swimming of their world at His teaching? He was dragging out all the little private reservations they had made from service into the light of a universal religious life. In the white blaze of this Kingdom of His there was to be no property, no privilege, no pride and precedence; no motive and no reward but love. Is it any wonder that men were dazzled and blinded and cried out against Him?—that the Roman soldiers, confronted and amazed by some thing soaring over their comprehension and threatening all their disciplines, should take refuge in wild laughter and crown Him with thorns and robe Him in purple and make a mock Caesar of Him? For to take Him seriously was to enter upon a strange and alarming life, to control instincts and

impulses, to essay an incredible happiness. . . ."

HIS persecutors did not know that they were officiating at the Coronation of the Divinest Being Who had ever been among men; and that at its highest the human heart through all its foldings rises to hail its ideal and its Lord, because of this Passion crowning the life of love and goodness and power. He made suffering and sorrow the modes by which He could realize love and beauty; and so, as Wilde said, "Life itself from its lowliest and humblest sphere produced One far more marvelous than the Greek gods. Out of the carpenter's shop at Nazareth came a Personality infinitely greater than any made by myth or legend. Of those who are born of the spirit, of dynamic forces, Christ says they are like the wind that bloweth where it listeth. That is why He too is so fascinating. He has all the color elements of life: mystery, strangeness, pathos, suggestion, ecstasy, love. He appeals to the temper of wonder, and creates that mood in which alone He can be understood. So unique is He, He does not so much teach as by being brought into His presence one becomes something. And everybody is predestined to His presence. Once in His life each man walks with Christ to Emmaus."

Let us, then, think often and realistically of Our Lord of the Roads, of the By-Ways, Our Lord of the Fields and Hedgrows, of the Supper-table Wayside Well, Our Lord of the penetrating greeting to strangers, the guilty or the baffled; Our Lord of the Seekers: courteous, self-forgetting, intrepid, hardy, kind beyond the dream and prayer of the suppliant—impossible to deceive, discourage or confound: life's supreme Giver. It will shed a glory on the meanest place and the greyest day.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

**THIS OUR DAY.** Approvals and Disapprovals. By James M. Gillis, C.S.P. The Paulist Press, New York. \$4.00

Here is a \$4 book that is worth \$4. Well bound, with a beautifully embossed cover, printed from legible type on good paper—it is the fitting body for the soul of a splendid intellectual content. The latter is a selection from the editorials which Father Gillis has written for *The Catholic World* during the ten years of his editorship. Some readers will regret the absence of certain editorials which may have made a special appeal to them, though the collection of so many permanently bound in one volume will be gratefully appreciated. In speaking of them as "editorials" the reader should

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not get the impression that they are as transitory as the day or occasion that evoked them. They have something of an historical character, exhibiting as they do the scholarly and forcible approval or disapproval of the prominent issues in politics, morals and religion during the past decade. They have a timeliness that makes them worthy of present and future perusal. We have often regretted both publicly and in private that the editorial comments of Father Gillis were practically lost in *The Catholic World* owing to its comparatively small circulation. If this volume succeeds in introducing a

large number of readers to one of America's most dynamic thinkers may we not trust that the periodical he so ably edits shall approximate the circulation it unquestionably deserves.

**LEVI SILLIMAN IVES.** By Rev. John O'Grady, Ph.D., LL.D. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$1.25.

The subject of this short biography is said by the author to be the first Episcopalian Bishop to be converted to the Catholic Church since the Reformation. This statement, however, has been questioned. Levi Silliman Ives was Bishop of the Episcopalian Diocese of North Carolina previous to his reception into the Catholic Church. The more he studied the Church and the history



of religious orders in that Church the more he saw how far short the Episcopalian Church was in the practice of asceticism. His attempt to introduce them in a quasi-seminary was opposed by his co-religionists and he was forced to abandon the project. This set him thinking, and by dint of diligent study of the Fathers of the early Church he gradually realized that the form of Christianity in which he was officiating as bishop was not in accord with the manner of life of the ancient Church.

His devotion to the poor and outcast met with scant sympathy among the members of his church. This opposition made him turn with ever increasing sympathy to the Catholic Church, in which the alleviation of the sufferings of the unfortunate members of the human race was so pronounced.

He began to preach Catholic doctrines only to find that he was stirring up further trouble. When charged with this he promised to amend and confine himself to the doctrines of the Episcopalian Church. But finally he discovered that he could no longer do so and live in accord with his conscience. He resigned his office and sought admission into the Catholic Church. After his conversion he became one of the organizers of the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences in the United States, and also founder of the Catholic Protectors in Westchester, N. Y. The remainder of his life was spent in furthering this work. Its success is due in great measure to his intelligent and zealous action.

The book is merely a sketch of his life and leaves many questions of the reader untouched. Little is said of his interior life as a Catholic. There is also a deal of repetition in the work and it has only mediocre value as literature. The subject is so worthy of a full length biography that we hope a more detailed study will follow.

**THOMAS MORE.** By Daniel Sargent. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.50.

This book should be read in conjunction with that of Erasmus by Christopher Hollis. It will serve to explain the peculiar fascination of both these characters for one another, though both were at bottom so far apart.

More was in many respects an extraordinary man. He combined gravity with gaiety, learning with simplicity, devotion with worldly wisdom. The atmosphere of his home was truly that of a Christian household. He, like Erasmus, was a humanist. He loved letters and the conversation of men of letters. But, unlike Erasmus, he loved the Church more. In his youth he had a desire to become a Carthusian, but he was dissuaded from following it. He became, instead, one of the most famous of

fathers, and lay confessors of the faith.

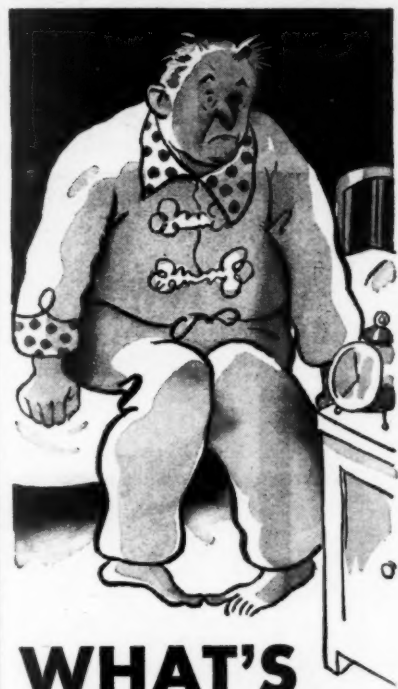
He reached the height of his worldly career when Henry VIII made him Lord Chancellor of England. But the affair of the King's divorce was the occasion of his resigning under the plea of a chest ailment. What his true mind was about the divorce he never divulged. But his mind towards the oath which he was called upon to take—namely that the King was Supreme in the Spirituality as well as in the Temporality—was very clear. He would not take it "for his conscience sake," though he was imprisoned in the Tower of London for fifteen months, and finally condemned to die.

The conscientious resistance of More to threats, cajolings and imprisonment is one of the most inspiring things in Christian annals. The trials to which he was subjected were certainly enough to make a man capitulate, were he not helped by the grace of God. But More was helped by grace and strengthened to ascend the scaffold to sacrifice his life for the spiritual supremacy of the Pope over England, as over the rest of Christendom.

Daniel Sargent has written a very readable history of a very remarkable man. It is gratifying to note the increasing number of worthwhile books which are being published along this line.

**VALERIE HATHAWAY.** By Claudius Gregory. Sears Publishing Company, New York. \$2.00.

Boy and girl sweethearts, Carl and Valerie become so intimately attuned to each other's thoughts that even from childhood they had been accustomed to communicate through telepathic messages. After their marriage they went on the stage with a vaudeville act of mind-reading which was not a hoax but a reality. Carl dies, and then begin the complications which make up the story. On his deathbed he had promised to keep in touch with her through communications from the other world. He keeps his promise, much to the convinced satisfaction of Valerie. Enters Felix Storm. He has money but no belief in a future life. Valerie falls in love with him; but it is only a physical love, as her mind belongs to Carl. She cannot marry again, as she could not have two husbands, even though one of them is only a spirit. In distress, Felix energetically devotes himself to the founding of a community in Golden Valley dedicated to the contemplative life. The community fails because it has no spiritual basis. Meanwhile Valerie struggles between the call of the flesh and the claims of the spirit; and Felix is converted to belief in an after life. At the proper time Carl graciously gives his ghostly permission for the couple to be united in marriage. Throughout the book there is a pro-



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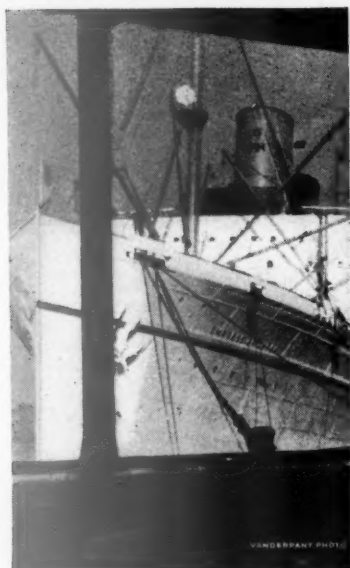
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longed discussion on immortality from the religious and scientific viewpoints by a priest and a physician; and love is studied under its physical and mental aspects. This novel was originally published in Canada, where it has had a wide sale. It is a strange mixture of sentimentality and the mental aberration popularly called mysticism.

**RIDDLE AND REVERIE.** By Leonard Feeney, S. J. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

Anyone acquainted with *In Towns and*

*Little Towns* will welcome this new volume by Father Feeney. Joyce Kilmer contended that a poem could be written about anything, and he proved it by giving us a real poem on such a drab subject as the delicatessen shop. In this volume his lead is followed by Father Feeney in "Mouse Trap," "The Street Sprinklers," "The Piano Tuner," "The Organ Blower," "Ferverino in a Fruit Store," etc. The Burial of "a Roman Catholic Swell" is described in

## OBSEQUIES IN EBONY

The black folk up in Harlem  
Are simple in belief,  
Are lightsome in their laughter,  
But gorgeous in their grief.

They make of death a festival  
As Christians ought, in brief,  
They make death so magnificent  
It gave my soul relief:—

When crowds of dusky damsels  
Came flocking out of flats,  
In deep memorial muslins  
And swanky Sunday hats;

And droves of dapper dorkies  
With canes and cravats,  
In wonderful waistcoats,  
And spectacular spats,

Carried a costly coffin,  
And boomed the biggest bell,  
And horrified a heretic  
And shocked an infidel,

Assisting at the service  
Which I chanted extra well,  
With special robes and rubrics  
For a Roman Catholic swell.

**THE CROSS OF PEACE.** By Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$2.50.

This novel is not a novel in the ordinary acceptance of the word. Around the slender romance of Captain Armand Gatières' emotional life as portrayed in his relationship with two women the author has constructed an impassioned argument in the cause of world peace. The women are Ina von Menzel, with whose family he was quartered during the French Occupation of Germany after the War, and his wife, Yvonne, an ardent patriot, proud of the military record of her French ancestors. While Ina could fully understand and appreciate Armand's efforts in behalf of peace, their ill-fated love affair only made all the plainer the practical impossibility of abolishing international hatreds. On the other hand, Yvonne's narrow chauvinism blinds her to the nobly disinterested motives of her husband in his correspondence with members of the German youth movement, and their marriage is finally wrecked when her young brother, who had become her husband's disciple,

refuses to perform his military service and is imprisoned, to the consternation and disgrace of his aristocratic family.

Through his hero's eyes the author lets us see the horrors of war—young men ruthlessly sacrificed, blown to pieces by machine-gun, dying in excruciating pains from poison gas, or surviving only to go through a hell of mental agony. With all the realism of an eye-witness he pictures the savage brutality of the French occupation of the Ruhr, the presence of black troops in the occupied territory, the paralyzing of German industry, and the uncalled-for humiliation of the inoffensive civilian population. Yet, in spite of it all, the war clouds are again gathering over Europe, and the world has not learned its lesson. "It is a mad world," says Hoffman, the Jewish editor of a pacifist publication. "There is no hope." But Armand still believes in the possibility of intelligence operating over the destiny of men. "If we do not believe in that, it is the final surrender." The story closes with the death of Armand while he is trying to defend Hoffman from being arrested by the Nazi.

**FROM DANTE TO JEANNE D'ARC.** Adventures in Medieval Life and Literature. By Katherine Brégy, Litt. D. Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$1.75.

In this attractive book Dr. Brégy presents us with some interesting and delightful essays in the medievalism which was produced by the Church and which only a Catholic can fully appreciate. This is not intended to imply that the volume has or should have no appeal for those outside the Faith. On the contrary, while it brings home to the Catholic some of his own possessions, it will reveal some of the Church's treasure to those who are beyond her pale. The author capably discusses such an intriguing list of subjects as old carols, the love story of Tristan and Isolde, lady anchorites, shocking sinners like Eleanor of Aquitaine, the "spicy fragrance" of the Holy Grail, and devotion to St. Joan of Arc.

"Measure in all things" was the keynote of the true medievalist, expressed in "the wholesome, unstudied sanity of pre-Reformation standards. Excesses of imagination there were indubitably throughout the great Middle Ages, and excesses of conduct, too; but the source of life was sound. And the England of Catholic discipline, of vigil and holy days, was the only merry England the world has ever known. There is a little passage in "The World and the Child"—an interlude printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1522—quite wonderful in its balanced wisdom. The Child has long since grown to Manhood, with the scars of full many sins upon his soul, when upon a day Conscience comes to remonstrate. And

Manhood cries out in that old and heart-sick query:

"What, Conscience, should I leave all game and glee?  
CONSCIENCE: Nay, Manhood, so not I thee,

All mirth in measure is good for thee;  
But, sir, measure is in all thing!"

**THE MIDNIGHT MASS.** Poems and Translations. By Winfred Douglas. Oxford University Press, New York. \$2.00.

Canon Douglas' volume is made up of twenty-six original poems and nineteen translations. Of the latter, three are from the Catalan, one from the German, and fifteen from the Latin. Through them all there breathes a spirit of uprightness and simple faith. But it can hardly be said that the Canon is a great poet, and is even a less poet in his own verses than in his translations. An example of the latter is "For Saint Anne," the *Succedit nocti lucifer* of the thirteenth century:

The morning star succeeds to night,  
The dawn soon follows, growing white  
To herald in the sunrise bright  
That floods the waking world with light.

Christ is the sun of righteousness,  
The dawn, the Mother full of grace;  
Bright Anne preceded her, like a star,  
To drive the shades of law afar.

Lo, Anne; the very fruitful root,  
The tree of healing, whence a shoot  
To richest blossoming did spring,  
And brought us Christ; to whom we sing,

"All honour, laud, and glory be,  
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee;  
All glory, as is ever meet,  
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen."

**CREED-CONFITEOR.** By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. The America Press, New York. \$0.30.

This is No. IV in the "Let Us Pray" series. In his former series, "My Changeless Friend," Father LeBuffe's purpose was to present the life of Christ as a source of private meditation. With the same purpose in view he gives us this second series, in which the prayers with which all Catholics are familiar are taken apart, phrase by phrase, and the truth they teach applied to the mind and heart of the reader. It is necessary, we suppose, to learn our prayers by heart. Unfortunately, the consequence is that we later get into the habit of saying them by rote—saying prayers but not praying, because neither our affections nor our intelligence accompanies the words we utter. The author has met with pronounced success in de-formalizing what

has become wooden formulas, and has remade them into what they were originally—burning prayers. We heartily recommend the whole series which include—besides Creed-Confiteor—the Anima Christi, the Our Father-Hail Mary, and the Litany of Our Lady.

**TESTAMENT OF YOUTH.** By Vera Brittain. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

This is a War story that is not a War story; or rather it is an entirely different War story from those to which we have been accustomed. It is an "autobiographical study of the years 1900-1925" in which we have the record of an English girl who was suddenly transported out of the sheltered life of a country home into the War, not directly, but through her anxieties for her loved ones who were fighting in the trenches. Ambitious for a University education, she had to contend strenuously with her parents, who only after great difficulty were persuaded that any nice girl could enter at Oxford. Almost immediately after her entrance she left to serve as a nurse in the service of the wounded returned from the Front. In the War she lost her lover, her brother, and most of her dearest friends. With remarkable poignancy she pictures the distressing problems of those who came back "from the dead" to take up life again in a world which had never known, or at least had not felt, the bitterness of war.

This book has been criticized by some as altogether too sombre and even pessimistic. But its value lies in its being the story of a tragedy more tragic than many a gruesome tale of the trenches. Written by a journalist of ability, it reveals the minds and the hearts of the generation who were of college age when the War broke out.

**CHRISTIANUS.** By Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.25.

In this "attempt to sketch the character of the Christian partly from the theoretical standpoint and partly from the practical side," the Abbot of Buckfast writes very simply yet with uncommon profoundness of those fundamental truths which necessarily form the basis of the spiritual life. His purpose is not to write a treatise on ethics or on man as constituted in the supernatural order. He takes it for granted that those whom he is addressing possess faith, hope, charity and other gifts of the Holy Spirit, and writes a sort of spiritual psychology in which are outlined the prominent features of the Catholic man.

Each of the twenty-seven chapters—from "Christian Discipleship" to "Natural Man and Christianity"—is replete with holy wisdom. To a large num-

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ber the chapter on "The Christian at Prayer" will make an especial appeal, particularly for the stress it lays on communal or group prayer: "Prayer itself has been changed from the solitary cry of the distressed human heart into a great act of sacramental power, where there is no longer the bare effort of human supplication but where there is the music of the voice of the Son of God entering into the ears of the Father. . . . People seem to miss completely this all-important point that Our Lord has changed prayer, has made it from an unsocial act into the corporate act of the mystical Body of which He is the Head."

We are glad to note that Abbot Vonier is emulating the example of Bishop Hedley and Abbot Marmion in so finely carrying on the glorious tradition of Benedictine spirituality. We regret that the publishers did not put the main title in English or at least give an English subtitle to the volume, as we think that the Latin title will deter many a would-be purchaser from procuring it.

**NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND OLD RELIGION.** By Rev. Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J., Ph.D. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

Father Murphy's wide circle of friends, readers and admirers were richly rewarded for their eager anticipation of his fourth and latest book, *New Psychology and Old Religion*.

Its contents fully justify its title. The thesis, which the author completely proves, is that the arresting claims of recent psychologists are not entirely novel. With merciless logic, it is copiously established that the new psychologists, who claim to be ten minutes in advance of the newest ideas, are really as far behind the time as the editing of Holy Writ; for Father Murphy makes it known that most of the good things of modern psychology are unwittingly borrowed from the Scriptures, and the traditional attitudes and practices of the Church.

The book is a new departure in methodology. The author resists the temptation to linger over the technical terms of his science. His goal was to place a handbook of psychology in the hands of everyday folk, and with high, clear vision he pursued his commendable purpose with abundant success. With the keen, clean and kindly eye of a priest, he gives the reader glimpses of himself in practically all phases of daily life; but always with suggested remedies for weaknesses. He has placed at the reader's disposal the splendid result of immense research, extensive reading, and intensive labors—all in a compact, understandable book. Many streams of information passed through Father Murphy's fine mind, and the filtered, clarified product will prove an inspiration and aid to every reader.

There is none of that bone-dryness so often marring scientific works. The expression is dignified, but far from stilted; the style has an easy grace, and apt illustrations abound.

A few of the compelling chapter-headings are: "Babies with Beards," "We Grow Downward," "Receiving, We

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Must Give," and many other equally suggestive captions.

The preface is written by the Rev. Doctor Fulton J. Sheen, the author's friend, and classmate at Catholic University.

*New Psychology and Old Religion* should be in the library of every Catholic high school and college. It has an especial appeal to the man or woman of average education and intelligence.

**IN PRAISE OF MARY.** By Mother Mary Philip of the 3ar Convent, York. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$1.10.

This latest addition to our Marian literature in English should be readily given a place on the devotional shelf of every Catholic private and institutional library. Its content is made up of liturgical and other prayers and devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin, inspirational thoughts on some of her feasts and titles, and an ample number of quotations from the Fathers of the Church, the Saints and spiritual writers.

**ANTOÑITO.** A Spanish Boy of Today. By Fr. Benedict Williamson. B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis. \$1.25.

This life of an eight-year-old boy of present-day Spain is largely based on the Spanish life by Father Claudio Garcia, S.J., supplemented by certain incidents which appeared in the Italian version by Monsignor Tondini. Born in Santander on August 8, 1920, "Little Anthony" Mingo died on February 23, 1929. A child of precocious intelligence, he gave extraordinary manifestation of real holiness. "There are Saints among the children," said Pius IX, and the Little Flower more than once stresses the point that God has no need of time in which to complete His work in souls. Apparently the book seems to have been written with undue haste; there are frequent repetitions; the English is faulty; and the proof-reading was poorly done. Besides the frontispiece in color, the text is accompanied by six intimate illustrations.

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**BY POST TO THE APOSTLES.** By Henry James Forman. (\$2.75.) Wherein the human qualities of the Twelve are caught in all their naive frankness and translated into modern terms to bring them home. The author combines lightness of touch with an amazing breadth of vision.

**OUR MOVIE MADE CHILDREN.** By Henry James Forman. (\$2.75.) No priest or teacher should be without a copy of this startling and informative volume. An exceptionally timely story of one of the nation's most serious contemporary problems.

**THIS IS CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.** By Adrian Lynch, C.P. (\$1.60.) A veritable mine of pertinent information on a misunderstood subject. Practical, understandable, instructive and up-to-date. There is no other book like it in English. The Question-and-Answer method used throughout.

**LIFE OF IGNATIUS SPENCER.** C.P. By Urban Young, C.P. (\$2.25.) A splendid biography of one of the most picturesque and influential figures in the early days of the Oxford Movement. Particularly valuable for the graphic and remarkable view it gives of those memorable days.

**BROADCAST MINDS.** By Ronald Knox. (2.75.) The irrepressible Father Knox here turns the guns of his keen wit and sure logic upon several of our better known intellectual lights, as well as upon some of the more prominent "isms" of the day. The result is devastating.

**UNDER HIS SHADOW.** By Francis Shea, C.P. (\$1.60.) There is an unction in these pages that cannot but warm the heart with love for Jesus Crucified. The author presents sublime thoughts in a striking and appealing manner. For priests, for religious, for lay-folk.

## WORTHWHILE BOOKS

**CATHOLIC** writers are producing many fine books from month to month, books that establish a viewpoint on the many questions of modern life; books that should not be missed by intelligent Catholics. *THE SIGN* has selected the works named below as some of the best examples of the Catholic literature being created today. To facilitate its readers in obtaining these books, *THE SIGN* is offering a new service. Simply send a card to *THE SIGN*, Union City, N. J., for any of the books named below. Prices in parentheses include free delivery.

**GREAT MAGDALENES.** By Hugh Blunt, LL.D. (\$1.10.) Thrilling and dramatic stories of lives which have furnished material for many a scarlet page in the world's literature. Father Blunt describes a feature of their lives seldom dwelt upon—their return to God as humble penitents.

**THE LIFE OF CHRIST IN TEXT AND PICTURES.** By Herbert McDevitt, C.P. (\$1.10.) The sublimely simple story of the Gospels in vivid and picturesque form. The text is made up of the combined narratives of the four Gospels; the pictures are from plastic models by Domenico Mastroianni.

**THEONAS.** By Jacques Maritain. (\$2.10.) The conversations of a sage explaining the key points of Scholastic Philosophy to a critical modern mind—On the Myth of Progress—the Superman, Christian Humanism, etc.

**HAPPINESS FOR PATIENTS.** By John J. Croke. (\$1.10.) Just the book for the infirm and shut-ins, as well as for those who help them on the road to recovery. It will instill the proper attitude towards illness in those who face the trials of physical suffering.

**THE LONG ROAD HOME.** By John Moody. (\$2.20.) The life story of a familiar and successful Wall Street figure, tracing his course down the long road that led to Home in the

bosom of the Catholic Church. Replete with colorful anecdote and richly sprinkled with the salt of experience and the wisdom of maturity.

**A COMPANION TO MR. WELLS' OUTLINE OF HISTORY.** By Hilaire Belloc. (\$1.35.) An answer to many questions asked by non-Catholics—to the easy objections that seem difficult to answer—a handbook for adequate defense of the Church in daily conversation.

**SAINTS FOR SINNERS.** By Archbishop Goodier. (\$1.60.) Character studies of the Saints who were first sinners or failures—how their sanctity was developed on this foundation.

**THE NEW PSYCHOLOGIES.** By Rudolph Allers. (\$1.60.) A valuable criticism of this new "science" by a Catholic Adlerian—an examination of psychoanalysis, etc.

**AFRICAN ANGELUS.** By C. C. Martindale. (\$2.10.) The unveiling of a world, bringing home the ambition to "christen a continent" with the author's own beauty of style and energy of purpose.

**THE SECRET OF THE CURÉ D'ARS.** By Henri Gheon. (\$1.60.) The high adventure of a parish priest in a little French village—with the values of eternity—makes these values the reader's own as far as a book can.

**THE MODERN DILEMMA.** By Christopher Dawson. (\$1.10.) Is our civilization now breaking up? What are the dangers and the possibilities of modern trends? These questions are discussed by the foremost Christian Sociologist of the day.

**THE QUEEN OF SEVEN SWORDS.** By G. K. Chesterton. (\$1.10.) An act of homage in poetry to Our Lady, by the best known Catholic English writer, inspires poetry with the truth of theology, theology with the beauty of poetry.

**THE NATURE OF SANCTITY.** By Ida Coudenhove. (\$1.10.) How can anyone become a saint without ceasing to be human? The Leader of the Youth Movement in Germany defends humanity and sanctity.

**IN DEFENCE OF PURITY.** By Dietrich von Hildebrand. (\$1.60.) An analysis and explanation of the Catholic ideals of purity and virginity—a Catholic mind on this subject is an absolute necessity today.

**SANCTIONS.** By Ronald Knox. (\$1.60.) A house party discusses its own and other people's problems—how we do argue with our non-Catholic friends, and how we might do so, on the Ideal Man, the State, Education, as they are defined around a tea-table.

## ENID DINNIS' BOOKS

MR. COLEMAN, GENT . . . . .	\$2.00
SHEPHERD TO WEEPINGWOLD . . . . .	\$2.10
THE ROAD TO SOMEWHERE . . . . .	\$1.35
ONCE UPON ETERNITY . . . . .	\$1.60
GOD'S FAIRY TALES . . . . .	\$1.60
THE THREE ROSES . . . . .	\$2.10
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# Gemma's League of Prayer

**GEMMA'S LEAGUE** is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

**The Object:** To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

**The Methods:** No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

**Membership:** The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League, but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

**Obligations:** It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

**The Reward:** One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle "for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy."

**The Patron:** Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Recently she has been beatified and we hope soon to call her Saint Gemma.

**Headquarters:** All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

## SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

Masses said .....	47
Masses heard .....	46,382
Holy Communions .....	31,257
Visits to B. Sacrament .....	150,946
Spiritual Communions .....	175,863
Benediction Services .....	12,940
Sacrifices, Sufferings .....	126,281
Stations of the Cross .....	7,972
Visits to the Crucifix .....	112,166
Beads of the Five Wounds .....	6,968
Offerings of PP. Blood .....	131,210
Visits to Our Lady .....	210,793
Rosaries .....	35,086
Beads of the Seven Dolors .....	11,959
Ejaculatory Prayers .....	2,695,961
Hours of Study, Reading .....	39,509
Hours of Labor .....	50,775
Acts of Kindness, Charity .....	49,202
Acts of Zeal .....	140,011
Prayers, Devotions .....	536,514
Hours of Silence .....	79,179
Various Works .....	129,203
Holy Hours .....	1,332

## ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ecl. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

**KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:**

MOST REV. JOSEPH CHARTRAND  
 RT. REV. EDWARD P. RYAN  
 RT. REV. M. F. FOLEY  
 RT. REV. M. F. CASSIDY  
 RT. REV. FRANCIS VARELMANN  
 RT. REV. PAUL A. KELLY  
 VERY REV. JOSEPH A. FLYNN  
 REV. FATHER DUNN  
 REV. ALOYSIUS J. LINK  
 REV. JOHN LOFTUS  
 REV. JOHN O'DONNELL  
 REV. P. M. NELSON, O. CARM.  
 REV. D. McDEVITT, O. F. M.  
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 SR. MARY CEPHAS  
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 JOHN CROFTON  
 JOHN A. DOYLE  
 BRIDGET SPAIN  
 DR. MARY HOEHN  
 MRS. E. McLAUGHLIN  
 JOSEPH A. EDEL  
 CARL J. LECHNER  
 JOHN F. D'UGGAN  
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 EMMA LONGO  
 JOHN SCHWAAB  
 JOHN J. DELANEY  
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 HAROLD DAUGHTERS  
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 CEDERIC MASSIE  
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 THOMAS J. GALLAGHER  
 MISS E. L. WELCH  
 NICHOLAS STEDEN  
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**MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.**

# Who Will Die Tonight?—

**T**HOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

## LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

*I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of ..... (\$.....) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within..... months after my demise.*



*In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this..... day of ....., 19*

*Signed..... Witness.....*  
*Witness..... Witness.....*

# Painless Giving ♦ ♦ ♦



**GOOD THING** to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You may have both, if you wish.

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

*Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!*

*Please write or print Name and Address very plain.*

# FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

## —≡ 3 SUGGESTIONS ≡—

### MISSION NEEDS



**1** Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

### STUDENT BURSES



**2** Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

### YOUR LAST WILL



**3** It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

*I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of ..... {\$ ..... } Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

## YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.



# Where Put Your Money?

## GET A LIFE INCOME

### What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

\* \* \*

### What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

\* \* \*

### What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

\* \* \*

### When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

\* \* \*

### When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

\* \* \*

### If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

\* \* \*

### What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

\* \* \*

### Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

\* \* \*

### Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

You can't take it  
with you!

—

Will you hoard it  
or spend it?

—

Give it away or  
make a Will?

—

Why not buy Life  
Annuities?

## HELP CHRIST'S CAUSE

### How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

\* \* \*

### What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

\* \* \*

### What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

\* \* \*

### What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., *Care of The Sign*, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

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